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T E R R E L L L E R O Y L E A R W A R D

and

Related Families

G E N E A L O G Y

compiled

by

Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell

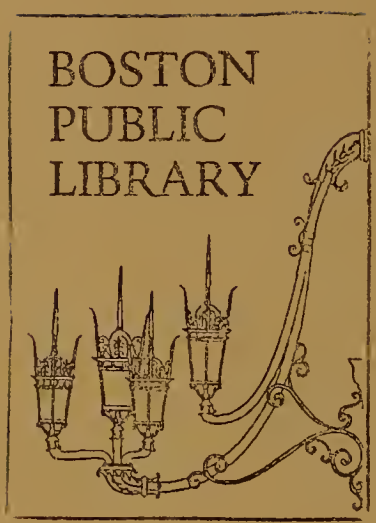
and

Donald Leon Terrell

1995

VOLUME 4

W A R D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and

Donald Leon Terrell

1995

VOLUME 4

W A R D

CS71
.T3
1993
v.4

In Memory of

DAISY MAY WARD

06 Sep 1897 - 07 Apr 1972

and

her grandsons

BRUCE ALAN TERRELL

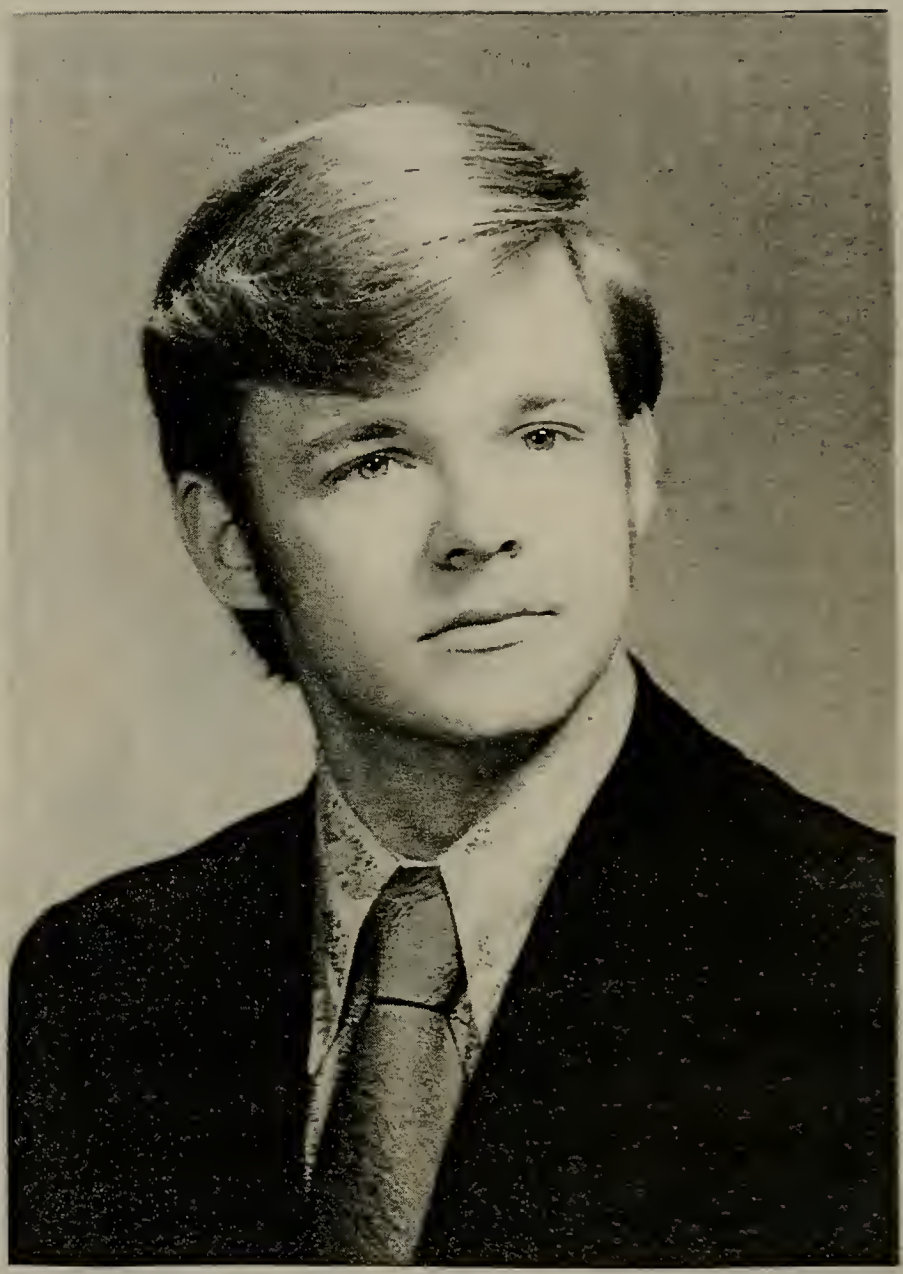
11 Mar 1952 - 06 Oct 1987

and

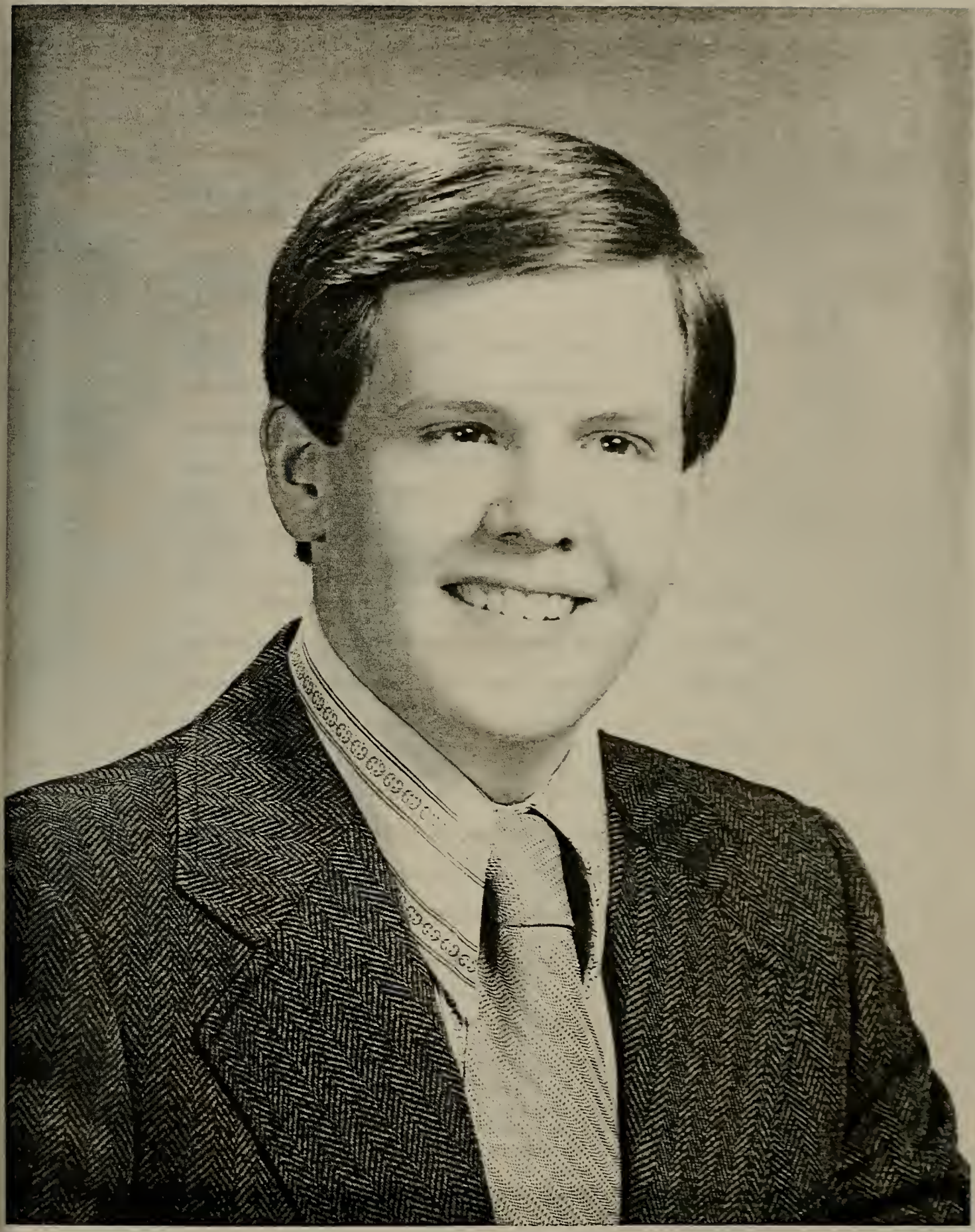
DANA LEE TERRELL

05 Oct 1957 - 26 Jun 1986

In Memory of
GEORGE ANDREW LEAR and DAISY MAY WARD LEAR
24 June 1902 - 16 May 1974 06 Sept 1897 - 07 Apr 1972



IN MEMORY OF
BRUCE ALAN TERRELL
11 Mar 1952 - 06 Oct 1987



IN MEMORY OF
DANA LEE TERRELL
05 Oct 1957 - 26 Jun 1986

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NOTE: Even though the following information was carefully collected and researched as much as time permitted, it is the sole responsibility of the reader to verify any or all information presented in this 1995 edition of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and Related Families GENEALOGY Volume 4 WARD. Please keep in mind that a small, undetected, typing error can dramatically alter some genealogical information such as dates, ages, addresses, names or places. All notations of errors or additions for future reference are welcome. For additional copies of this edition you may photocopy this copy.

Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell 505 Hector Street Ithaca, NY 14850

A NOTE TO OUR GRANDCHILDREN

Grandchildren:

Each one of our children and grandchildren (the children and grandchildren of Donald Leon Terrell and Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell) are direct line (blood line) descendants of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and related Families Genealogical blood line. Therefore the genealogical information on each of you will be found in the front part of all four volumes (Volume 1 TERRELL, Volume 2 LEROY, Volume 3 LEAR, and Volume 4 WARD). You are referred to as Children and Grandchildren in the Table of Contents.

Grandpa (Donald Leon Terrell) is a direct blood line descendant of only the TERRELL LEROY and related Families Genealogical blood line. Grandma (Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell) is a direct blood line descendant of only the LEAR WARD and related Families Genealogical blood line. However, because Grandpa and Grandma are married to each other we also are found in the front part of all four volumes. We are referred to as Generation 1 in the Table of Contents.

Grandpa's father and your great-grandfather (Leon Keeling Terrell) is a direct blood line descendant of only the TERRELL and related Families Genealogical blood line. Grandpa's mother and your great-grandmother (Clara Genevieve LeRoy Terrell) is a direct blood line descendant of only the LEROY and related Families Genealogical blood line. However, because they were married to each other they are found in the front part of only the first two volumes (Volume 1 TERRELL and Volume 2 LEROY). They are referred to as Generation 2 in the Table of Contents of these first two volumes only.

Grandma's father and your great-grandfather (George Andrew Lear) is a direct blood line descendant of only the LEAR and related Families Genealogical blood line. Grandma's mother and your great-grandmother (Daisy May Ward Lear) is a direct blood line descendant of only the WARD and related Families Genealogical blood line. However, because they were married to each other they are found in the front part of only the last two volumes (Volume 3 LEAR and Volume 4 WARD). They are referred to as Generation 2 in the Table of Contents of the last two volumes only.

Grandpa's brothers and sister with their children, who are your uncles, aunt and cousins, are direct blood line descendants of only the TERRELL LEROY and related Families Genealogical blood line. They are found in the back part of the first two volumes only. They are referred to as Collateral, Other Descendants of Generation 2, in the Table of Contents of the first two volumes only.

Grandma's brothers with their children, who are your uncles and cousins, are direct blood line descendants of only the LEAR WARD and related Families Genealogical blood line. They are found in the back part of the last two volumes only. They are referred to as Collateral Descendants and Relatives, in the Table of Contents of the last two volumes only.

<u>All</u> of the persons listed in <u>all</u> of the Compressed Pedigree Charts of <u>all</u> four volumes are your <u>great-and many more great-grandparents</u> and <u>all</u> of them are <u>direct blood line ancestors</u> of each of you!!!! They are referred to as Generation 3, through however many generations Grandma has been able to trace back in time, in the Table of Contents of their respective volumes only.

Grandchildren, even though each of you will receive all four volumes, Grandpa and Grandma cannot afford to send all four volumes to all of our relatives. Instead we will be sending out to our relatives only the volume or volumes that pertain to them. Therefore Grandpa has duplicated some letters and other genealogical information so as to share it with as many relatives as possible with little additional printing expense. <u>Caution:</u> Please go over each List of Insertions carefully to be sure you don't miss <u>new</u> information.

FOREWORD

Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell probably was "bitten" by the "Genealogy Bug" many years ago, although she may not remember just when. It may have been while she was listening to her grandfather, Frank Charles Ward, Sr., or her grandmother, Florence Elon Faure Ward, tell about their childhood days of long ago. It may have been while she was listening to her grandfather, Edgar ("Toby") Lear, or her grandmother, Nellie Ann Brewer Lear, tell about their childhood days of long ago. It may have been while visiting her many uncles and aunts and listening to their stories of their childhood days. It may have been while she and her brothers were "growing up" with their father, George Andrew Lear, and their mother, Daisy May Ward Lear, and listening to them tell about their childhood days of "growing up".

It may have been later when Margaret Ellen Lear married and became Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell and listened to her new grandparents, Clayton Frank LeRoy and Grace Electa Pratt LeRoy, tell about their childhood days. It may have been while listening to her father-in-law, Leon Keeling Terrell, or her mother-in-law, Clara Genevieve LeRoy Terrell, tell about their childhood days. Then there were the visits with her husband's uncles and aunts and their stories of "way back then".

Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell started collecting "hard copies" of these "memories" and "stories" whenever she could. Then, as each of her four children, Mark Clayton Terrell, Lynn Ellen Terrell, Bruce Alan Terrell and Dana Lee Terrell, were born, she started keeping pictures and records of their "growing up" times. She wanted her children to be able to know as much as possible about their grandparents and their great-grandparents and the way they lived back then. She continued to collect this "family history" information as often as she could so that she could share it with her children and husband.

The years went slowly by. Gradually she and her husband witnessed their grandparents each reach the end of their life cycle and quietly pass away. Then their parents quietly passed away along with most of their uncles and aunts. She grew more and more determined to preserve the memories of their childhood days for her children. As she went over her "collection" of memories and pictures, she realized that there were many relatives' names, places of birth, marriages and their children that were lacking. She grew even more determined to find these pieces of information and fill in these family histories for her children. She started going to libraries, court houses, historical societies, newspapers, church records, cemeteries, friends and relatives for assistance in finding this information. She collected piles and piles of information.

During this time her grandchildren were born. Jennifer Ann Terrell, Dianna Lynn Terrell, Michael Adam Terrell, David Andrew Terrell, Philip Grant Scoles, Lisa Ellen Scoles, Eric Leon Scoles, Ruth Ann Scoles, Joshua Alan Terrell and Jodi Lei Terrell.

She and her husband also experienced the tragic loss of two of their sons. First Dana Lee Terrell and then Bruce Alan Terrell.

Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell remained determined to continue the search for the missing pieces of family history information. She wanted to preserve this information for her children and grandchildren. She and her husband would travel far and wide in her quest. During these times, her husband would read the Reader's Digest. He had said many times that he wasn't going to get "bitten" by that "Genealogy Bug".

The years continued to go slowly by. She retired from many years of doing office work as a secretary and started helping her husband a few hours each week with typing and record keeping. Her husband was managing the start-up of a new water treatment system and was badly in need of experienced

assistance in typing and record keeping. She later assisted with the Water Plant Operator's and Distribution Operator's School that her husband was managing at the new water system for his operators and other operators from across New York State. It was during this time that she started keeping "computer records" of some of the genealogical data that she had collected over the years. There was an IBM computer at her husband's office. She purchased the Personal Ancestral File computer software from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

It was during this time that she developed Carpal Tunnel Syndrome in her right wrist. This was caused from many years of typing and office work. She had entered into the IBM computer, using the newly purchased genealogical software, only a few hundred of the thousands of genealogical records that she had collected over the years. She was losing the feeling in some of her fingers so she stopped using her hands and fingers as much as possible. She did not give up her search for more family history and genealogical data. She just stopped entering this information into the computer.

Her husband retired in 1988 with plenty of extra time on his hands. He decided to take over her job of entering this genealogical information into a computer. He ran into a small problem. The only computer that they personally owned was a Commodore 64 and it would not accept the Personal Ancestral File (PAF) software. This software was for IBM and compatible computers only. PAF software was not available for the Commodore 64 computer so she purchased the Family Roots software from Quinsept, Inc. The Quinsept people were able to transfer her PAF genealogical files into Family Roots files. Her husband was then able to continue entering her genealogical information into their home computer.

Over the next few years he entered over two thousand more records using the Family Roots software and their Commodore 64 computer. Another small problem developed. The storage capacity of the computer (64K) and the diskettes restricted the efficient transfer of information so three additional disk drives were purchased. Finally the constant changing of diskettes into four disk drives slowed his forward progress into a "pony walk".

The decision was made to "upgrade" their home computer capabilities. They purchased a Smith Corona Acer PC 340/386SX HD with 120 MB hard disk drive, 3.5" High Density Floppy Disk Drive, 5.25" High Density Floppy Disk Drive and 4 MB RAM (expandable to 8 MB) operating at 20 MHz. Many software programs came already installed on the hard disk including a Smith Corona Word Processing Program. They then purchased an updated IBM compatible Family Roots software from Quinsept, Inc., a Family Connections software from Quinsept, Inc. and an updated IBM compatible Personal Ancestral File software from The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. The Quinsept people were then able to transfer all of the Commodore 64 Family Roots records to the IBM compatible Family Roots software records. Her husband was now ready to continue entering more of her genealogical data only this time at "lightning" speed compared to the old Commodore 64.

This brings us to 1995 when her husband has finished Volume 1 TERRELL, Volume 2 LEROY, Volume 3 LEAR and Volume 4 WARD of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and Related Families GENEALOGY, for his wife, their children, their grandchildren and many new generations to come. She continues to collect more family history records for her husband to enter later in the computer. She still says that he may yet be "bitten" by the "Genealogy Bug". Time will tell.

Donald Leon Terrell
her husband

List of Libraries and Historical Societies
where all four volumes of the
TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD
and Related Families Genealogy
plus
Ancestors and Relatives of
The Children and Grandchildren of
Donald Leon Terrell and Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell
plus
World War II Letters
Written by
Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell
to
Each Other
25 Aug 1944 through 02 Aug 1946
may be found

[Note: Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell and Donald Leon Terrell compiled and printed the four volumes of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and Related Families Genealogy in 1993-95 (plus Ancestors and Relatives of ... plus World War II Letters ...) for the private use of their children, grandchildren and relatives. However, Margaret and Donald Terrell realize the possible historical and genealogical value of these four volumes (plus Ancestors and Relatives of ... plus World War II Letters ...) to historians and genealogical researchers around the country. Therefore, Margaret and Donald Terrell have sent, or will send, all four volumes (plus Ancestors and Relatives of ... plus World War II Letters ...) to the below list of libraries and historical societies for use in their historical and genealogical reading areas.]

[Note to our relatives: Margaret and Donald Terrell have compiled and printed these four volumes (plus Ancestors and Relatives of ... plus World War II Letters ...) primarily for private use by our children, grandchildren and relatives, therefore they are not for sale and will not be for sale. We are sending the volume or volumes that pertain to you and your family to you, from us, with love. Because we cannot afford to send all of our relatives all four volumes, we have duplicated some of the letters, pictures, poems etc. (no letters, pictures, poems etc. in Relatives and Ancestors of ...) so that this additional information may be shared by as many of our relatives as possible with little additional printing expense. For those of our relatives that did not receive a volume, or would like to read one of the other volumes, we suggest you review the following list to find a library or historical society near you where these volumes may be seen at little or no expense to you. We hope that you will enjoy reading about your ancestors as we have.]

[Note to our grandchildren: Grandpa and Grandma have chosen the libraries and historical societies listed below to send all four volumes (plus Ancestors and Relatives of ... plus World War II Letters ...) to because these are the primary areas where your great- (and many more great)-grandparents lived for a few years while raising their families (your ancestral uncles, aunts and grandparents). As each of you grow into adulthood and possibly get married and have children of your own, we hope that you will be able to take your children and possibly your <u>own</u> <u>grandchildren</u> to visit some of these libraries and let them read about their ancestors and how they lived. You may choose also, by going through old court house records of deeds and abstracts, to then go out into the country and see some of the actual places that they lived.

You may even be fortunate enough to locate the house, farm building, school or church they used!! For those of you who may choose, you may even be able to locate the cemeteries, with or without their headstones, where they are buried. Cemetery plot locations for most of these cemeteries are available at the cemetery offices or at local libraries or historical places.]

Listings by States and Countries

ARIZONA

Arizona State Genealogical Society
Box 6027
Tucson, AZ 85733

Arizona State Library
State Capitol, 3rd Floor
1700 W. Washington
Phoenix, AZ 85007

Family History Center
LDS Library State
500 S. Langley Ave. (For location purposes only.)
Tucson, AZ 85701 (No mail delivery to this address.)

CONNECTICUT

Connecticut State Library
Genealogical Department
231 Capitol Ave.
Hartford, CT 06106

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Library of Congress
History and Genealogy Reading room
General Reading Rooms Division
10 First St. SE
Washington, DC 20540

ILLINOIS

Brown County Historical Society
Mt. Sterling, IL 62353
(For location purposes only.)
(No mail delivery to this address.)

Illiana Genealogical Historical Society
P.O. Box 207
Danville, IL 61834

ILLINOIS (cont'd)

Illinois State Historical Library
Old State Capitol
Springfield, IL 62706

Nancy Tyrrel Theodore
DOR Corresponding Society [Descendants of Roger (Terrell)]
P.O. Box 589
Hudson, IL 61748-0589

Schuyler-Brown Historical
and Genealogical Society
P.O. Box 96
Rushville, IL 62681

Versailles Area Genealogical
and Historical Society
P.O. Box 92
Versailles, IL 62378-0092

INDIANA

Allen County Indiana Genealogical Society
P.O. Box 7003
Fort Wayne, IN 46807

Covington Public Library
622 5th Street
Covington, IN 47932

Indiana State Library
Genealogy Section
140 N. Senate Ave.
Indianapolis, IN 46204

MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts State Library
Beacon Hill
Boston, MA 02155

New England Historic
Genealogical Society
101 Newbury Street
Boston, MA 02116-3087

MISSOURI

Missouri State Library
308 East High Street
Jefferson City, MO 65101

NEW YORK

Cornell University Library
Rare and Manuscript Collections
Carl A. Kroch Library
Ithaca, NY 14853-5302

Cortland Free Library
32 Church Street
Cortland, NY 13045

Cortland County Historical Society
25 Homer Avenue
Cortland, NY 13045

DeWitt Historical Society
of Tompkins County, Inc.
401 E. State Street
Ithaca, NY 14850

L.D.S. Family History Center
114 Burleigh Drive
Ithaca, NY 14850 (For location purposes only.)
(No mail delivery to this address.)

New York Genealogical and
Biographical Society
122-126 E. 58th St.
New York, NY 10022

New York State Historical Association
Lake Road, P.O. Box 800
Cooperstown, NY 13326

New York State Library
Cultural Education Center
Local History and Genealogy Area
Albany, NY 12230

Onondaga County Public Library
The Galleries of Syracuse
447 South Salina Street
Syracuse, NY 13202-2494
Attention: Local History Level 5

Onondaga Historical Association
311 Montgomery Street
Syracuse, NY 13202

Phillips Library
31 South Main Street
Homer, NY 13077

NEW YORK (cont'd)

Seymour Library
Local History and Genealogy Area
176 Genesee Street
Auburn, NY 13021

Steele Memorial Library
One Library Plaza
Elmira, NY 14901-2799
Attention: Genealogy Second floor

Tompkins County Public Library
312 N. Cayuga Street
Ithaca, NY 14850

Virgil Historical Society
East State Rd (Rt 392 Virgil)(For location purposes only.)
Cortland, NY 13045 (No mail delivery to this address.)

PENNSYLVANIA

Pioneer Historical Library
242 East John Street
Bedford, PA 15522

Genealogical and Historical
Society of Pennsylvania
1300 Locust Street
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Pennsylvania State Library
Walnut and Commonwealth
Education Bldg.
Harrisburg, PA 17126

UTAH

Genealogical Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
50 East North Temple Street
Salt Lake City, UT 84150

WISCONSIN

State Historical Society of Wisconsin
816 State Street
Madison, WI 53706-1482

CANADA

Ontario Genealogical Society
40 Orchard View Blvd. Suite 251
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M 4 R 1 B 9

CANADA (cont'd)

London Public Library
305 Queen's Avenue
London, Ontario, Canada N 6 B 3 L 7
Attention: Genealogical & Historical Department

ENGLAND

The Society of Genealogists
14 Charter House Buildings
Goswell Road
London, England E C 1 M 7 B A

Guildhall Library
Genealogical & Historical Department
Aldermanbury
London, England E C 2 P 2 E J

MATERIALS FOR THESE GENEALOGIES OBTAINED FROM THE FOLLOWING SOURCES:

1. Cecil Ball (Cowley and Malen family information)
2. Robert Hendershot (Cowley and Malen family information)
3. Truman Hendershot (Cowley and Malen family information)
4. George and Daisy Lear Ward (Lear and Ward family information)
5. Wayne and Marion Lear and family (Lear and Ward family information)
6. Roger and Ann Lear and family (Lear and Ward family information)
7. Dale and Kathi Lear and family (Lear and Ward family information)
8. Frank and Florence Faure Ward (Ward, Cowley and Faure family information)
9. Mabel Ward Caywood (Ward and Faure family information)
10. Muriel Ward Trapp (Ward and Faure family information)
11. Rose Belle Ward Waite (Ward and Cowley family information)
12. Frances Kerrigan (Cowley family Bible information)
13. Mabel Woodward Stevenson (Ward and Weisman\Wisemen family information)
14. Barbara Woodward Wheeler (Woodward family information)
15. Janet Erickson Whitcomb (Bamford family information)
16. Clara ("Dee") Jones (Robert Hamilton Faure family information)
17. Miriam L. Luke, C.G.R.S.
    (McMillen, Ferguson and Huston family information)
18. Eugene Robinson (McMillen and Ferguson family information)

Many libraries, censuses, court houses, historical societies, newspapers, church records, cemeteries, friends and relatives from many areas of the United States, Canada and Europe. All information received has been very helpful and much appreciated. Thank you!

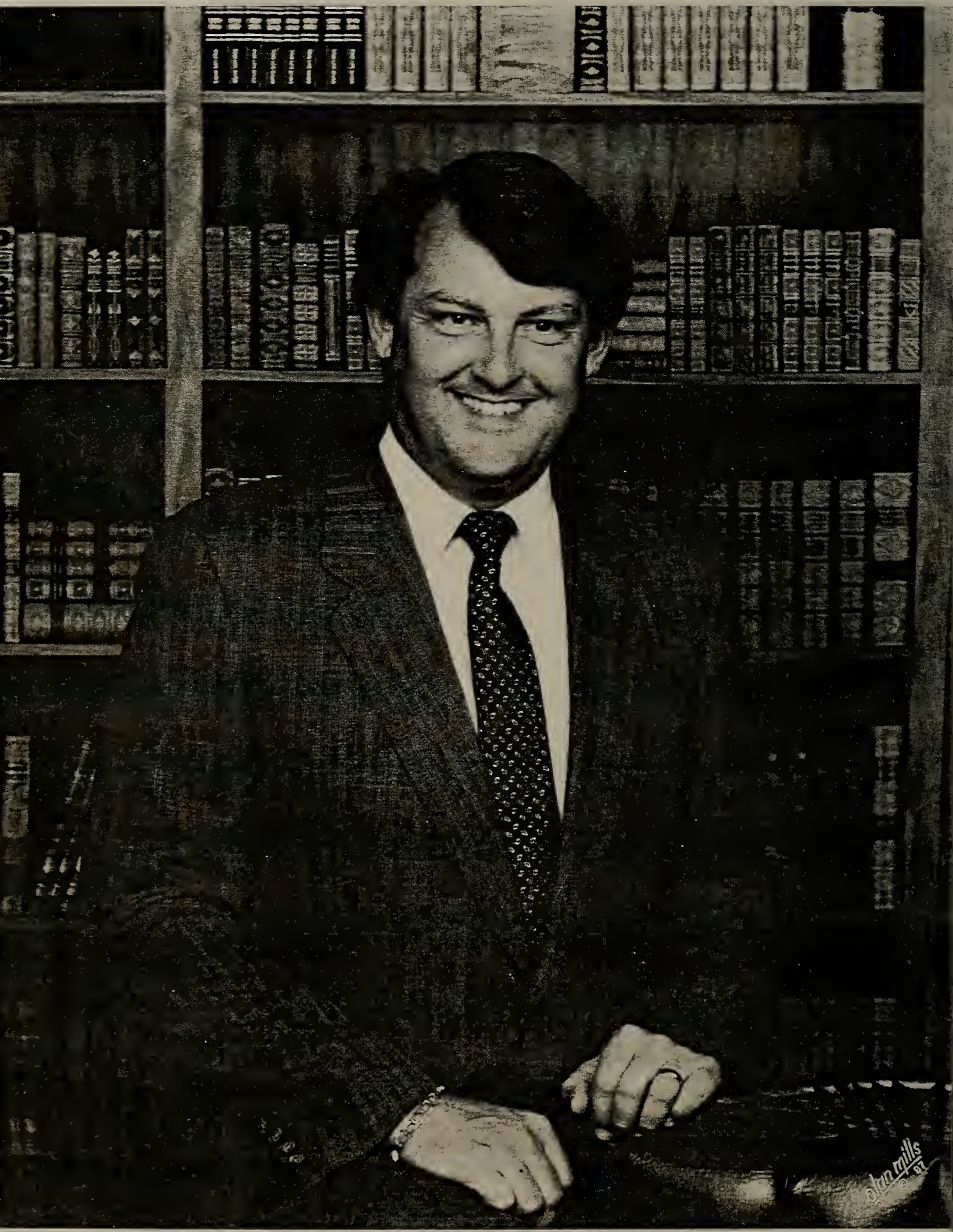
LIST OF INSERTIONS

	Insertion Subject	Page
1.	Picture of George Andrew Lear and Daisy May Ward Lear	In memory of
2.	Picture of Bruce Alan Terrell	In memory of
3.	Picture of Dana Lee Terrell	In memory of
4.	Other family pictures and documents of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and Related Families Genealogy VOLUME 4 WARD	inserted between page xii and page 1
5.	Letter written by Mark Clayton Terrell to his parents, Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell, while he was attending Ithaca High School.	1-2
6.	Some Thoughts About My Mom & Dad and their families by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell	3-4
7.	Letter written by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell to her granddaughter, Dianna Lynn Terrell, telling about memories of the Great Depression.	5-7
8.	Memories by Daisy May Ward Lear	8
9.	FAMILY HISTORY LEAR & FAURE by Roger Lear	9-10
10.	Tidbits of information from Wayne & Roger Lear about their Mom & Dad and their families by Roger Lear	11-14
11.	The Story of Florence Elon Faure Ward's Life by Florence Elon Faure Ward	15-28
12.	Mud-larking for a vacation -- the mud was plentiful by Frank Charles Ward, Sr. about their overland trip from Buffalo, NY to Kansas City, MO in 1902	29-34
13.	Poems composed by Florence Elon Faure Ward over many years	35-56
14.	Memories by Rose Belle Ward Waite	57-70
15.	Letters written by members of the Cowley families to other members of the Cowley families during the late 1800's	71-77
16.	Letter and poem written by Daisy May Ward Lear to her son-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell during World War II.	78-80
17.	Letter written by Daisy May Ward Lear to her son-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell just after World War II.	81

LIST OF INSERTIONS (cont'd)

	Insertion Subject	Page
18.	Letters written by Roger and Dale Lear to Donald Leon Terrell during World War II.	82-83
19.	Letter written by Wayne Lear to Donald Leon Terrell just after World War II.	84
20.	Extractions from World War II Letters Written by Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell to Each Other 25 Aug 1944 through 02 Aug 1946. Volumes 1, 2 and 3	85-126

George Andrew Lear and Daisy May Ward Lear
Catherine (Cathy) Sevigny Terrell and Mark Clayton Terrell
Burlington, MA 06 June 1970



MARK CLAYTON TERRELL
1987

THE MASSACHUSETTS TERRELLS (1987)
(BACK ROW) MICHAEL ADAM, JENNIFER ANN, MARK CLAYTON, DIANNA LYNN
(FRONT ROW) DAVID ANDREW, CATHERINE (CATHY) SEVIGNY TERRELL

THE MASSACHUSETTS TERRELLS (1991)
DAVID ANDREW, JENNIFER ANN, MICHAEL ADAM, DIANNA LYNN TERRELL

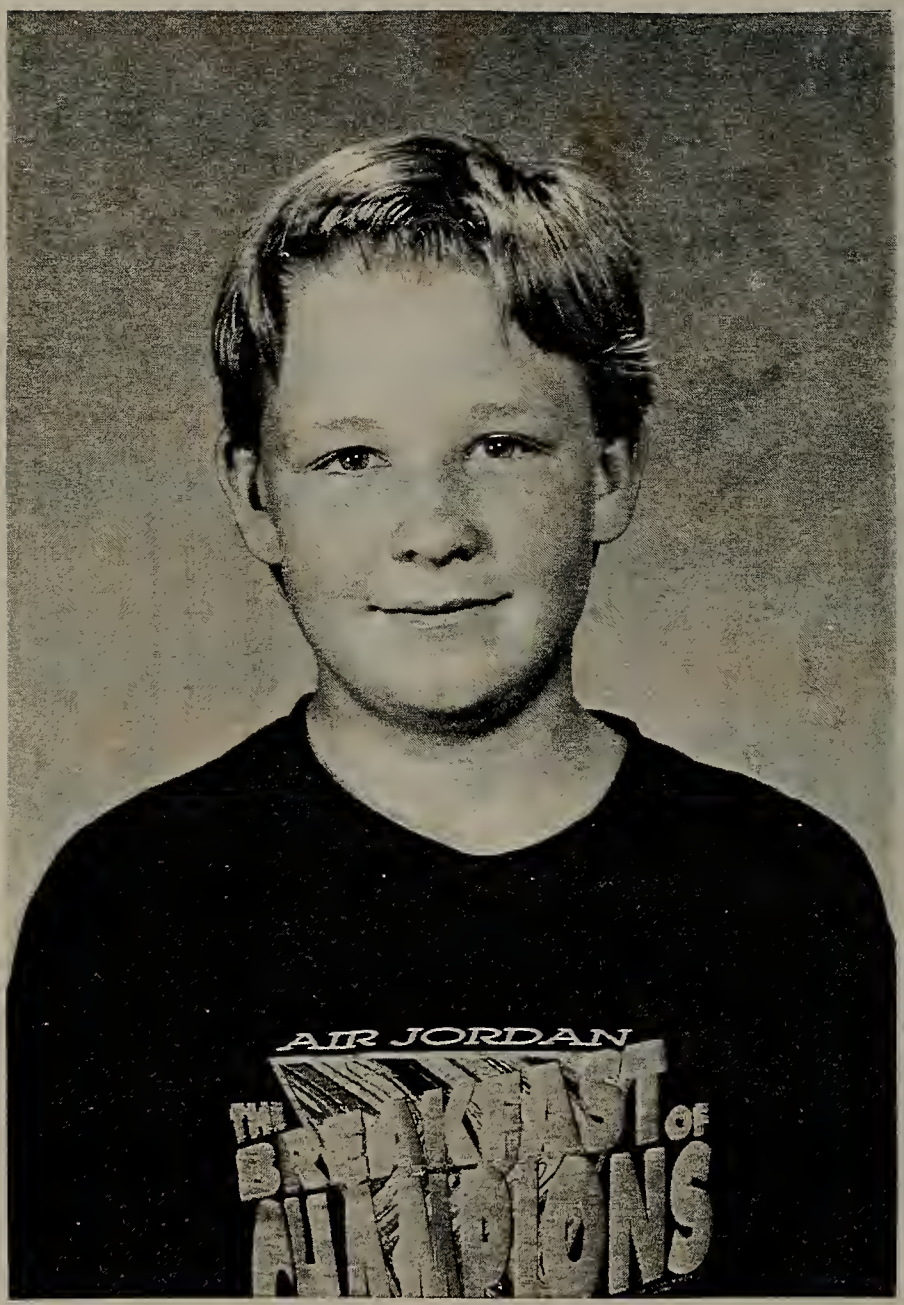
SEVEN GRANDCHILDREN WHILE VISITING GRANDPA AND GRANDMA IN ITHACA, NY (1993)
DIANNA LYNN TERRELL, DAVID ANDREW TERRELL, MICHAEL ADAM TERRELL
PHILIP GRANT SCOLES, ERIC LEON SCOLES, LISA ELLEN SCOLES, RUTH ANN SCOLES

Lynn Ellen Terrell (Scoles)
Wooster, Ohio Spring 1977

THE SCOLES FAMILY WHILE AT DWYER PARK, LITTLE YORK, NY (WARD FAMILY REUNION 1989)
(BACK ROW) LYNN ELLEN TERRELL SCOLES, PHILIP GRANT SCOLES, FREDERICK GRANT SCOLES
(FRONT ROW) RUTH ANN SCOLES, ERIC LEON SCOLES, LISA ELLEN SCOLES

Dana Lee Terrell at the 1973 Ithaca High School Marching Band Summer Camp

Nona Lei Turner Terrell and Bruce Alan Terrell
Jodi Lei Terrell and Joshua Alan Terrell
Sikeston, Missouri 1984



JOSHUA ALAN TERRELL
1993

JODI LEI TERRELL
1993

THE NEW YORK TERRELLS AT MARK'S AND CATHY'S WEDDING (MASSACHUSETTS 1970)
DANA LEE, DONALD LEON, MARGARET ELLEN LEAR, CATHERINE (CATHY) SEVIGNY,
MARK CLAYTON, LYNN ELLEN, BRUCE ALAN

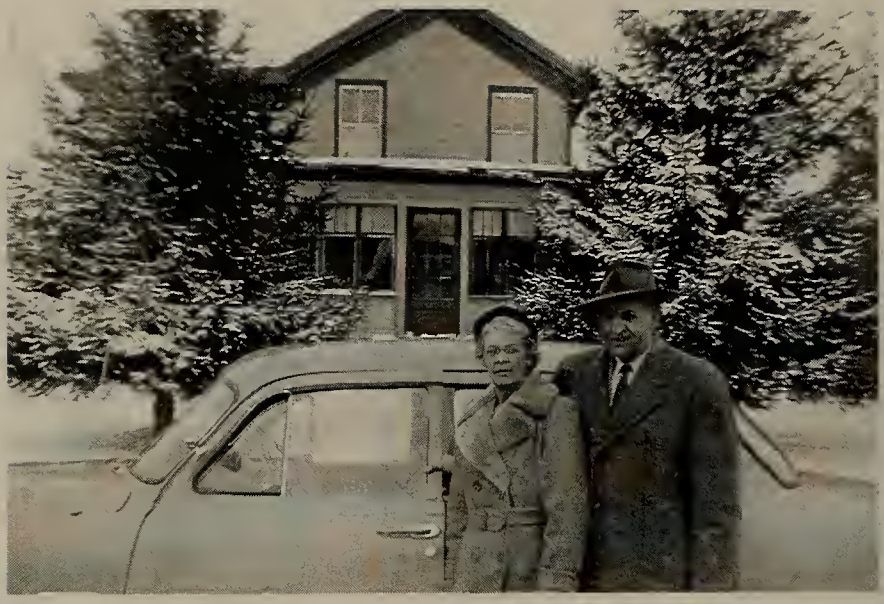
4 Generations June 1948 Mecklenburg, NY
Donald Terrell holding Mark Terrell, Daisy Ward Lear, George Andrew Lear
Frank C. Ward, Sr., Florence Faure Ward, Margaret Lear Terrell

Lynn Terrell (Scoles), Donald Terrell
Mark Terrell, Margaret Lear Terrell
Front: Dana and Bruce Terrell
16 Squires St., Cortland, NY. Easter 1963

3 Generations June 1948
Leon K. Terrell, George A. Lear
Clara LeRoy Terrell, Daisy Ward Lear
Frank C. Ward, Sr., Florence Faure Ward
Mark Clayton Terrell

DONALD LEON TERRELL AND MARGARET ELLEN LEAR TERRELL
1944
DURING WORLD WAR II

DONALD LEON TERRELL AND MARGARET ELLEN LEAR TERRELL
1993
ON THEIR 50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY TRIPS



January or February, 1955
Daisy May Ward Lear and George Andrew Lear standing by their new car in front of their home in Virgil, New York. (House burned in 1970's from hot snowmobile parked on porch. Had been sold and George and Daisy had moved to Cortland several years before.)

George Andrew Lear and Daisy May Ward Lear in back yard of above home in Virgil, New York. 1956

Dale Everett Lear and Roger Edgar Lear
Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell and Wayne Arden Lear

Roger Edgar Lear, Wayne Arden Lear, Dale Everett Lear
Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell

Wayne Arden Lear 1944

Dale, Lucky, Wayne and Roger Lear 1945
Directly above car on high tower is old Virgil Fire Siren/Noon whistle. Village people turned it off for 3-4 days when the sound frightened Wayne (about 4 years old), very ill with pneumonia.

The 4 children of George Andrew and Daisy May Ward Lear 1987
Dale Everett Lear, Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell
Roger Edgar Lear, Wayne Arden Lear

ROGER, WAYNE, MARION, JIM DALE, ANN LEAR

APRIL DALE

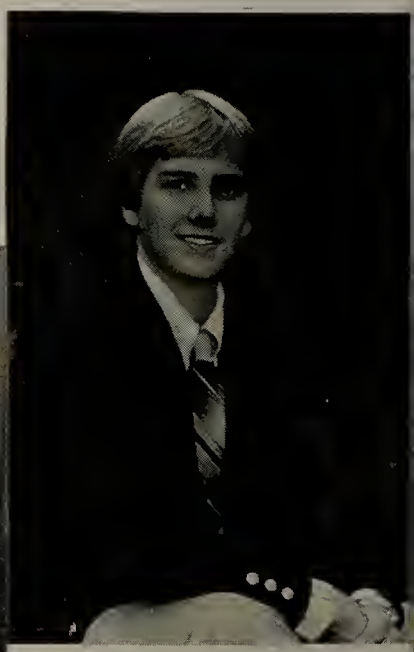
DAWN, LORI, TOM CLA, KRISTEN, ANN, JUNE, LUCE

CLAIRE LEAR

ADAM LAMON

JUNE 1993

MILNE HOME, SCHENECTADY, NY



Roger Edgar Lear and Ann Louise Severn Lear

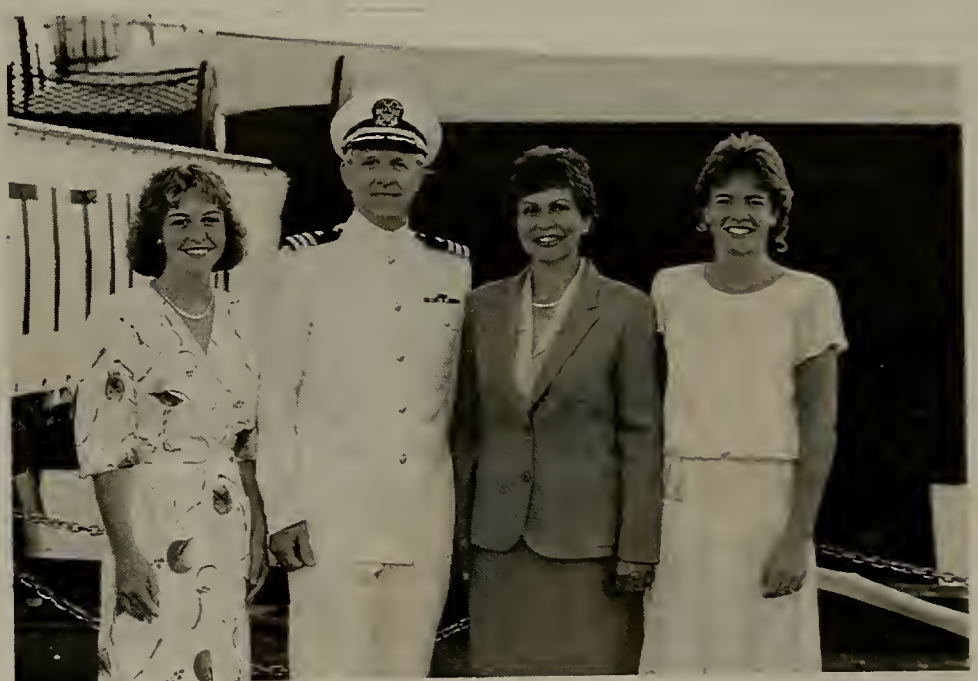
Kyle Eric Lear

Kirk Alan Lear

Kyle Eric Lear and Kirk Alan Lear

Kirk Alan Lear and Susan Dianna Peterson Lear with Trevor Ryan Lear

Dale Everett Lear and Kathleen "Kathi" Doris Radl Lear
Pamela Jean Lear Dianna Lynn Lear



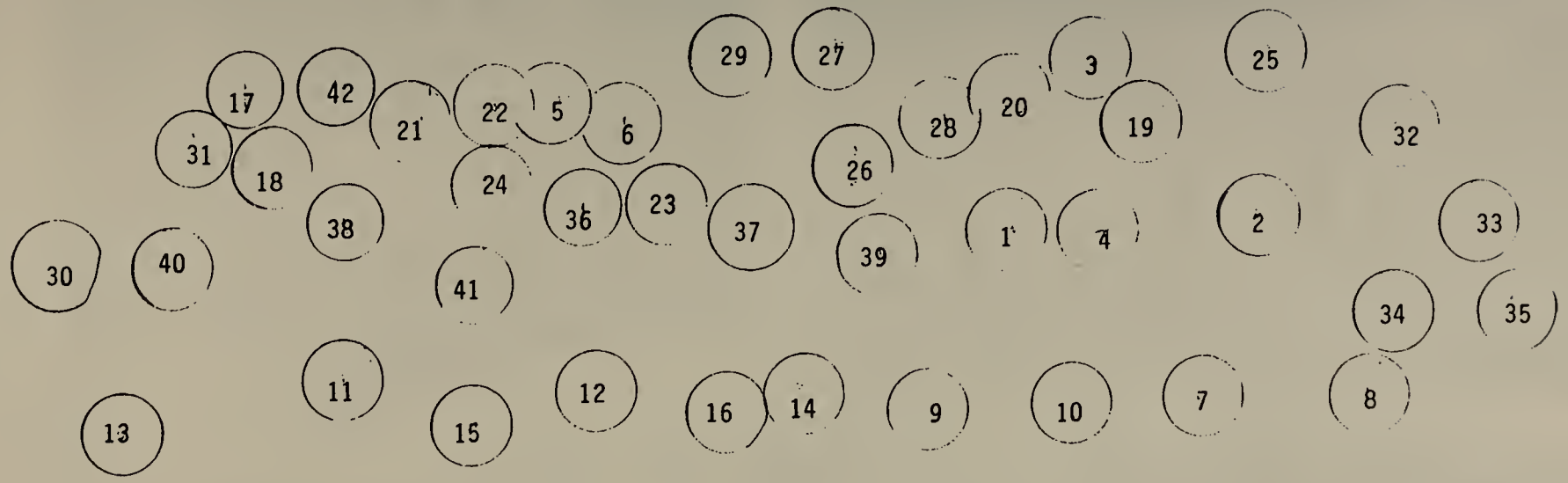
Dale Everett Lear and Kathleen "Kathi" Doris Radl Lear
Pamela Jean Lear Dianna Lynn Lear

Florence Elon Faure Ward

Four Generations - July 27, 1952
Florence Elon Faure Ward 1875 - 1958
Lynn Ellen Terrell (Scoles) b. 1949
Daisy May Ward Lear 1897 - 1972
Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell b. 1925

ROGER & ANN, MARION, DIANNA, PAMELA LEAR (FERRIS) July 1994 KATHI, WAYNE, DALE, JUNE LAMON, APRIL & JIM DALE (RAHL) LEAR (LEAR) (LEAR)

WARD REUNION 1990
Durkee Park, Rt. 11, Homer, NY
(See Chart of names below).



1. Muriel Ward Trapp
2. Jean Trapp Barrile
3. Donald Terrell
4. Margaret Lear Terrell
5. Mark Terrell
6. Catherine Sevigny Terrell
7. Jennifer Terrell
8. Dianna Terrell
9. Michael Terrell
10. David Terrell
11. Fred Scoles
12. Lynn Terrell Scoles
13. Philip Scoles
14. Lisa Scoles
15. Eric Scoles
16. Ruth Ann Scoles
17. Wayne Lear
18. Marion Ferris Lear
19. James Dale
20. April Lear Dale
21. James Milne
22. Lori Lear Milne
23. Adam Milne
24. Claire Milne
25. Otto Meier
26. Mary Jane Lear Meier
27. Dale Lear
28. Kathi Radl Lear
29. Dianna Lear
30. Donald Ward
31. Mark Robbins (Don's grandson)
32. Jay Caywood
33. Missy Caywood
34. David Caywood
35. Robert Caywood
36. Robert Wheeler
37. Barbara Woodward Wheeler
38. David Wheeler
39. Kyle Wheeler
40. Alesha Wheeler
41. Jodi Wheeler
42. Chadd Wheeler

WARD REUNION 1990
Durkee Park, Rt. 11, Homer, NY

Frank Charles Ward, Sr.
born: July 4, 1867
24 years old

Frank Charles Ward, Sr. and Florence Elon Faure Ward

Top row, left to right: Frank Charles Ward, Jr., Mabel Florence Ward Caywood, Harvey Lloyd Caywood and Muriel Frances Ward.
Bottom row, left to right: Reginald Cowley Ward, Frank Charles Ward, Sr., Florence Faure Ward, Aydee Marie Ward, Daisy May Ward and Hazel Madeline Ward.
Taken 1919, Flint, Michigan (oldest child, Frederick Earnest Ward, stayed in Arkansas and rest of life in Kansas).

Frank Charles Ward, Sr.
Florence Elon Faure Ward
1892

Frederick Earnest Ward
Ada Inez Bird Ward
1913

(Harvey) Lloyd Caywood
Mabel Florence Ward Caywood
1915

George Andrew Lear
Daisy May Ward Lear
1920

Home at 75 Charlotte Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. of Charles and Fanny Ward and family after they moved from Toronto, Canada to the U.S.A. Frank and Florence Ward bought it later after they moved to Buffalo from Kansas City, Missouri, and rented the upstairs to Charles and Fanny. Daisy and Frank Ward, Jr. were born in this house. This is the home Frank and Florence and their 4 children left to take their horse and wagon journey West in 1902.

First home owned by George and Daisy Ward Lear, Main Street, Virgil, New York. Daisy is holding their first child and only daughter, Margaret Lear Terrell, as she visits with a neighbor. In February 1938 George and Daisy traded this home on 1 acre of land to Frank and Florence Ward for the Ward farmhouse and 42 acres of tillable land. George and Daisy had made this a two-story house by raising the roof, put in a bathroom and hardwood floors so it looked quite different by 1938. It was Frank and Florences's last home of their own. After Frank grew ill and tired they moved to an apartment in Whit and Aydee Ward Reynold's home on Tompkins Street in Cortland. Frank died there in 1952.

THE BUFFALO COURIER SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 8, 1902 Pgs.31-40
PART FIVE (Not numbered)
BUFFALO-ERIE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY Film 173
Frank Charles and Florence Faure Ward with Frank,Jr.,Daisy, Mabel and Fred

WITH HORSE AND WAGON BUFFALO MAN TODAY BEGINS LONG JOURNEY.

WARD, HIS FAMILY, HIS HORSE AND WAGON

In a wagon built for the purpose, drawn by a large, robust bay horse, Frank E. Ward of No. 2202 Fillmore Avenue, and his family, a wife and four children, start this morning for Southern California. He expects to be six months on the road and to pay the expenses of the trip with his kits of jewelers' and machinists' tools. Ward was employed in an East Buffalo machine shop for some years, but has concluded that he would rather live in Southern California. He is what might be termed a "natural born tinker," and some three months ago started to build a wagon for the special purposes of the journey. It is a strong, four-wheeled vehicle, with a panel top. There are two seats in front, one above the other, and the rear one will be occupied by the children. One side of the interior is fitted with a clothes box four feet long, twelve inches wide and ten inches deep, to carry the clothing supply for the journey. This can be made into a bunk at a moment's notice, when it is desirable to sleep inside. On the opposite side of the interior is an adjustable table with a box bottom, in which Mr. Ward carries his camera outfit and tools for repairing. There is room also for storing such staple provisions as he will need.

Every inch of space is utilized. At the rear is a cupboard with three shelves. In the lower compartment the cooking utensils are carried; on the middle shelf is a two-burner oil stove, and on the top shelf a graphophone and records with which he intends to while away the hours with music as he journeys towards his El Dorado. Mr. Ward has a fine dark bay horse weighing about 1,200 pounds, and he believes he will be able to make the journey with ease.

His route is to be by the lake shore country roads to Chicago, then to follow the line of the Alton to Kansas City, and from there to take the old Santa Fe trail to Los Angeles, crossing the deserts of New Mexico and Mojave, but by sticking close to the railroad he does not anticipate running into the terrors which were the lot of emigrants fifty years ago.

Mr. Ward's children are four in number, strong and robust, and range in ages from 2 1-2 to 8 years.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION FORCED TO ADMIT "MISTAKE."

The Civil Service Commission will send a letter of apology to the Common Council on Monday for a mistake which it recently made in holding up the pay of two veteran employes of Commissioner of Public Works Ward's department.

The men whose pay was held up are Frank Mulligan and James Mahoney, both of whom are employed in the storehouse of the Bureau of Water, where they have been for many years.

Barrows, John T. Simons, W. Farlane and Henry Heidermann representing the arbitration b the contractors who were in wa the Builders' Exchange were Hofner, John Feist, E. M. Hage olas Neiderpreum, Ed Roos ar Hendrich.

"Gentlemen, the unions have ed me to inform you that they willing to accept your offer of an hour," said John Coleman. arate meetings held this even have declared themselves to re on strike until you are ready them 37½ cents."

"NOTHING MORE TO SA

"We have nothing more to s John Feist. "We have made offer and you have refused to a This meeting is adjourned."

The sentiment of the contrac that the strikers will not again an offer and that the strike tinue until the men are willi turn to work on the scale of John Coleman said that the m never return to work at this that the strike will probably summer.

NO SYMPATHETIC STRI

Immediately after the anno of the refusal of the strikers to work stories were circulat Council Hall that sympathet may be ordered. There was a no truth in these stories and leaders themselves scouted th the strike spreading outside th ters' union.

JOSEPH A. JONE ARRESTED F AUTO SPEE.

POLICE SAY SON OF "RICH IN BUFFALO" MADE F TIME IN DELAWARE AVENUE.

Joseph Albert Jones of No. aware Avenue, son of Ca Jones, who is reputed to be th man in Buffalo, fell into the the police last night and w to the 3d Precinct Station as er. Mr. Jones is accused of the city ordinances in spe automobile in Delaware Aver police claim he was breakin mer records made in the city

It was early in the evenin was arrested. With two you en friends in the automobile, was coming in Delaware Ave direction of the downtown

Bicycle Patrolmen Stoner, and Brown were standing Street when Mr. Jones passed. licemen say the big motor going like an express train, gave chase. Mr. Jones saw t ing and slowed down.

Then the policemen placed h arrest, but permitted him to young women to their home the three policemen as an was then removed to the 3d Police Station, where his n placed upon the blotter.

Discovering his identity t didn't make things disagre Mr. Jones. He was not

Frank Charles Ward, Sr. and Florence Elon Faure Ward

Red Cross Orchestra, Hardy, Arkansas
Back Row: Frank Ward, Jr., Lloyd Winton, Muriel Ward (Trapp), Estel Vance
Front Row: Della Bruner, Frank Ward Ward, Sr., Ralph Vance, Daisy Ward (Lear)

1910 CENSUS

Local Community DAVIDSON TOWNSHIP County SHARP State ARKANSAS

Ward — ROLL # PAGE 191 B Supervisor's District No. 2

Enumerator JESSIE W. WADE Date Census Taken 16/18 APRIL 1910 Enumeration District No. 131

Page No.	Street	House No.	Dwelling No.	Family No.	Name of each person whose place of abode on 15 April 1910 was in this family WARD	Relationship	Sex	Color	Age	Marital Status	# Years—Present Marriage	Mother of how many children?	# living children	Birthplace of This Person	Birthplace of Father	Birthplace of Mother	Year of Immigration	Naturalized or alien?	Speaks English? If not, give name of language.	Profession or Occupation & nature of business	Employer or Wage Earner or Working on Own Account	Out of work 15 April 1910?	# weeks out of work in 1909	Can read	Can write	School since 1 September 1909	Owned/rented	Owned free of mortgage	Farm or house	No. on farm schedule	Civil War Veteran	Blind	Deaf & dumb
1	A		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18 19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
191B	ASH FLAT ROAD	—	19	19	FRANK C.	HEAD	M	W	42	M1	17	—	—	MICH	NY	ENGLAND	—	—	ENGLISH	GEN. FARM FARMER	EMP.	—	—	YES	YES	—	O	F	F	19	—	—	—
					FLORANCE E.	WIFE	F	W	35	M1	17	6	6	ILL	FRANCE	IND.	—	—	ENGLISH			—	—	YES	YES	—							
					FREDRICK E	SON	M	W	15	S	—	—	—	MO	MICH	ILL	—		ENGLISH			—	—	YES	YES	1/2							
					MABLE F.	DAU.	F	W	14	S	—			M*ICH	MICH	ILL	—		ENGLISH			—	—	YES	YES	YES							
					DAISY M.	DAU.	F	W	12	S	—			NY	MICH	ILL	—		ENGLISH			—	—	YES	YES	YES							
					FRANK C., JR.	SON	M	W	10	S	—			NY	MICH	ILL	—		ENGLISH			—	—	YES	YES	YES							
					MURIEL F.	DAU.	F	W	7	S	—			KAN	MICH	ILL	—		—			—	—	—	—	YES							
					REGINALD C.	SON	M	W	3	S	—			ARK	MICH	ILL	—		—			—	—	—	—	—							

* ERROR - SHOULD BE KAN

Children of Frank and Florence Faure Ward 1934 (See chart below)

Taken 1934 at Frank and Florence Faure Ward Farm, West State Road,
Virgil, N.Y. Cortland County

Rear left to right: Hazel Ward Kerr (7), Daisy Ward Lear (3), Rex Ward (6),
Aydee Ward Reynolds (8), Muriel Ward Trapp (5)

Front left to right: Mabel Ward Caywood (2), Frank Ward, Jr. (4),
Florence Faure Ward, Frank Ward, Sr., Fred Ward (1)

All children of Frank and Florence Faure Ward. One child,
Fanny Ward born Oct. 25, 1915 died Oct. 21, 1917
from Diphtheria.

Total: 9 children

This picture belonged to
Fred Ward.

[Note: Above taken from back of picture. (1) - (8) = order of birth.]

Family of Frank and Florence Faure Ward 1934 (See chart of names below)

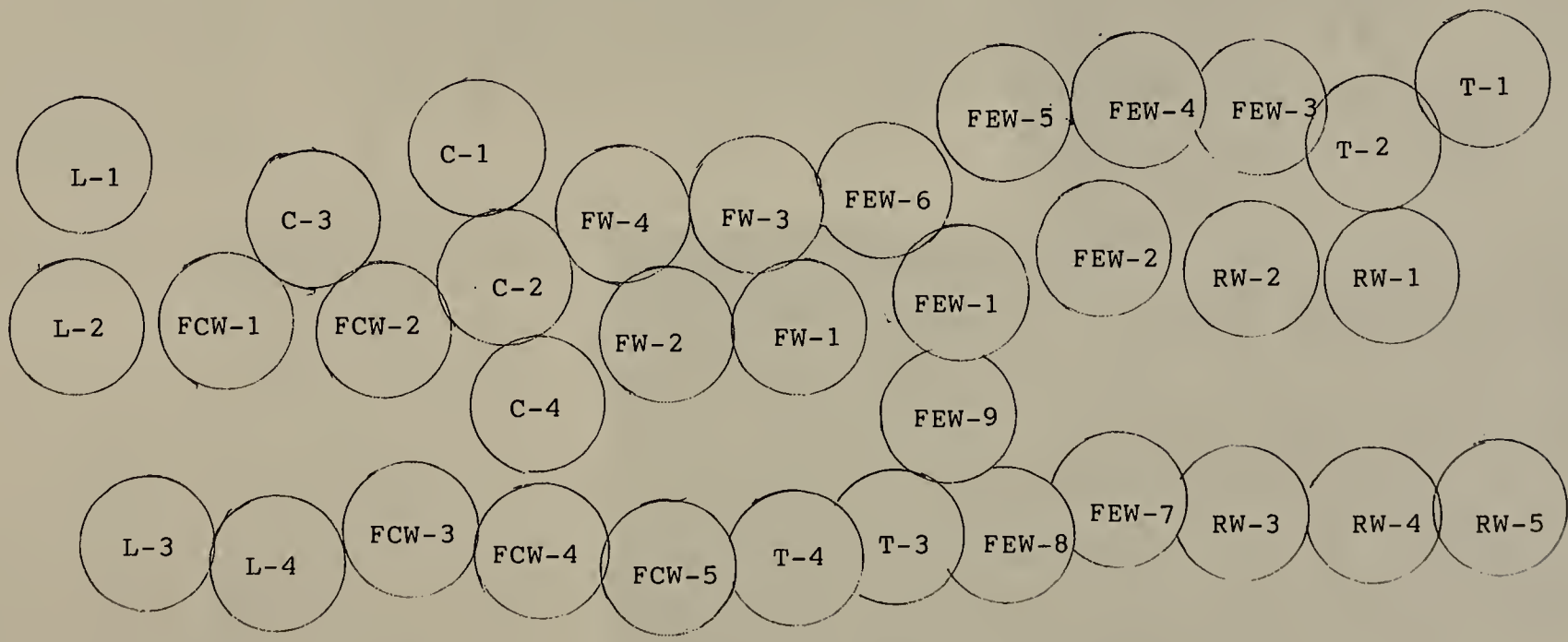
FAMILY OF FRANK AND [illegible]

FAMILY OF FRANK AND FLORENCE FAURE WARD - TAKEN SUMMER 1934 AT WARD FARM, W.STATE ROAD,VIRGIL,N.Y.

C-1 (Harvey)Lloyd Caywood,Sr.
C-2 Mabel Ward Caywood
C-3 Harvey(Lloyd)Caywood,Jr.
C-4 Paul Caywood

FW-1 Frank Ward, Sr.
FW-2 Florence Faure Ward
FW-3 Hazel Ward
FW-4 Aydee Ward

T-1 Melvin Trapp
T-2 Muriel Ward Trapp
T-3 Jean Trapp
T-4 Ward Trapp



*L-1 George Lear
L-2 Daisy Ward Lear
L-3 Margaret Lear
L-4 Wayne Lear

*Roger and Dale Lear not born yet.

FCW-1 Frank Ward, Jr.
FCW-2 Mary Bays Ward
FCW-3 Harold Ward
FCW-4 Donald Ward
FCW-5 Barbara Ward

FEW-1 Fred Ward
FEW-2 Ada Bird Ward
FEW-3 Roy Ward
FEW-4 Louis Ward
FEW-5 Raymond Ward
FEW-6 Lawrence Ward
FEW-7 Opal Ward
FEW-8 Mary Florence Ward
FEW-9 Lucille Ward

**RW-1 Rex Ward
RW-2 Emma Lash Ward
RW-3 Richard Ward
RW-4 Raymond Ward
RW-5 Howard Ward

**Susan Ward not born yet.

The Ward Clan - Taken in front of George & Daisy Lear's house in Virgil, New York by Muriel Ward Trapp on July 4, 1950 -- the 83rd birthday of Frank Charles Ward, Sr.

1. Frank Charles Ward, Sr.
2. Florence Elon Faure Ward
3. Rose Ward Waite
4. Mabel Ward Woodward
5. Beatrice Greenfield Woodward
6. Barbara Woodward (Wheeler)
7. Mabel Ward Caywood
8. Harvey Caywood
9. Paul Caywood
10. George Lear
11. Daisy Ward Lear
12. Wayne Lear
13. Roger Lear
14. Dale Lear
15. Keith McAllister } Nephews of
16. Dean McAllister } George Lear
17. Melvin Trapp
18. Ward Trapp
19. Jean Trapp Barrile
20. Joseph Barrile
21. Edward Kerr
22. Hazel Ward Kerr
23. Judy Kerr
24. James Kerr
25. Aydee Ward Reynolds
26. David Reynolds
27. Bonnie Reynolds

Frank C. Ward Is Honored on 83rd Birthday

7/4/50

Children, grandchildren and one great granddaughter of Frank C. Ward of Virgil gathered on the Fourth of July to celebrate Mr. Ward's 83rd birthday at the home of one of his daughters, Mrs. George A. Lear and family.

Other children present were Mrs. M. L. Trapp and son Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitford Reynolds and children David and Bonnie, all of Virgil.

Out of town guests included: two sisters of Mr. Ward, Mrs. Rose B. Waite who flew here from Flint, Mich., for the occasion, and Mrs. Mabel F. Woodward of Buffalo; Mrs. Bea Woodward and daughter Barbara of Ithaca; two grandsons, Harvey L. Caywood and his wife and daughter Susan and Harold James Ward, formerly of Clairville; and a granddaughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Barrille of Brooklyn.

Also attending were Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Kerr and children Judy and James and Mrs. Mabel Caywood and son Paul, all of Cortland, and two young men from Illinois, Keith and Dean McAllister, who are vacationing in Virgil with their uncle, George Lear.

Because of his recent illness, Mr. Ward was unable to take an active part in the festivities. He received many gifts from his relatives and friends.

Cortland N.Y. Standard

Scratch One Possum

February 3, 1956

— Staff Photo — Allen

The opossum shown in the photo above isn't "playing 'possum", he's really gone. He ventured out of some mysterious hiding place yesterday (which was Groundhog Day and off-limits for possums) and got whanged over the headbone by Mrs. Florence Ward, shown at left with her trusty hammer. Mrs. Ward spotted the possum through the window of her Groton Road home, went outside, caught the critter by the tail and belted it with the hammer.

She says that she executed the possum because it might have dined on her chickens. Asked whether or not she intended to dine on the possum, she said that she once cooked a possum a long time ago when she lived in Arkansas, and "never again."

Scratch another illusion, dad. What about, "Where the sweet magnolias blossom 'round every cottage door, and folks keep eatin' possum, 'till they can't eat no more"? Maybe when you eat one possum, you can't eat no more.

Frank Charles Ward and Florence Elon Faure Ward
50th Wedding Anniversary
April 15, 1943
Virgil, NY

Mabel Martha Ward Woodward, Frank Charles Ward, Sr., Rose Belle Ward Waite

Frank Charles Ward, Sr. and Florence Elon Faure Ward
Mabel Martha Ward Woodward Rose Belle Ward Waite
July 4, 1950 Frank Ward's 83rd Birthday
(see newspaper article on next page)

Married
Frederick E Ward and Ada Bird
DD Dec 25, 1913 Stewart-Ark
Mabel F. Ward and Lloyd C Caywood
King Mills
Weaver DD April 15 1915 8 20 p m
Daisy M - Ward and George A - Lear Flint
Rev K - Alexander - April 15th 1920 7 30 p m
Muriel F. Ward & Melvin L. Trapp
Rev [illegible] Virgil N Y
[illegible] p m

9 Aydee. Marie Ward.
Born May 14th 1917
Ward farm Ark Monday 9
Frank C. Ward Jr and Mary Bays
Rev W Brewster - Aug 15 - 1923 7 00 p m Virg
Reginald C. Ward and Emma Elizabeth Last
Married Oct 10th 1928 at McGraw N Y
Rev W. Charles Pittman M Church

For Fred

This Certifies

That on the Fifteenth day of April

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

[illegible] P Ward

and [illegible]

were by me united in

MARRIAGE

at Kansas City

according to the Laws of the State of Missouri

Witnesses CHAS BASH
[illegible] Faulhauber

Henry Stoppers
Pastor 1st Cong Ch

1 Frederick. Earnest. Ward.
Born. Apr. 18th 94.
Kansas City. Mo. Wednesday 6 a.m.
2 Mabel Florence Ward
Born. Jan 30th 96
Kansas City Mo. Thursday 9.40 P.M.
[illegible]
[illegible] Ward
Born Labor day Sep 6th 9[illegible]
Buffalo N.Y. Monday 1.50 P.M.
4 Frank. Charles. Ward. Jr.
Born Jan 3d 1900
Buffalo N.Y. Wednesday 10.10 P.M.

[illegible] Muriel. Frances Ward.
Born. Dec 21st 1902
[illegible]sas City Kas Sunday. 12.20 P.M.
Reginald Cowley Ward.
Born Sept 19th 1906
[illegible] Ark. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Hazel Madeline Ward
[illegible]ard farm
Ark. Born Aug 24 - 1911
King Mills Thursday 11.30 A.M.
Fannie Elizabeth Ward
[illegible]ard farm Died Oct 1. 1917 2.30 P.M. Monday
Ark. Born Oct 25 1915 2 a.m.
King Mills Monday

Cortland Standard Nov. 1980

—Deaths—

Reginald C. Ward

Reginald C. (Rex) Ward of RD 2, Olean, died Oct. 31 at his home following a lengthy illness.

He was born Sept. 19, 1906 in Hardy, Ark., the son of Frank C. and Florence Faure Ward. A former resident of Virgil, he was married Oct. 10, 1928, in McGraw to the former Emma Lash who survives.

Mr. Ward was employed at the Olean General Hospital for seven years, retiring in 1971, and was previously employed by Daystrom Corp. for 28 years. He was a former member of Trinity Methodist Church of Knapp Creek; a charter member of the Town of Olean Volunteer Fire Dept., and Olean Lodge No. 252, F&AM. He was a 32nd degree Mason of AASR Valley of Jamestown.

Surviving besides his wife are three sons, Richard C. Ward of Irving; Raymond G. Ward of Olean; Howard E. Ward of Phoenix, Ariz.; a daughter, Mrs. Donald (Susan) Seaward of Olean; 14 grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren; a brother, Frank Ward of Pattersonville; four sisters, Mrs. Mabel Caywood of Cortland; Mrs. Muriel Trapp of Ithaca; Mrs. Hazel Kerr of Flat Rock, N.C.; Mrs. Hugh (Aydee) Reynolds of Ithaca; several nieces and nephews.

Mr. Ward was buried Nov. 4 in the Mount View Cemetery, Olean.

Nov. 1 1980

Reginald (Rex) Cowley Ward, Emma Elizabeth Lash Ward
Muriel Frances Ward Trapp, Alice C. Stolzenburg Ward
Rex and Emma Ward's 50th Wedding Anniversary - 1978

In Memory Of

REGINALD (Rex) C. WARD

Born

September 19, 1906
Hardy, Arkansas

Passed Away

October 31, 1980
Olean, New York

Funeral and Committal Services

November 4, 1980, 1:30 P.M.
Spink Funeral Home, Inc.
Olean, New York

Clergyman

Rev. David Ross
Hillside Wesleyan Church
Olean, New York

Interment

Mt. View Cemetery
Olean, New York

Whitford Lynch Reynolds and Aydee Marie Ward Reynolds
Probably 1936, the year of their marriage.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY

That Charles Ward of Northport in the State of Michigan and Fanny Cowley of Plimpton in the State of Canada West were by me Joined together in

HOLY MATRIMONY

on the Twenty Fourth day of October in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty

In Presence of

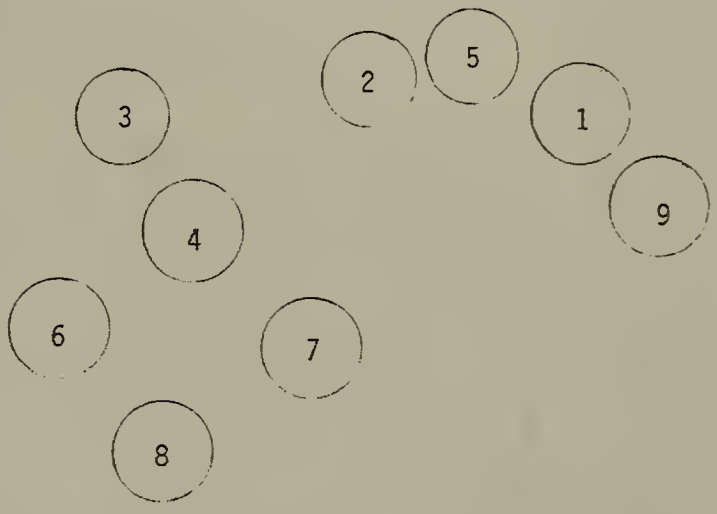
George Cowley

Sarah Cowley

S. Clements Jr.

Minister of the Gospel.

Port Huron. Mich.



1. Charles Ward
2. Frances (Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward
3. Walter Benjamin Ward
4. Mabel Martha Ward(Woodward)
5. Rose Belle Ward(Waite)
6. Florence Elon Faure Ward
7. Frederick Earnest Ward
8. Mabel Florence Ward
9. Daisy May Ward

Some of the Family of Charles and Fannie Ward

Taken about 1899 at 75 Charlotte Avenue, Buffalo,NY

by Frank Ward, Sr.

Ann M. Weisman Ward c 1803 - 1869
Wife of Charles Ward, Sr., Mother of Charles Ward, Jr.
Grandmother of Frank C. Ward, Sr.
There may have been a companion picture of Charles Ward, Sr., separated when families divided keepsakes. If you have knowledge of existence or location of a photo of Charles Ward, Sr. please notify this book's compilers. Thank you.

Four of the children of Charles Ward, Jr. and Fanny Cowley Ward
Photo probably taken by Frank C. Ward, Sr. c 1885
Nellie May Ward (Livingstone), Wilbur (Will) Henry Ward
Mabel Martha Ward (Woodward), Daisy Kate Ward (Bamford)

Frances (Fanny) Elizabeth Cowley Ward, born 12 March 1842, Peckham, England, died 26 Dec 1916, Buffalo, NY. Wife of Charles Ward (1832 - 1914). Picture taken 26 May 1916 with her granddaughter, Gladys Livingstone.

PLACE OF DEATH M20

County ERIE

Town

or

Village

or

City BUFFALO

INDEXED

New York State Department of Health
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH
STATE OF NEW YORK

Registered No. 5964

(No. 2202 Fillmore St.; 7th Ward) [If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number]

2 FULL NAME Charles Ward

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

3 SEX: Male

4 COLOR OR RACE: White

5 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED OR DIVORCED (Write the word): Married

6 DATE OF BIRTH: April (Month) 29 (Day), 1832 (Year)

7 AGE: 82 yrs. 6 mos. 2 ds. If LESS than 1 day, how many hrs. or min.?

8 OCCUPATION

(a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work: Jeweler

(b) General nature of Industry, business, or establishment in which employed (or employer):

9 BIRTHPLACE (State or country): New York City

PARENTS

10 NAME OF FATHER: Charles Ward

11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (State or country): New Jersey

12 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER: Ann M. Weisman

13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (State or country): Philadelphia Pa

14 THE ABOVE IS TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE

(Informant) Fannie E. Ward

(Address) 2202 Fillmore Ave

15 Filed Oct. , 1914 Franklin Ham, M.D. REGISTRAR

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

16 DATE OF DEATH: Oct. (Month) 31 (Day), 1914 (Year)

17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from Oct 28, 1914, to Oct. 31, 1914, that I last saw him alive on Oct. 31, 1914, and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at 12:30 P.M. m. The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows:

Cerebral hemorrhage

(Duration) yrs. mos. 5 ds.

Contributory (SECONDARY) Arterio sclerosis

(Duration) yrs. mos. unknown ds.

(Signed) John Middleton M.D.

Oct 31, 1914 (Address) 695 West Ave.

*State the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or, in deaths from VIOLENT CAUSES, state (1) MEANS OF INJURY, and (2) whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL, or HOMICIDAL.

18 LENGTH OF RESIDENCE (FOR HOSPITALS, INSTITUTIONS, TRANSIENTS, OR RECENT RESIDENTS).

At place of death 3 yrs. 6 mos. 18 ds. In the State yrs. mos. ds.

Where was disease contracted, if not at place of death?

Former or usual residence

19 PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL: Elmlawn

21 DATE OF BURIAL: Nov. 1, 1914

20 UNDERTAKER: J. Snyder & Son

ADDRESS: 285 W. Ferry

Burial or Transit Permit issued by Fillows Date of Issue Oct. 31 '14

No headstone.

Elmlawn - Grace Lawn Section, Lot 606, Grave #4.

COUNTY OF ERIE
CITY OF BUFFALO

20

867

New York State Department of Health
BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS

(FILING VOL. AND NO. OF CERTIFICATE)

STANDARD CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

STATE OF NEW YORK

Vol. No.

Registered No. 7875

[IF DEATH OCCURS AWAY FROM USUAL RESIDENCE GIVE FACTS CALLED FOR UNDER "SPECIAL INFORMATION"]

(No. 2202 Fillmore St.; Ward)

[If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number.]

2 FULL NAME Fannie E. Ward

PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS

3 SEX: Female

4 COLOR OR RACE: White

5 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED (Write the word): Widowed

6 DATE OF BIRTH: March (Month) 12 (Day), 1842 (Year)

7 AGE: 74 yrs. 9 mos. 14 ds. If LESS than 1 day, how many hrs. or min.?

8 OCCUPATION

(a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work: Housekeeping

(b) General nature of Industry, business or establishment in which employed (or employer):

9 BIRTHPLACE: England

PARENTS

10 NAME OF FATHER: George Conley

11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER: England

12 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER: Martin

13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER: England

14 THE ABOVE IS TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE

(Informant) [illegible]

(Address) 67 [illegible]

15 Filed Dec. 27, 1916 [illegible] REGISTRAR

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

16 DATE OF DEATH: Dec. (Month) 26 (Day), 1916 (Year)

17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from Dec. 17, 1916, to Dec. 26, 1916, that I last saw her alive on Dec. 26, 1916, and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at 1:15 A.M. or P.M. The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows:

Myocarditis

(Duration) 3 yrs. 6 mos. ds.

Contributory (SECONDARY): Pneumonia, Edema

(Duration) yrs. mos. 3 ds.

(Signed) R. C. Mennert M. D.

Dec. 26, 1916 (Address) 781 Jersey St.

PERMISSION IS HEREBY GRANTED TO EMBALM THE ABOVE NAMED BODY R. C. Mennert M. D.

*State the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or, in deaths from VIOLENT CAUSES, state (1) MEANS OF INJURY, and (2) Whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL, or HOMICIDAL.

18 LENGTH OF RESIDENCE

In Buffalo 31 yrs. mos. ds. In the State 31 yrs. mos. ds.

Where was disease contracted if not at place of death?

Former or usual residence

19 PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL: Elmlawn

21 DATE OF BURIAL: [illegible] 21, 1916

20 UNDERTAKER: [illegible]

ADDRESS: 285 [illegible]

Burial or Transit Permit Issued by [illegible] Date of Issue [illegible]

See Instructions on Other Side

Headstone (Have picture)
Elmlawn - Grace Lawn Section, Lot 606, Grave #3.

THE
FAMILY
RECORD
OF
George And Susan
Cowley Native
Of England

NAMES.	WHEN AND WHERE BORN.
Mary Garratt Cowley	April 6th 1840. Bpt Hanover chapel 1878
Fanny Elizabeth Cowley	March 12th 1842. Bpt Hanover chapel
Sarah Maria Cowley	October 7th 1844 Hanover Chapel Peckham
Martha Cowley	September 11th 1846 Hanover Chapel
Maurice Cowley	December 29th 1848 Bartholomew C S
Josiah Cowley	February 1st 1850 Died September 10th 1854
Susan Cowley	February 10th 1854 St Bartholomew Sydn
~~Rose Amelia~~ Cowley	November 16th 1856 Died Jan 19th 1858
Rose Agnes Cowley	Augst 2d 1859 - 12-27-39
Fredrick George Cowley	July 18th 1862 Died Feby 26-63
George ~~Bud~~ Cowley	Born 1815 July 6/ Died 1893 dec
Susana Cowley	Born Augst 2/ 1818 Departed This life Decr 30/ 1886

~~City or~~ Borough of Lambeth ENGLAND

Parish ~~or Township~~ of Camberwell Hamlet of Peckham

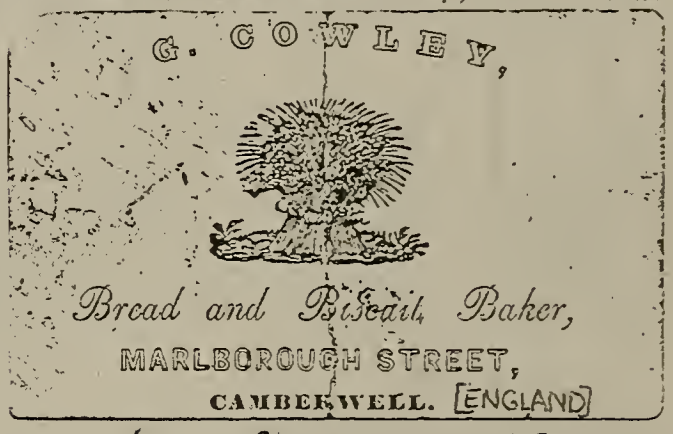
[SURREY COUNTY 1841] Dist. 8, Page 19-A

Enumeration Sche

PLACE	HOUSES Uninhabited or Building	HOUSES Inhabited	NAMES of each Person who abode therein the preceding Night.	AGE and SEX Males	AGE and SEX Females	PROFESSION, TRADE, EMPLOYMENT, or of INDEPENDENT MEANS.	Where Born: Whether Born in same County	Where Born: Whether Born in Scotland, Ireland
Commercial Road		1	Eleyth Richards		60	Lamb\	No	✓
			Richard Wall	39		Sugar\ Refiner	Y	
			Harriet Parkins		35	\	No	✓
D°		1	Michl Luke Walsh	30		Hat\ Maker	No	
			Caroline Eliz do		25		No	✓
			Caroline Ellen do		6m		Y	
			Christ Luke do	6				
D°		1	[illegible]	35		[illegible]		
George Cowley's parents John & Sarah, George's 1st Child, Mary Garrett Cowley, & Frances Malen, sister of George's wife			Charlotte do		34			✓
			Augusta do		14			✓
			[illegible] do	11				
			Charles do	9				
			[illegible] do		[illegible]	[illegible]		✓
			[illegible] do	4		(CUSTOMS INSPECTOR)		
D°	21		John Cowley	51		Tide\ Waiter	N	
D°		1	Sarah do		57		N	✓
			George do	25		Baker	N	
			Susanah do		22		N	✓
			Mary Garret do		1	[illegible]	Y	
			Frances mailin		15		N	✓
			Matilda Kirkwood		36	Indep\	Y	

George Cowley 1815 - 1893

Frances (Fanny) Elizabeth Cowley Ward
Rosella Agnes Cowley Ball
Maurice Cowley, Susan Cowley Purvis
(Probably) Sarah Cash Cowley, wife of Maurice



George Cowley
Native of England -
Sailed from Liverpole
June 12th 1857
In the Ship Plutcha
Redesidence for Tydenham
Landed in New York
Took Train To Phillipa
Settled in New Camdon
New Jersey Sold out thare
George Cowley Wrote this

Started Back To New
York Took Train Started -
From New York To London
Candy Settled in Baking
Bissing Done well thare
Rented Farm in the
fifth Consession stopped
one yeare Went to Midway
Bouth Land eightys Acres
In township of Bwell
Lived thare twenty Eight
Years at the time I write this
1892

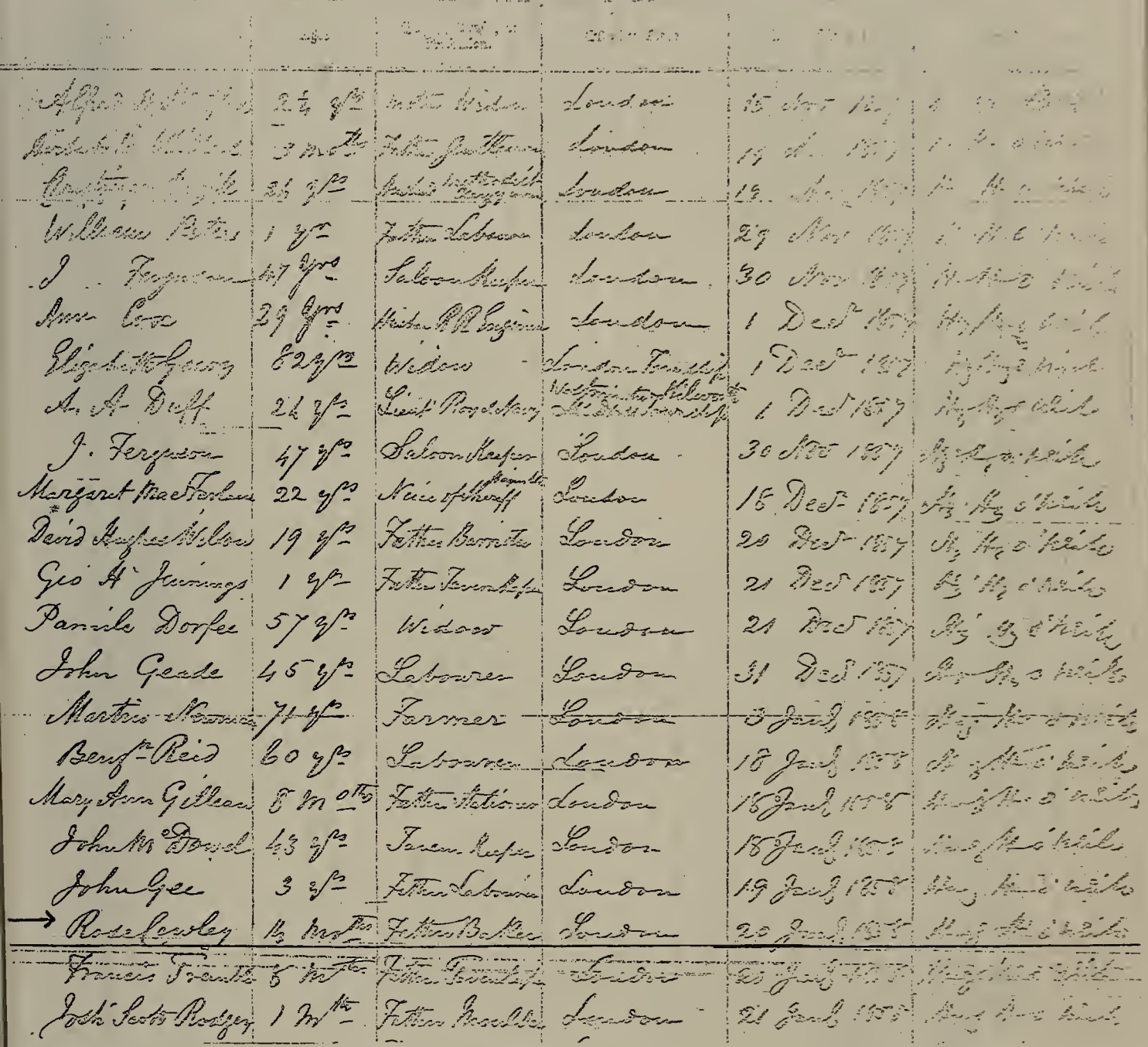
Parish or Township of Lewisham | Ecclesiastical District of | City or Borough of | Sydenham

1851 England Census

Name of Street, Place, or Road, and Name or No. of House	Name and Surname of each Person who abode in the house, on the Night of the 30th March, 1851	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of Males	Age of Females	Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born
HANOVER STREET	Joshua H. Early	Son		8		Scholar	Kent Sydenham
	Margaret M. Early	Daur			6		do
	Fred.k B. do	Son		9 mo			do
64	Lucy Spink	Head	Widow		41	Laundress	Berks Wokingham
	Lucy do	Daur	Unmar		17		Kent Sydenham
	John Keith Plans		do	32		Carpenter	do Knockholt
	Mary Pope	Servant	do		16		do Dulwich
65	Mary Duncan	Head	Widow		50	Laundress	Oxford Henley on Th
	Henry do	Son		12		Scholar	Middx Shoreditch
	Emily Ayre	Lodger	Unmar		34	Dress Maker	York Brandford
	Eliza Willatt	do	do		37	Sub. by Friends	London
66	George Stokes	Head	Mar	26		Gardiner	Mid South Mins
	Sarah do	Wife	do		29		Norfolk Shan
	John Curtis	Visitor	do	28		Coachman	do Swaffan
	Anne do	do	do		31		Hampshire Kingsl
	Mary Moore	do	do		40	Dress Maker	Surry Camberwell
67	George Cowley	Head	Mar	36		Journeyman Baker	Stepney
	Susan do	Wife	do		32		Essex
	Mary Garrett do	Daur			11	Scholar	Surry
	Fanny Elizth do	do			9		do
	Martha Cowley	Daur			4		Kent Sydenham
	Maurice do	Son		2			do
	Jonah do	do		2 mo			do
68	James Willard	Head	Mar	38		Labourer	Camberwell
	Elizabeth do	Wife	do		40		Kent Malden
	Henry do	Son		4			Surry Morlake
	Elizabeth do	Daur			2		Kent Sydenham
	James Granger	Visitor	Mar	34		Gardiner	do do
69	John Mullett	Head	Mar	48		Journeyman Tailor	Somerset Bath
	Katherine do	Wife	do		47		do

St. Paul's Cathedral Parish Register, London, Ontario, Canada Rose Cowley

Burials



[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alfred [illegible]	2¼ yrs	Mother Widow	London	15 Nov 1857	[illegible]
[illegible]	3 mths	Father [illegible]	London	19 [illegible] 1857	[illegible]
[illegible]	26 yrs	[illegible]	London	19 [illegible] 1857	[illegible]
William Peters	1 yr	Father Labourer	London	29 Nov 1857	[illegible]
J. Ferguson	47 yrs	Saloon Keeper	London	30 Nov 1857	[illegible]
Ann Cox	29 yrs	Hisbn R.R. Engineer	London	1 Decr 1857	[illegible]
Elizabeth Geary	82 yrs	Widow	London Township	1 Decr 1857	[illegible]
A. A. Duff	24 yrs	Lieut Roy de Navy	Westminster Kilworth Middlesex Township	1 Decr 1857	[illegible]
J. Ferguson	47 yrs	Saloon Keeper	London	30 Nov 1857	[illegible]
Margaret MacFarlane	22 yrs	Niece of Sheriff Hamilton	London	18 Decr 1857	[illegible]
David Hughes Wilson	19 yrs	Father Barrister	London	20 Decr 1857	[illegible]
Geo H. Jennings	1 yr	Father Tavern Keeper	London	21 Decr 1857	[illegible]
Pamela Dorfee	57 yrs	Widow	London	21 Decr 1857	[illegible]
John Geade	45 yrs	Labourer	London	31 Decr 1857	[illegible]
Martin Newman	71 yrs	Farmer	London	3 Jany 1858	[illegible]
Benjn Reid	60 yrs	Labourer	London	18 Jany 1858	[illegible]
Mary Ann Gillean	8 mths	Father Stationer	London	18 Jany 1858	[illegible]
John McDowel	43 yrs	Tavern Keeper	London	18 Jany 1858	[illegible]
John Gee	3 yrs	Father Labourer	London	19 Jany 1858	[illegible]
→ Rose Cowley	14 mths	Father Baker	London	20 Jany 1858	[illegible]
Francis Trenble	8 mths	Father Tavern Keeper	London	20 Jany 1858	[illegible]
Josh Scott Rodgey	1 mth	Father Moulder	London	21 Jany 1858	[illegible]

This Burial Record for Rose Cowley, age 14 months, Father - Baker, London [Ontario, Canada] dated 20 January 1858 proves George Cowley's family was with him in London, Ontario by 20 January 1858. George left Liverpool, England, June 12, 1857 according to his written statement. Family stories from Michigan said Susan and children followed on the "Great Eastern", passage paid by Susan's parents. But the part of the story that said it was about two years before George and his family found each other and were reunited has to be in error.

1871 Census - England Essex Co., Barking, Barkingside (Film LDS # 0829946)

WILLIAM & MARTHA MALEN

The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the

50 [Page 19

Civil Parish [or Township] of	~~City or Municipal Borough of~~	~~Municipal Ward of~~	~~Parliamentary Borough of~~	~~Town of~~	Village or Hamlet, &c., of	~~Local Board, or [Improvement Commissioners District] of~~	Ecclesiastical District of
Barking					Barking Side		Holy Trinity

No. of Schedule	Road, Street, &c., and No. or Name of House	Houses Inhabited	Houses Uninhabited (U.) or Building (B.)	Name and Surname of each Person	Relation to Head of Family	Condition	Age of Males	Age of Females	Rank, Profession, or Occupation	Where Born	Whether 1. Deaf-and-Dumb 2. Blind 3. Imbecile or Idiot 4. Lunatic
75	Horns Public Hse	1		John Helen	Head	Mar	50		Publican	Mdsx London	
	Horns Road			Peter Do	Wife	Mar		49		Trent Laversham	
	Bkg Side			Thomas Do	Son	Mar	22		Plasterer	Mdsx London	
				Cornelius Do	Son	Unm	20			Do Do	
				George W Do	Son	Unm	17			Do Do	
76	Horns Road	1		John Ancona Lee	Head	Mar	41		Ag Laborer	Essex Bkg Side	
				Ellen Do	Wife	Mar		36		Essex Hereford Bkg Side	
				Jane M Do	Daur			3		Essex Hereford Barkingside	
				John A Do	Son		1 Mo			Essex Bkg Side	
				Maria Reeves	Step daur			8		Do Tomford	
77	Do Do	1		Charles Parish	Head	Mar	50		Ag Laborer	Essex Barking	
				Eliza Do	Wife	Mar		47		Do Do	
				Clara Do	Daur			14		Do Do	
				Thate Do	Daur			9		Do Do	
78	Do Do	1		James Hawsey	Head	Mar	52		Blacksmith out of	Suffolk Marlsford	
	Daughter of Wm & Martha Malen			Catherine Do	Wife	Mar		50	employ	Essex Bkg Side	
				Kate E Do	Gd Chld			8	Scholar	Surry Lambeth	
79	Do Do	1		William Malen	Head	Mar	75		Jobber	Mdsx Bow	
	Susan Cowley's Parents			Martha Do	Wife	Mar		89		Surrey Thorp	
	Total of Houses..	5		Total of Males and Females..			9	10			

The undermentioned Houses are situate within the Boundaries of the:

Civil Parish [or Township] of	City or Municipal Borough of	Municipal Ward of	Parliamentary Borough of	Town or Village or Hamlet of	Urban Sanitary District of	Rural Sanitary District of	Ecclesiastical Parish or District of
Barking				Great Ilford, Barking Side		Romford Union	Barking Side

No. of Schedule	ROAD, STREET, &c., and No. or NAME of HOUSE	HOUSES Inhabited	HOUSES Uninhabited (U.) or Building (B.)	NAME and Surname of each Person	RELATION to Head of Family	CONDITION as to Marriage	AGE last Birthday of Males	AGE last Birthday of Females	Rank, Profession, or OCCUPATION	WHERE BORN	If (1) Deaf-and-Dumb (2) Blind (3) Imbecile or Idiot (4) Lunatic
				George Simmons	Son		14		"Ag. lab"	Essex Cranham	
				Sophia do	Daur			10	Scholar	do Hornchurch	
				Henry do	Son		8		do	do do	
				Florence do	Daur			6	do	do Wanstead	
81	Horns Road	1		James H. Pier	Head	Marr	44		"Ag. lab"	do Barking	
	(H. Hewson Place)			Sarah do	Wife	Marr		56		do Wanstead	
				James Caudle	Brother in law	Marr	60		"Ag. lab"	do do	
82	3 Do	1		Susannah Clark	Head	Widow		87	Annuitant	Suffolk Nacking	
83	2 Do	1		Eliza A. Hammond	Head	Widow		41		Essex Barking	
				Maria do	Daur			19	Scholar	do do	
				Ada M. do	Daur			9	do	do do	
84				Robert Hunt	Lodger	Unm	24		"Ag. lab"	do do	
85				William Hunt	Lodger	Unm	19		"Ag. lab"	do do	
86	1 Do	1		James Bond	Head	Marr	58		"Ag. lab"	do do	
				Ann do	Wife	Marr		55		Essex Havering Atte Bower	
				John do	Son	Unm	20		"Ag. lab"	Essex Barking	
87	Horns Road	1		Harriett Edwards	Head	Unm		27	Dressmaker	Middx Kensington	
	(Rose Cottage)			Francis Pawsey	Boarder	Unm		22	do	Kent Greenwich	
				Emily Pawsey	Visitor			3		Essex Barking	
88		1		James Pawsey	Head	Marr	62		Blacksmith	Suffolk Bradfield	
				Catherine do	Wife	Marr		60		Essex Barking	
89				William Malen	Head	Widower	85		Gardener (Formerly)	Middlesex Acton	
90	Horns Road	1		James Simmons	Head	Marr	66		"Ag. lab"	Essex Barking	
				Elizabeth do	Wife	Marr		64		do do	
				William do	Grandson	Unm	16		"Ag. lab"	Kent Northfleet	
	Total of Houses...	6			Total of Males and Females...		12	13			

This is the Last Will and Testament of me William Malen of Ley Street in the Parish of Barking in the County of Essex made this twenty first day of November in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and eighty two I hereby revoke all Wills by me at any time heretofore made I appoint Samuel Wright Farmer of Ilford Essex to be my Executor and direct that all my just debts and funeral and testamentary expenses shall be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease I give and bequeath unto my daughter Eliza Keens two Cottages one known as No 4 Heroom place and one known as Rose Cottage No 5 And to my daughter Catherine Pawsey two Cottages one known as No 3 Heroom place and one known as Rose Cottage No 6 and to my daughter Martha Floyd two Cottages known as No 2 Horns Road and No 7 Horns Road And to my daughter Francis Wright two Cottages known as No 1 Horns Road and No 8 Horns Road. And to Michael Sir Malen my eight day Clock Should either of my daughters die before coming into profession I desire that her share shall be divided among her Children or in case of her Childrens decease her Childrens Children shall take her share All my furniture and household goods to be equally divided and whatever money may be left after all my expenses are paid I also desire to be equally

---

Signed by the said William Malen the Testator in the presence of us present at the same time who at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as Witnesses.

T. I. Bailey
Barking Side Essex.
R. Fifield Barking Side.

Affidavit of due execution filed.

On the 24th of July 1885 Probate of this Will was granted to Samuel Wright the sole Executor.

CONTINUED

BE IT KNOWN, that at the date hereunder written, the last Will and Testament

of William Thalen late of Ley Street in the parish of Barking in the County of Essex Farmer

deceased, who died on the 9th day of April 1885, at Ley Street aforesaid

was proved and registered in the Principal Registry of the Probate Division of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice and that Administration of the personal estate of the said deceased was granted by the aforesaid Court to Samuel Wright of Ilford in the said County Farmer the Sole Executor

named in the said Will — he having been first sworn well and faithfully to administer the same.

Dated the 24th day of July — 1885

Gross value of Personal Estate £23 0 0

By Order dated 14 July 1885

State of Illinois, Vermilion County, ss.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,

To all who shall see these Presents, Greeting:

Know Ye, That License and Permission is hereby granted to any acting Minister of the Gospel, in regular standing with the Church or Society to which he belongs; any Justice of the Supreme Court, Justice of any Inferior Court, or Justice of the Peace, to celebrate and certify the Marriage of Joseph S Meek and Elizabeth Jane Houston now both of this County, according to the usual custom and laws of the State of Illinois.

Witness THOMAS SHORT, Clerk of the County Court of Vermilion County, Illinois, and the Seal of said Court being hereto affixed, at Danville, this 5th day of October in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-one

Thomas Short Clerk.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
VERMILION COUNTY, }

I hereby certify that, on the 5th day of October A.D. 1851 I joined in the holy state of Matrimony, Joseph S Meek and Elizabeth J Houston according to the usual customs, and the laws of the State of Illinois.

Given under my hand and seal, this 5th day of October A.D. 1851

W Means, Co Judge SEAL

State of Illinois }
Vermilion County } ss I Joseph S Meek do
Solemnly Swear that Harley Greenwood
has given his consent to the Marriage of
myself and Elizabeth Jane Huston his
Ward and required that I should make
the same known to the Clerk that
I might obtain a Marriage License

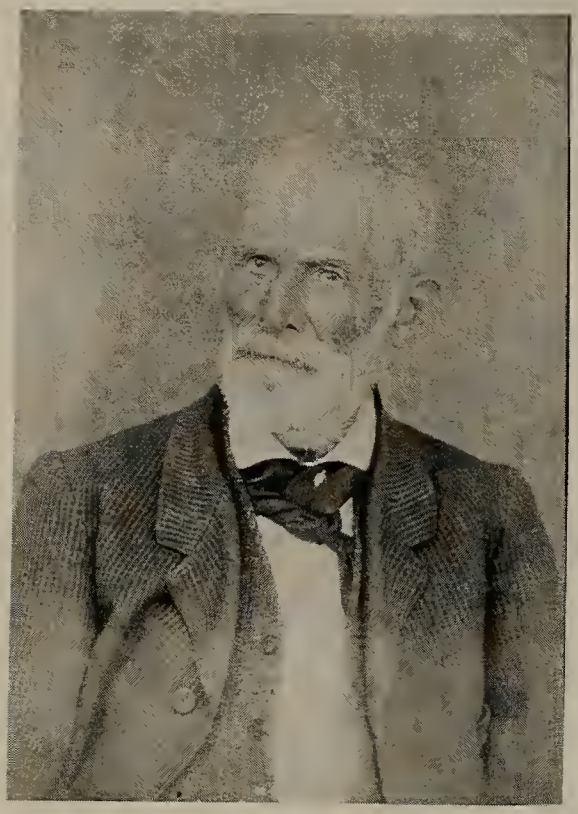
Joseph S. Meek

Sworn to and subscribed before me at
my office in Danville this 3rd day of October
A. D. 1851

Thomas Shortt Clerk

J S Meek
Affidavit

Filed Oct 6th 1851
T Shortt Clk



Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure

Born in Lormont Bordeaux Apt Gironde

February 27 1818 France

officier of health and M.D. in Wagon Mound

NM

1887

Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure born in Lormont, Bordeaux Apt. Gironde, February 27, 1818, France. Officer of Health and M.D. in Wagon Mound, New Mexico - 1887. (This information was written by J. F. Faure on the back of his original photo, sent to his daughter, Mary Faure Millner.)

This drawing done in colored pencil by Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure
is entitled "Going to New York" which indicates Port of Entry
(but hasn't been proved).

Jan 1853 -
Sept. 1864

Book #4 4

Francois Faure
TO
Mrs Jane Meek } SS.

Be it Remembered, That on this 19 day of March 1862 the following marriage license was issued, to-wit:

Indiana, to-wit, Warren **County:**

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

Know ye, that any person legally authorized to solemnize matrimony is hereby licensed to join in marriage as husband and wife, J Francois Faure and Mrs Jane Meek and for so doing this shall be his sufficient authority.

In testimony whereof, I Henry R Pomeroy Clerk of the Warren Circuit Court, hereunto subscribe my name, and affix the seal of said court, this 19 day of March 1862

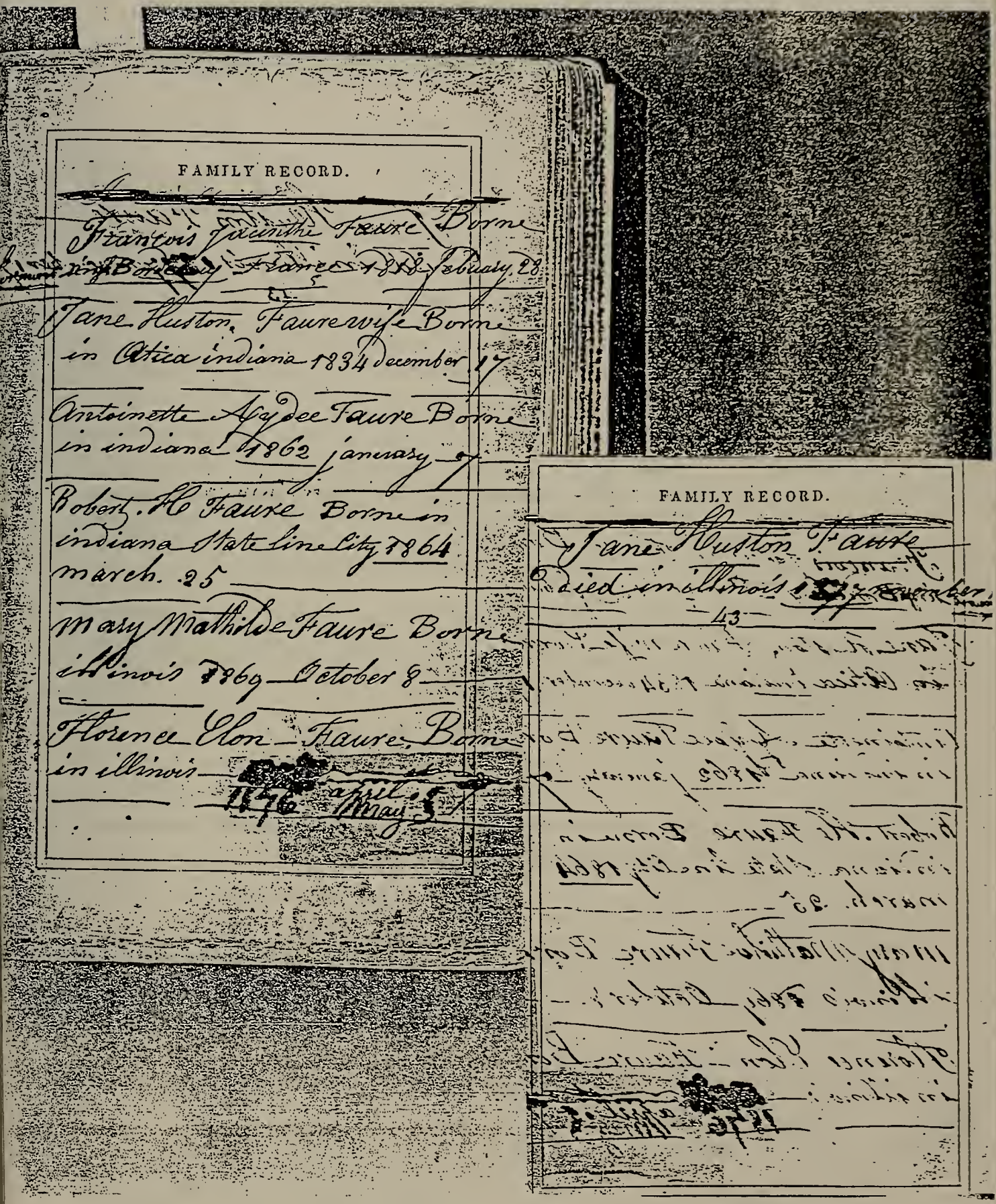
(Henry R Pomeroy Clerk

Be it further Remembered, That on this 26 day of March 1862 the following certificate was filed in my office, to-wit:

INDIANA, TO-WIT, Warren **COUNTY:**

This certifies that I joined in marriage as husband and wife J Francis Faure and Mrs Jane Meek on the 23d day of March 1862

John R Johnson JP



FAMILY RECORD.

Francois Jacinthe Faure Borne
in Bordeaux France 1818 febuary 28

Jane Huston Faure wife Borne
in Atica indiana 1834 december 17

Antoinette Aydee Faure Borne
in indiana 1862 january 7

Robert H Faure Borne in
indiana State line City 1864
march 25

Mary Mathilde Faure Borne
illinois 1869 October 8

Florence Elon Faure Borne
in illinois 1876 april May 5

FAMILY RECORD.

Jane Huston Faure
died in illinois 1877 november
43

DEED RECORD.

FORM 319-2—GEO. W. CRANE & CO.

J. F. Faure

TO

J. Mulholland

Filed for Record on the 6 day of Aug 1885, at 2 o'clock P. M.

R. S. Hooper
Register of Deeds.

This Indenture, Made this 18" day of July A. D. 1885

Between Jacinth Francois Faure, Unmarried

By his Attorney in fact

of Albuquerque County, in the State of New Mexico of the first part, and

Isaac Mulholland,

of Sheridan County, in the State of Arkansas of the second part:

Witnesseth, That said party of the first part, in consideration of the sum of

Three Hundred and no/100 DOLLARS,

the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, do es by these presents, grant, bargain, sell, and convey unto said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, all the following described real estate, situated in the County of Ness and State of Kansas, to wit:

South-east ¼ of Section Number Twenty-seven (27) in Township Number Twenty "20" South of Range Number Twenty-one "21" West of the Sixth Principal Meridian and containing One hundred and sixty 160 acres more or less according to the Government survey

To Have and to Hold the Same, Together with alt and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, or in anywise appertaining, forever: And said Jacinth Francois Faure for himself his heirs, executors, or administrators, do es hereby covenant, promise, and agree to and with said party of the second part, that at the delivery of these presents he is lawfully seized in his own right, of an absolute and indefeasible estate of inheritance, in fee simple, of and in all and singular the above granted and described premises, with the appurtenances; that the same are free, clear, discharged and unincumbered, of and from all former and other grants, titles, charges, estates, judgments, taxes, assessments and incumbrances, of what nature or kind soever;

and that he will Warrant and Forever Defend the same unto said party of the second part, his heirs and assigns, against said party of the first part his heirs, and all and every person or persons whomsoever, lawfully claiming or to claim the same.

In Witness Whereof, The said party of the first part ha 2 hereunto set his hand the day and year first above written.

Jacinth Francois Faure.
By E. H. Borton
Attorney in fact

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

State of Kansas Trego County, ss.

Be it Remembered, That on this 28th day of July A. D. 1885

before me, the undersigned, a Notary Public in and for the County and State aforesaid, came Jacinth Francois Faure, A Widower By E. H. Borton his Atty in fact who is personally known to me to be the same person who executed the within instrument of writing, and such person has duly acknowledged the execution of the same.

seal

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Notarial

See Monroe

Notary Public, term expires Dec 22" 1887

Entered in Transfer Record in my office, this 6 day of Aug A. D. 1885

J. H. Elting

County Clerk.

Sworn Notary Statement at bottom of Deed Record dated 28 July 1885 --
J. F. Faure to Isaac Mulholland

No 894

Receivers Office at Wakeeney, Ks.
July 28 1885

Received from Jacinth Francois Faure of Albuquerque County New Mexico, the sum of One Hundred & Eighty six dollars and — cents; being in full for the SE 1/4 quarter of Section No 27 in Township No 20 S. of Range No 21 W. 6" P. M. Ks. containing 160 acres and hundredths, at $1.25 per acre.

W. H. Pilkenton
Receiver

$186.00

Filed for Record Aug 6" 1885 and recorded in Miscellaneous record No 1 page 135.

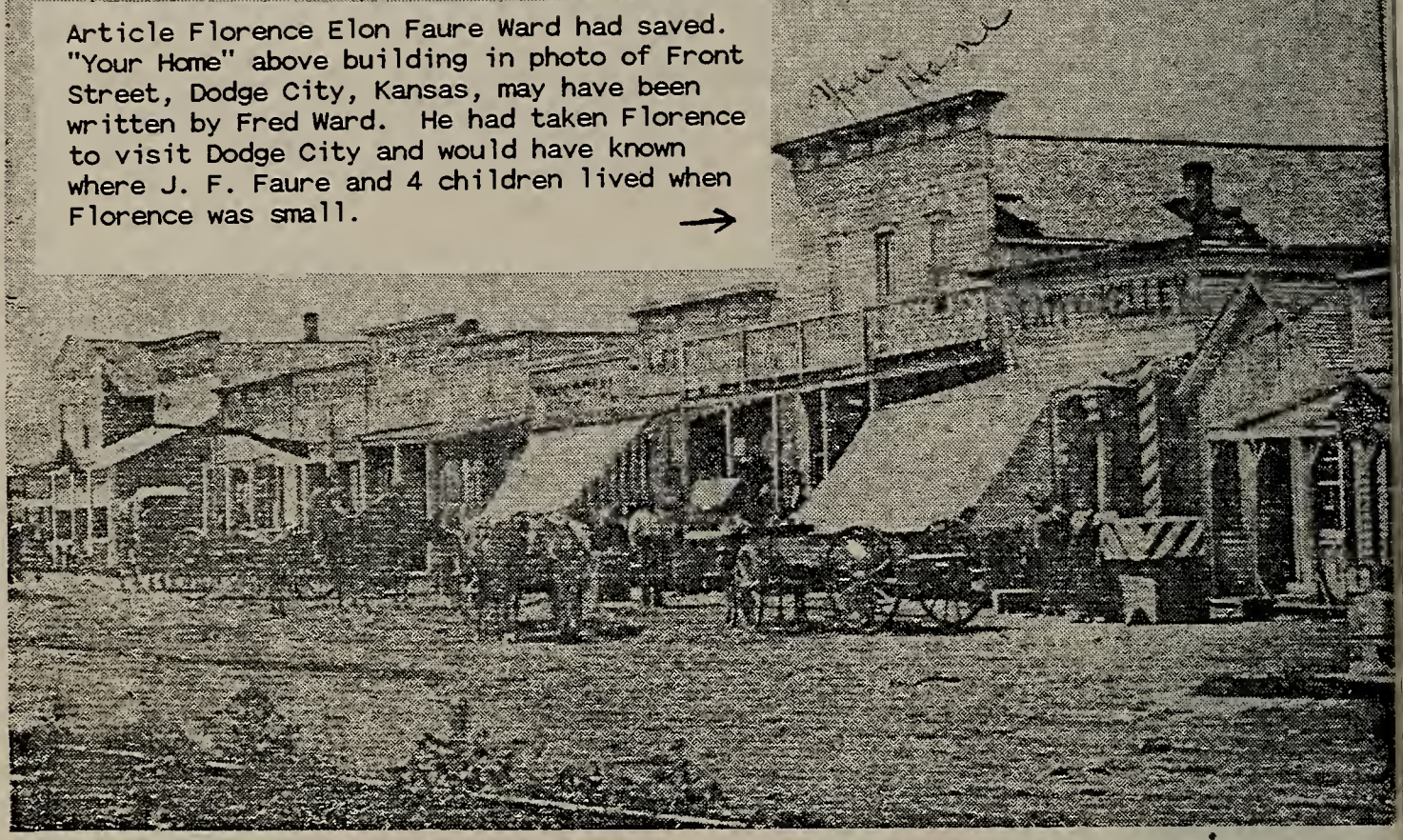
R. S. Hooper,
Register of Deeds.

Ant June 15 1880
Original H. R. No 1467
Cr Lee & Comm $14.00

1885 Record of Payment by Jacinthe Francois Faure of Albuquerque, New Mexico for 160 acres of land he homesteaded in 1877 in Ness County, Kansas.

THE COWBOY CAPITAL

Article Florence Elon Faure Ward had saved. "Your Home" above building in photo of Front Street, Dodge City, Kansas, may have been written by Fred Ward. He had taken Florence to visit Dodge City and would have known where J. F. Faure and 4 children lived when Florence was small. →



YESTERDAY—This sprawling collection of false-front wooden buildings is the Dodge City of 1878 was a welcome sight to cowboys who had spent weeks driving cattle over miles of monotonous trails. The saloons and gambling dives seen here on Front Street between First and Second Avenues were seething for innumerable legends of Dodge's golden decade—including Beatty and Kelley's Alhambra Saloon, the Dodge Opera House, Delmonico's Restaurant, the Alamo and the Long Branch Saloon.

DODGE CITY IN 1872—When the Santa Fe Railroad's construction gangs arrived in 1872, they found beside the old Santo Fe Trail a general store, three dance halls, [illegible] saloons. Dodge was the last and langest-lived of oll the Kansas trail towns.

4—The Wichita Beacon
April 10, 1955 Home Maga

Dodge C
for Hall

By FRANK M

GUNSMOKE FILLS THE Dodge City, and the spirited n marshals—Wyatt Earp, Bat Mas revived again as the citizens of ning for the coveted selection of

Contrary to the old days, the shooting is reserved for ceremonies only. It's all in fun and there is no violence, but there is a strong and enthusiastic determination to realize a justly sought great ambition—to be chosen the site for the building of the Cowboy Hall of Fame Museum.

Patterned after baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y., the Cowboy Hall of Fame will be dedicated to the men and women who built the West and who have contributed to and preserved its heritage and tradition.

The idea originated several years ago with a Kansas City

New York Women Writes Experience As a Child in Wicked Old Dodge City

It's Worth Repeating

Stories of Early Southwest History

By Heinie Schmidt

Recently, Mrs. Florence Elon Faure-Ward, of Cortland, N. Y., visiting in Dodge City, stopped at my house. She is one of the people whose life whom the town and its name touched Dodge City, and for and its memories hold magic.

I asked her to put down for me some of her memories of Old Dodge City. While she objects that she had nothing new to tell, I find the eye witness of a child very interesting.

By Mrs. Florence Elon Faure Ward

My father, Francois Jacinthe Faure, born in France, came to Dodge City with his four motherless children — Aydee, Robert, Mary and myself. I was the youngest, and my recollection is a little hazy.

Our trip from Ness county was due to an uprising of Indians in which several families were wiped out. Father was away at the time, and since we were not attacked, he decided we were in line for another move.

He had settled in Ness county after an overland trip from Illinois, which I was told in later years, was to have been one of those get-rich-quick schemes. The scheme made him the possessor of a granite quarry. The granite was there, but how to get it out and to a railroad was what the seller had not painted in the get-rich-quick picture.

There were no buildings at our Ness county location, so my father and brother proceeded to build a dugout for a home for a while. That kind of work was not in my father's line. He was a surgeon. I imagine he found the American way to live was rather hard to learn. He had invested all he had in his new project—and lost.

Arriving in Dodge City, he rented rooms over a restaurant on Front Street, and housed his family there, feeling then that he could go wherever his services were needed. I recall he was gone several days at a time.

We lived there, until my sister Aydee, was married to Charles Bach, a boot specialist.

Robert was old enough at that time, and being large for his age, secured work with a man named Charley Todd. Whether he was just a foreman or the boss, I do not know. Robert drove overland freight with six other men whose names I never knew. They made the trip from Dodge City to the Panhandle in Texas.

Later Robert and my father journeyed to New Mexico, where they settled, and are buried.

After my sister married, she and her husband rented a little frame house on Bridge Street. It was there I first knew Bill Weber. He and Charles Bach were close friends and worked together in a little shop on Front street. Weber moved to Kansas City, Mo. Later my sister and her husband moved there too, and since I was making my home with them, I, too, went along.

There was a family near our Bridge Street home who operated a stage coach from Dodge City to where I do not know. Their name was Reynolds.

I recall that when the Indians were being marched to the Indian reservation, the Reynolds permitted children of the neighborhood to look through their field glasses to see the Indians approaching the old wooden bridge. One look and we were off down the street to get a good look at them as they passed. They

(continued on page 5)

(continued from page 3)

were weary, footsore, and ragged, and under heavy guard. Not one of them could have escaped. For all the tales I had heard of their misdeeds, I could only pity them.

There was a little fellow, alone, being drawn by a poor old horse, with shafts made of saplings and bound with thongs—with skins thrown over the shafts to keep him from falling through—and with the boiling sun coming down on his head, causing his nose to bleed.

But no one paid any attention to him, the little papoose. He was just an Indian.

Later, Dodge City had a smallpox epidemic. Nearly every house had a red flag stuck out of every window where the disease had struck. We escaped that, too.

Another time I was sent across the tracks on an errand. Coming back, I cut through the jail yard, and discovered a man hanging from a scaffold from in front of the jail. I was told later that the man had been lynched for horse stealing.

I was not permitted to have many friends. Bach explained to me Dodge City was not a good place for little girls. About the only ones I remember was a girl named Mattie Singer, who had been one of the unfortunate ones to have smallpox, and a family named Colbourn. I think he, too, was a bootmaker.

Bat Masterson was town marshall at that time, but I never met him. I only knew him when I saw him.

I was really alone. My sister Mary, had been apprenticed to a milliner who had a small place on Bridge St. I do not recall the milliner's name.

When Bach moved to Kansas City, Mary went to my father in New Mexico—so you see, while Dodge had some wild experiences, I was not allowed to get mixed up in any of them.

But I loved the prairie and the fuzzy white clouds. I often wondered what could be above them I did not find out until last November when I had my first plane flight from New York to Wichita.

I had made the trip overland with my father, and in 1902 I made another overland trip with my husband and four children from Buffalo, N. Y., to Kansas City, Mo. Now, I think I will settle down. Seven out of our eight children live here in New York state. The five daughters live here in Cortland, one son in Olean, and one in Schenectady, N. Y. The eldest of the flock lives in Wichita. He never has had the urge to move East, and a man usually is happy when he can hang his hat in his own home.

State of Kansas, } Office of the Probate Judge of said County.
COUNTY OF FORD.

Be it Remembered, That on the 20 day of July A. D. 1882, there was issue from the office of said Probate Judge, a Marriage License of which the following is a true copy:

Marriage License

Ford County, State of Kansas:

July 20 1882

TO ANY PERSON AUTHORIZED BY LAW TO PERFORM THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY, GREETING:

You are hereby authorized to join in Marriage Charles Bach of Dodge City Kas, aged 36 years, and Ida Fauer of Dodge City Kas, aged 20 years; and of this License you will make due return to my office within thirty days. Seal. Lloyd Shinn Probate Judge.

And which said Marriage License was afterwards, to wit, on the 21 day of July A. D. 1882, returned to said Probate Judge, with the following certificate endorsed thereon, to wit.

STATE OF KANSAS, } ss.
COUNTY OF FORD.

I, R. G. Court Justice of the Peace do hereby certify, that in accordance with the authorization of the within License, I did, on the 20 day of July A. D. 1882 at Dodge City Kas, in said County, join and unite in Marriage the within named Charles Bach and Miss Ida Fauer

WITNESS my hand and seal the day and year above written.

ATTEST: Lloyd Shinn Probate Judge. R. G. Court J. P.

v 10 1892. Married By J. P. Martin Justice of the Peace in Precinct No. 9. in San Juan Co N.M. November 10th 1892. Jose J. Valencia to Maria H. Archebeeya

---

LICENSE is a true copy of the original on file in my said office this 2nd day of FEBRUARY 1981
Carol Bandy
Nita Barnes Deputy Clerk

* Married by Rev. N. J. Furneaux Presbyterian Minister December 14 A.D. 1892. Robert Hamilton Faure and Ora Angeline Townsend at La Plata N.M. witnessed by David Townsend witnesses David Townsend and Robert Townsend

---

Married by M. L. Page. Justice of the Peace in Precinct No 8. San Juan Co N.M. October 23. 1893. Charles Colten to Miss Agness Sever. both of San Juan Co N.M.

Married by Rev J. B. Wood. Minister M.E. Church South January 7th 1893. John Freloving and Miss Ada Hughes at the residence of Peter Knickerbocker. both of San Juan Co N.M. Witnessed by Peter Knickerbocker + Mary H. Knickerbocker

Marriage license of Robert Hamilton Faure and Ora Angeline Townsend Faure

marriage Book 9 page 481

No. 202

BE IT KNOWN, That on this 12th day of October 1887, the Clerk of the Fountain Circuit Court issued a Marriage License, of which the following is a true record, to-wit:

State of Indiana, Fountain County, ss:

To Any Person Empowered by Law to Solemnize Marriages in said County:

You are hereby authorized to join together as Husband and Wife, Andrew J Milner and Mary Farr according to the laws of the State of Indiana.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, A LaDouette Clerk of the Circuit Court of said County, hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of said Court, at my office in Covington, this 12 day of October A. D. 1887

SEAL.

A LaDouette Clerk.

State of Indiana, Fountain County, ss:

This Certifies, That I joined in Marriage as Husband and Wife Andrew J Milner and Mary Farr, on the 12th day of October 1887

James Long, J.P.

Filed and recorded the 12th day of October, A. D. 1887 A true copy.

Attest: A. LaDouette Clerk.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

No. 8718

OFFICE OF

RECORDER OF DEEDS,

Jackson County, Missouri, at Kansas City.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Jackson, }

This License authorizes any Judge Justice of the Peace, licensed or ordained Preacher of the Gospel, or other person authorized under the laws of this State, to solemnize marriage between Frank C Ward of the County of Jackson and State of Missouri, who is over the age of twenty-one years, and Miss Florence E Faure of the County of Jackson and State of Missouri who is over the age of eighteen years

Witness my hand as Recorder, with the seal of office hereto affixed, at my office in Kansas City, Missouri, this 15th day of April 1893

John W Kinder
RECORDER.

By John A McCon
DEPUTY RECORDER.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
County of Jackson, }

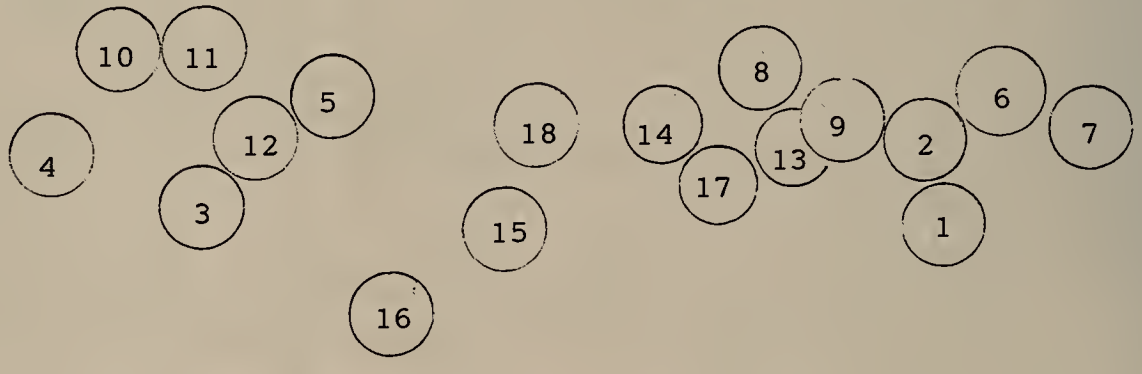
This is to certify that the undersigned, a Minister of the Gospel did, in said County and State, on the 15th day of April A. D. 1893 unite in marriage the above named persons.

Henry Hopkins
Pastor 1st Cong'l Ch

The person performing the marriage ceremony will please insert after his signature the place of his Office, Church or Residence.
This License must be returned to the office of Recorder of Deeds by the person solemnizing the marriage, within ninety days from the issuing thereof.

1. Charles A. Bach
2. (Antoinette) Aydee Faure Bach
3. Anna J. Bach (Ross)
4. Mattie E. Bach (Werthman,Hall)
5. Albert F. Bach
6. Andrew Jackson (Jack) Milner
7. Mary Faure Milner
8. Frank C. Ward, Sr.
9. Florence Faure Ward
10. Fred E. Ward
11. Mabel F. Ward (Caywood)
12. Daisy M. Ward (Lear)
13. Frank C. Ward, Jr.
14. Nellie M. Ward Livingstone
15. Rose Livingstone
16. Gladys Livingstone
17. Johnny Livingstone
18. Charlotte Lohr (Friend of family)

(Stella and Henry Bach [3rd and 5th children of Aydee and Charles Bach born before 1902] are not in picture.)



Taken at Mary's (Faure Milner) home 1902
in the East Bottoms, Kansas City, Missouri

(Above written on back of picture and names written on persons in picture by Florence Faure Ward.)

Mary Matilda Faure Millner, (Antoinette) Aydee Faure Bach, Florence Elon Faure Ward
Daughters of Jacinthe Francois Faure and Elizebeth Jane Huston (Meek) Faure

These men were Freighters from Dodge City Kansas to the pan Handle in Texas. who employed by a Man named Charley Todd. my Brother Robert H. Faure third man from the left - moved to Farmington new Mexico later; and was accidently killed in Sept - 1895 Left a wife Ora and two Daughters Mabel and Roberta Faure.

(written by Florence Elon Faure Ward)

HAMILTON
FAURE
ROBERT

Robert Hamilton Faure and his wife,
Ora Angeline Townsend Faure.
Probably taken on their wedding day,
14 December 1892 at LaPlata, NM.

Robert's widow, Ora, and daughters,
Roberta (left) and Mabel (right).
Mabel was mother of Clara(Dee) Markham
Jones who lives in Stanfield, Oregon.

Dee (MArkham) Jones 1990 Granddau. of Robert H Faure

Clara "Dee" Markham Jones
Daughter of Abraham and Mabel Faure Markham
Granddaughter of Robert H. Faure

Left: Roberta Loula Faure (Hayes)
Right: Mabel Ida Faure (Markham) Late 1920's
Only children of Robert H. Faure

Mabel Ida (Faure) Markham, Abraham Lincoln Markham
Roberta Loula (Faure) Hayes, Rhody Graftin Hayes
1940

Robert Hamilton Faure
1864 - 1895

Ann Adler dealer in
General Merchandise
Wagon Mound
New Mexico
Sept 20 1896

Dear Madam

I received a letter yesterday morning containg the sad news of your brother Roberts death at Farmington N. M. on the 14 of this month your Father takes it very hard and requests me to write to you as he is unable to do so himself he wishes you to inform your sister. your brother was working in a corn field with a hired man the latter picked up a gun to shoot at some ducks and in doing so it went off accidently the charge entering Bobs Stomach this happened at 10 A. M and he died at 6 in the evening was buried the next day every thing with in the power of human was done for him he left a wife and two babies one girl 2 years old the other two or three weeks old Am.

Yours in sympathy Adler.

MR. ROBERT FAURE FATALLY SHOT
LAST SATURDAY, SEPT. 1895

An Esteemed Citizen--.e leaves a young wife and children.

An Accident that has widowed a young wife and rendered orphans two little children, one a little one, only three weeks old, occured Saturday morning last. Robert Faure was accidentally shot in the corn field at the back of his house. Mr. Faure, with Paul Wilkaisky were shocking corn and in order to enjoy a chance of any ducks that might turnup, had secured an old musket. The appearance of a flock of ducks caused quite an excitement and the old gun was seized by Wilkaisky-both men, no doubt, watching the ducks and in raising the weapon from theground, by some inexplicable means,it went off,the contents lodging in the bowels of the unfortunate man, who was but a few feet away. The wound was a terrible one. All that medical skill and loving friends could do was done.Fatally wounded Robert Faure died in the afternoon.

The catastrophe has plunged our Community into mourning. Bob Faure was wo well known, so well liked by all.He had no enemies, a welcome friend everywhere-that he should be well and strong in the morning and lying stark and stiff in the evening, is appalling.The insecurity of human existence,we know;the uncertainty of human life,dependent upon the Devine Will:at all times,we bow to the Divine behest. The widow and orphans are his peculiar care. He takes them under the shadow of His Wing. He can wipe away the tears of the afflicted.He alone can comfort the fatherless.

The funeral took place on Sunday morning. The service at the house was largelu attended, the Rev. Hugh Griffin officiating.After an impressive service, exhortation and prayer,the Cortego repaired to the Cemetery, where the remains of this good citizen were laid at rest.

DEATH OF ROBERT FAURE
COMMUNICATED

"In the midst of life we are in death" In the full flush and vigor of early manhood, in the morning of his usefulness, without a moments warning,in the twinkling of an eye, whilst at work in his field, Robert Faure received his death wound, from the accidental discharge of a gun, in thehands of a youth inhis employ , who perchance is to be pitied almost as much as the victim of his carelessness. Fortunately Mr. Faure lived long enough to exonerate the boy from all criminal intent. So sudden, so unexpected, so terrible the shock, it is hard to realize that Robert Faure is no more, that he is gone from the scenes of his usefulness, gone from the neighbors that esteemed him, gone from the friends that loved hin and gone from the hearth altar, made happy by his fine smile, where he was ever greeted with the incense of faithful love Oh, father of the fatherless,Husband of the Widow,look in mercy upon his sorrowing and beloved ones, in this dark and trying hour of their hearts desolation, Oh pour the oil of consolation into their bitterness of sorrow, and may the tears of sympathetic friends assuage their sadly awakened grief.

FRIEND

Husband: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
B: 27 Feb 1818 @ Lormont,Bordeaux,France
M: 30 Jun 1891 @ (Wagon Mound, NM?)
D: Oct 1895 @ Wagon Mound,Mora Co.,NM
SEX: M
Father: Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249)
Mother: Marie Antoinette Malartic (RN=250)
Other Marriages 1: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

Wife: Cruz Mascareno (RN=3522)
B: c 1871 @ (Wagon Mound, NM?)
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

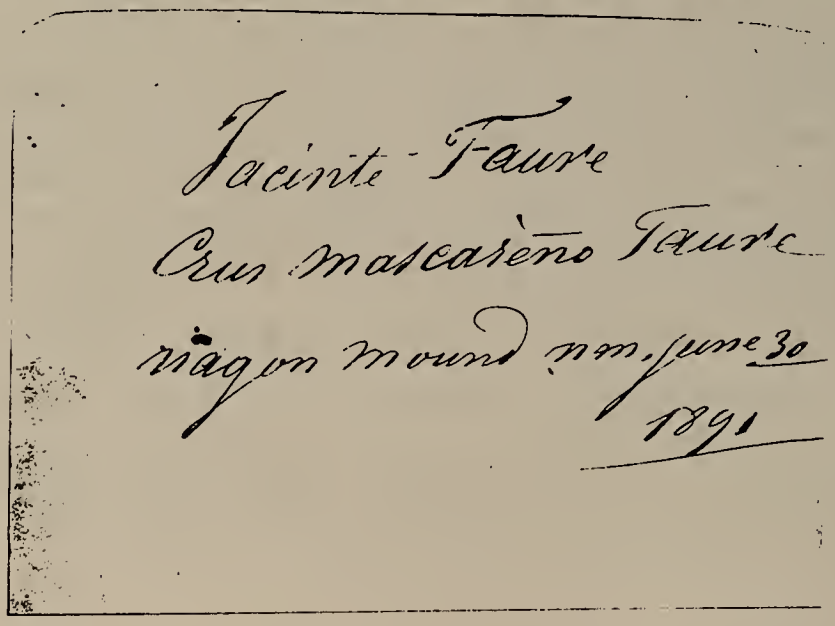
1 Mary Ambrosia Faure (RN=3523)
B: 06 Sep 1894 @ Wagon Mound, NM
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

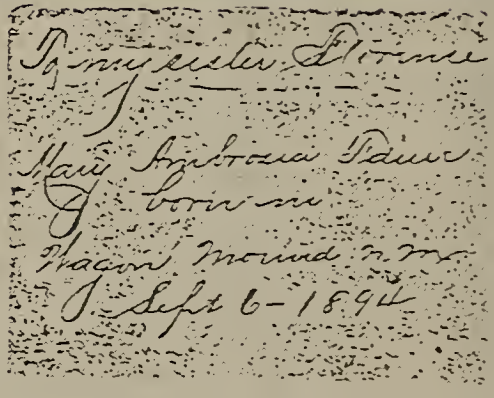
Text for Cruz Mascareno Faure (RN=3522)

In 1887 Jacinthe Francois Faure described himself as "Health Officer and M.D. in Wagon Mound, New Mexico". By June 30, 1891, a smallpox epidemic had occurred during which Faure heard moaning as he was out riding. He found Cruz Mascareno, either left to die or a lone survivor of a family. Faure nursed her to health and even though she was only about 20 and he was 73 they were married June 30, 1891.

Their first and only child, Mary Ambrosia Faure, was born September 6, 1894. Faure called her "Ambrositta" in one of his letters. His son, Robert Hamilton Faure, (born 1864) was accidentally killed in September 14, 1895 and in October 1895 Jacinthe Francois Faure also died.

Written on back of "Crus" and "Jacinte" Faure June 30, 1891 picture (probable Wedding Day) by "Jacinte" Faure.





Jacinthe Faure [Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure] and his second wife, Crus Mascareno Faure (probably a wedding picture) taken at Wagon Mound, New Mexico June 30, 1891 after he had found her deserted and dying from smallpox and had nursed her back to health.

They had one child, Mary Ambrosia, (above) before he died in October 1895. We haven't been able to find a record of their marriage or any record of his death or burial place, probably in Wagon Mound. Robert's granddaughter has found a Catholic Christening record for Mary Ambrosia Foure dated 14 Sept 1894, child of Jacinto Faure and Cruz Mascarenos, Wagon Mound, New Mexico.

Certificate of Baptism

Santa Clara Parish

P.O. BOX 186
WAGON MOUND, NEW MEXICO 87752

This is to Certify

That María Ambrosia Foure

Child of Jacinto Foure

and Cruz Mascareñas

born in Wagon Mound (CITY), New Mexico (STATE)

on the 7 day of September 1894

was **Baptized**

on the 14 day of September 1894

According to the Rite of the Roman Catholic Church

by the Rev. M. A. D. Kibera

the Sponsors being { Demeriano Sánchez / Ambrosia Melendres

as appears from the Baptismal Register of this Church.

Dated November 28, 1989

Rev. Philip Pazhayachira
Pastor

By Celina Mondragon Secretary

The United States of America

Certificate No 894

To all to whom these presents shall come Greeting

Whereas Jacinthe Francois Faure of Bernalillo County New Mexico Territory has deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Wa Keeney Kansas whereby it appears that Full Payment has been made by the said Jacinthe Francois Faure according to the provisions of the Act of Congress of the 24th of April 1820 entitled "An Act making further provision for the sale of the Public Lands" and the acts supplemental thereto for the South East quarter of Section Twenty seven in Township Twenty South of Range Twenty one West of the Sixth Principal Meridian in Kansas containing One hundred and sixty acres according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said lands returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor General, which said Tract has been purchased by the said Jacinthe Francois Faure

Now Know Ye, That the United States of America, in consideration of the premises, and in conformity with the several Acts of Congress in such case made and provided, Have given and granted, and by these presents Do give and grant unto the said Jacinthe Francois Faure and to his heirs, the said tract above described; To Have and to Hold the same, together with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and appurtenances of whatsoever nature, thereunto belonging, unto the said Jacinthe Francois Faure and to his heirs and assigns, forever.

In Testimony Whereof I Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America have caused these Letters to be made Patent and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington the Sixth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Eight and of the Independence of the United States the One hundred and twelfth

Seal

By The President Grover Cleveland
By. M. McKean. Secretary
D Tyler Recorder of the General Land Office
ad interim

Recorded. Vol. 1 Page 324

State of Kansas } ss
Ness County }

This Instrument was filed for record this 25th day of October 1888 at 10-11 o'clock a.m and duly recorded in Book 2 of Patent Records Page 146

C P Lynn
Register of Deeds

(Antoinette) Aydee Faure Bach
and three of her children

Anna Bach Ross

Albert Bach

Henry Bach

...... OHIO 45502

Married by the Rev. Alden Bridge Mr Saml. S. Spicer & Lic. Jan 17 .. Mary ann Heliny
... S. Spicer, to Miss Mary ann ...
... January 18th 1824
Ret. recorded March 15th 1824

No impediment

FLORENCE FAURE WARD'S
MATERNAL GRANDPARENTS.

This is to certify that on the 29th Jan. 1824 I Joined together as husband and wife Hamilton Huston & Jane McMillan both of the county of Clark given under my hand this 20th March eighteen hundred and twenty four Nathan Worley

Hamilton Huston & Lic Jan. 28th Jane McMillen he of age. her father gives consent in writing

Rec'd. Recorded March 25th 1824 ...

I do hereby certify that on the 5th day of Feby 1824 the rite of matrimony was solemnized between George Albin and Elizabeth West by me

Saul Henkle M.G.

George Albin & Lic. Feb 2nd 1824 Elizabeth West parties of lawful age

Marriage Bond.

Know all Men by these presents that we Danl. McMullen & Joseph Ferguson are held & firmly bound to Robert Brook Governer of Virginia in the Sum of one hundred & fifty dollars (or to his successors) to which pay-mint well and truly to be made we bind ourselves our Heirs &c Jointly & Severally firmly by these presents Witness our hands & Seals this 6th day of Augt. 1795.

The Condition of the above obligation is such that whereas there is a Marriage Shortly int Solemnized between the above Bound Danl. McMullen & Elenor Ferguson daughter of sd. Jos. Ferguson of the County of Rockbridge. If therefore there be no lawful cause to obstruct the same then this Obligation to be Void or else to remain in force.

Daniel McMullen (LS)

Teste

A. Reid Teb. Joseph Ferguson (LS)

FLORENCE FAURE WARD'S MATERNAL GREAT-GRANDPARENTS.

DANIEL McMULLIN/McMILLAN & ELENOR FERGUSON

D. Bruce Patterson, Clerk

Circuit Court of Rockbridge County

Lexington, Virginia 24450

(SYLVIA KING, DEP. CLERK)

Home Built By DANIEL McMILLEN ABOUT 1838 - ROB ROY, TN

MILL BUILT ON BIG SHANNEE CREEK IN 1827 By DANIEL McMILLEN
ROB ROY, TN

1981 Photos
BY
GENE ROBINSON

[Note: Below is a letter written by Mark Clayton Terrell to his parents, Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell. Donald Leon Terrell (that is me) had just had a serious squabble with his son, Mark Clayton Terrell, apparently about some of his school grades, the condition of his two musical horns and some bills that he had mistakenly acquired (for records from a Record Club). Donald Leon Terrell (me) had probably not been very reasonable with his son and very likely had not given him an opportunity to tell his side of the story in each of the problem areas. Mark Clayton Terrell was probably about 16 years old at the time that he wrote this letter and gave it to his parents (there is no date on the letter). Grandchildren: Grandpa came across this letter when he was looking for material to put into the computer for Grandma's genealogy books (about 30 years later). Grandpa had forgotten all about this letter. Grandpa is sorry that he did not give his son a chance to tell his side of the story at the time of the squabble. Mark Clayton Terrell did the best thing that he could do in this situation and that was to put his side of the story down on paper and present it to his parents. Thank you, son, for writing this letter.]

Dear Mom and Dad:

The reason I am writing this letter is to say all I have to say and also to organize it so that it makes some kind of sense. Please read all of it before you do or say anything.

First of all I realize that you are trying to do what is best for me and that you want me to lead a successful life. I try to think of that fact when you tell me to do something which I think should be done another way. I also think that I should be able to present my side of the matter completely and that you should take it into consideration.

My most important goal right now is to get into Cornell. If I don't get into Cornell my chances of finishing college at any other place are very slim because of the fact that you just can't afford it.

If I get into Cornell I still have to worry about whether or not I can take the stress mentally because Engineering, the field which I want to study in, is one of the harder if not the hardest college to get through at Cornell.

I also realize that you won't be able to provide my full expenses or even a quarter of them. I therefore will have to get loans, scholarships and make all the money I can in order to graduate. I expect to eventually pay back every cent of the money you have to invest in me because you need it worse.

I've done a lot of thinking and I realize that I have been putting things off until the last moment. It's not because I don't want to do them but the fact that everything makes the difference of what the rest of my life will be like. I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do.

I also have been getting lower marks than usual in school because, as Bill Storandt says, "I've got a chick on my hands". I really like her quite a bit and I think she likes me. It's different than it was with Barbie or any other girl and I think it's there for good.

I'm sorry about the records. Things just kept piling up in my mind. It wasn't all my fault, though, because of the screwed-up way of sending records back and charging me for them before I got them. At the time that I was going to quit, three months ago, they sent me one record with one dividend certificate and not two like I had ordered. At that time I couldn't remember if I had ordered two or changed my mind and ordered one. So, I ordered one more to make two dividend certificates so that I could get one free record. After I had done so the second record arrived and then I was mad because I now had to pay for three records and order another one free. My bill was currently 5 dollars, give or take 20 cents, and it suddenly jumped to $13. I quit the club and they sent me a letter saying that the current record which I

had not ordered would come anyway because my letter evidently had not gotten there in time for the dead-line. I didn't actually wait 3 months to send this last record in.

So here I am right up to this afternoon.

I have always tried to take good care of both of my horns, but never good enough I guess. My marching band horn, actually your horn, has taken a lot of punishment in the last three years but I think the reason why it fell apart faster than the newer ones was that it was older and probably not made as sturdily as they are now. My good horn I have always been proud of but it has acquired dents that I have no idea of where they came from. I do admire it though and try to take good care of it.

I think I've covered everything and thank you for listening.

Love,
Mark

[Note: Mark Clayton Terrell did attend Cornell University (Ithaca,NY) in Electrical Engineering, graduated with a Bachelor's Degree and took a job with a large Electronic's Company in Massachusetts where he met his future wife, Catherine (Cathy) Sevigny Terrell. A few years later Mark, along with two other employees, left that company and bought out a small Electronic's Company of their own. Within several more years they built this company up into a large organization with millions of dollars in annual sales. A decision was later made to sell the company. Mark Clayton Terrell then bought into another Electronic's Company and is presently overseeing the successful operation and expansion of this company.

Lynn Ellen Terrell Scoles, Mark's sister, also attended Cornell University (Ithaca,NY) in Biology, graduated with a Master's Degree and took a job with research people in Ohio where she met her future husband, Frederick Grant Scoles. Frederick Grant Scoles and his family are presently living in central New York where he successfully operates a part-time business in piano rebuilding and repair work along with a full-time job at an upstate College.

Bruce Alan Terrell, Mark's younger brother, also attended Cornell University (Ithaca,NY) in Landscape Architecture, graduated with a Bachelor's Degree and took a job in Pennsylvania with an Architectural Firm. A few years later, Bruce became partners with an Engineering Firm in Iowa where he met his second wife, Nona Lei Turner Terrell. Bruce passed away 06 Oct 1987.

Dana Lee Terrell, Mark's youngest brother, also attended Cornell University (Ithaca,NY) in Business Management and took a leave of absence after completing 2 1/2 years. Dana passed away 26 June 1986.]

[Source: Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell]

Some Thoughts About My Mom and Dad
and their families

I suppose I should begin with the beginning -- of me, that is. I was born in Cortland County Hospital, Cortland, New York on July 22, 1925. My parents, George Andrew and Daisy May Ward Lear, had been married April 15, 1920 in Flint, Michigan. The date was set for a reason. Frank Charles and Florence Elon Faure Ward, my mother's parents, had been living in Flint since moving there from near Hardy, Arkansas in 1919. Frank had been working in the factories there during the last part of World War I and in the spring of 1920 he had gone East to find a farm. He had settled on one in Virgil, New York and the evening of April 15, 1920, he and Florence were leaving with the rest of the children who were still at home, Muriel, Rex, Hazel and Aydee -- for Virgil and their new home. So the wedding was held at the home of Frank's sister, Rose Ward Waite, in Flint.

My father's brother, Ford Lear, was living in Flint. I think Dad had come to Flint from near Chapin, Illinois to live with Ford and work in the defense factories which were going full tilt. He and Mom had met at the Champion Spark Plug factory. Dad saw Mom standing in a line, going on break or to lunch -- he just happened to be up on a higher level, leaning on a railing watching the girls go by -- and said to the fellow with him, "There's the girl I'm going to marry". He was only seventeen, but was more mature looking than most seventeen year olds. Mom was twenty-two and didn't know that she was five years older than he until sometime after they were married. Even the wedding license has his age as 21.

Their first date was Hallowe'en night, October 31, 1919 and evidently both of them had found the person they wanted, because by April, 1920 they were ready to be married. Knowing Mom, that would have been quite a decision. She had seen Grandma and Grandpa struggle to "make ends meet" all her life and knew what doing without and working very hard was all about. I'm sure Dad was more emotional and idealistic about it even though he had been raised on tenant farms in Illinois and had had to work very hard and do without, too. Doing without in those times was more a doing without of the luxury items than of the basic things. Both families raised all their own food -- milk, eggs, meat, potatoes, etc. -- and I never heard either of them say they were ever hungry. Grandpa and Grandma Ward had even had orchards in Arkansas, apple and peach and they had wild blackberries, etc., so they had all the fruit they could eat and can. They also had a sorghum mill where they extracted the syrup from the sorghum stalks for people in the vicinity and so had all the molasses for pancakes and cooking that they could use.

But when it came to shoes and material for dresses, work pants and dress-up clothes, it was a different story. Mom's folks sent hens, eggs, and railroad ties, which mom had helped make from the standing tree right on to the finished tie, to town when cash was needed for anything. Sometimes they walked in and traded eggs for material at the store and then went home and made their own dresses, after they had decided what the latest fashion was and how to create it without a pattern!

They also sold fruit from their orchard, of course, and they never had a get together without apples and popcorn which they had raised themselves. Grandpa could play the violin and taught all the kids to play something. Mom chose violin (Lynn has the violin Mom bought in Arkansas when Grandpa and Mom, Muriel, Frank, and some of their neighbors went around to different villages and played at get togethers to sell War Bonds after World War I started.), Muriel played the quitar, and Frank played violin, also.

I don't know as much about Dad's life in Illinois. I do know that his

father worked as a tenant farmer, with a house furnished. And his mother always raised chickens and sold eggs, had a cow and sold butter and had that money to do with. When I was a kid and we went on the train to Illinois (via Dad's free passes because he was working for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western [D.L.&W.] in Cortland) we used to visit the rest of the families in Illinois by driving Grandma's 3-pedal (clutch, brake & reverse) Model T. It was pure black and sat up away from the road -- thank goodness, because the roads there were clay and the ruts were deep. Our main roads were paved (I can't remember them not paved) in Cortland County, so it was quite a jolt (in more ways than one) to be riding on slippery when wet, and rutted dry or wet, roads. I can remember wondering if we would ever get to our destinations and it seems like one time we did get stuck in a mudhole and had a terrible time getting out.

Anyway, this Model T was Grandma's, paid for by her hens and chickens and eggs, and I think butter. She always had a Guernsey or Jersey cow and had pans of milk setting in her storm cellar so the cream could rise. Her car was as beautiful the last time I saw it as it was the first time. The person who bought it got a car that had been taken good care of. -- It always was parked in Grandma's barn and sheltered from the elements.

Since I've been doing genealogy, I talked to a 3rd cousin in Illinois who knew what became of Grandma's car. It had been stored a few years in Grandma's barn and then was sold. When the buyer came to get it he put gas in it, towed it onto the road and let the clutch in. It started right off and he drove it the rest of the way to its new home.

Dad's family had always raised everything they ate, also, but I never heard him say much about having a hard time getting shoes, etc. Perhaps he worked for Grandpa's farm owners, too, and helped earn money to use for such things. I don't think they owned a house until they bought the little one in Bethel, Illinois where we visited when I was ten or so about 1935. Before that we visited them in little houses where they were renting or tenant farming.

Text for Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell (RN=18).

This is a letter to her granddaughter, Dianna Lynn Terrell (RN=4), in answer to Dianna's letter to her Grandma and Grandpa Terrell in Ithaca, N.Y. when she started college at the Univerity of Vermont, Burlington, VT. Dianna had asked if we had memories of the great depression that we could tell her about.

Sept. 26, 1993

Dear Dianna -

It was great to get such a newsy, happy-you're-at-Burlington, letter! We're really glad such a big change in your life is working out so well. We hope you had a good meeting with your English professor and will now be able to enjoy her class as you have your previous English classes.

I, of course, especially liked your paragraph about "The Grandmother Rub"! I know the people who are lucky enough to get one will like it. It is relaxing and it also "says" you hope everything goes well with the recipient. So, rub on! Just be careful after the weather gets colder and there's static electricity running rampant. (I'm kidding). The best thing ever invented was those little sheets of "Bounce" I put in the drier that keeps me from getting zapped when I remove the dried clothes. Wonderful!

All your room & floor mates sound like busy, interested in lots of things people. What a nice variety of hobbies they have. My mom could play the harmonica, and so can Wayne, my brother. Mom played just our regular small ones, but Wayne had a larger one that had a little button on one end for sharps and flats. He also plays guitar and banjo. Lynn plays guitar for acompaniment for group singers, too.

When they were doing things in school during the depression with children, that were inexpensive for the parents, we had harmonica bands. The harmonicas were Hohners, made in Germany, and a really good little instrument. I think they were 60 cents and I think they had 8 notes (holes). I never got very proficient, but I know we all had fun.

We bought them one Christmas ("sock stuffers"), at least, for our children and I think they were 3 or 4 dollars apiece. Identical to ours in school for 60 cents. Inflation, I think.

The depression was a terribly hard time for just about everyone. Of course, we were all poor together, so we all just "did without" without really dwelling on it too much. "Hand-me-downs" and made over clothes from older children - in your own family or someone else's - were everyone's clothes, "every day" & "dress up", too. Many people were hungry, but in Virgil and Homer, where Don's family (Homer) and mine (Virgil) lived, everyone had gardens - big ones. We canned and canned - everything from the garden, the fruit trees, the berry bushes, and even chicken and beef and pork. I'm sure many people baked bread (Mom never did, that I remember) but my Grandma Ward did. Wayne & I used to really get excited when we went to visit and she had baked because she always made a couple loaves of Raisin Bread and frosted it with 4x sugar. With butter or even just plain, it was so good! And we were growing and could always eat a couple pieces. I've thought since that it probably made a shortage of Raisin Bread for grandpa & grandma but she always shared everything in her cupboard with everyone.

She made cream of tomato soup better than Campbell's from tomato juice she had canned. It's real touchy to do because if you don't add a pinch of soda at the right time, the milk curdles when it reacts with the tomato juice. I still love tomato soup especially Campbell's - and I never learned how to make it like grandma's because store canned soup was available before Don & I were married - and easy to make.

I think the things people had the most problem with were things that took

cash - shoes, gasoline, doctors/dentists (if you ever went), glasses. All of us had second hand cars. Only the really lucky people ever had new ones. And then they drove them until they were old. Then we got them. Grandpa and Grandma Ward never owned a car.

I used to ride to the Mill with him to get feed for the cows, horses and maybe chickens - but I think they grew their own corn for the chickens. I probably went 4 or 5 times. I didn't visit alone all that much. It was only a couple miles but it took quite awhile. We were riding in a wagon behind 2 horses and they never went much faster than a trot - mostly it was a walk, and I don't think grandpa ever pushed them to go much faster. It could have been because we were on blacktop and they were used to soft fields and lanes.

Dad and Mom always had a car, but some of them were pretty old by the time we could afford them. Dad had evidently worked in a garage at one time (I didn't realize it until we were doing genealogy) and he was pretty handy about fixing things that went wrong. Of course, the motors were very simple, then, and were easier & quicker to fix - also, there were fewer parts to break down. And gasoline was $1 for 6 gallons. I can still remember Dad driving up to gas stations and saying, "A dollars worth, please". And it lasted a week! No one pumped their own gas, then. It was a service you received because you bought the gas.

Mom and Dad were Republicans - Grandpa and Grandma, too, so I never thought much of FDR until the war. When it came over the radio that he had died, Don was in the service in Hawaii. I can remember hearing it upstairs (I was staying with Mom and Dad) and running down the stairs, crying. I ran in to Mom and Dad and told them what had happened. I was so upset! I said, "Now Don will never get home!".

None of us ever realized FDR had been crippled by the polio he had. Recently I read (or heard) that the Secret Service moved him upstairs and down, holding his arms so he was upright and appeared to be navigating the stairs by himself. The rest of the time he was in cars, or seated in chairs or behind a desk or propped up behind out of sight. And none of the news people ever discussed it or made it known to the people. Pretty weird, huh? It certainly would never happen today.

I don't remember how often we've gone to the parks here in Ithaca since you've been old enough to really look at the walks and bridges. The stonework in a lot of places, were work done by the men who belonged to the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps). I only knew 1 person who was in it. A fellow came to our high school for (I think) our Sophomore, Junior & Senior year. He was 3 or 4 years older than the rest of us and the reason was he had joined the CCC for 3 or 4 years and then came back home and finished school.

FDR started (or his people did) the practice of having initials for every group and program. There's a name for initials standing for words of groups but I can't think of it. The WPA was Works Progress Administration and all the farmers and men who had been able to find jobs made remarks about the men on WPA. While they were building/fixing roads, improving waterways and things like that, there would always be several just standing around, leaning on their shovels so other industrious men didn't have much respect for them - and with good reason. The other men were really going full steam ahead to make a living and thought everyone else should be doing the same.

When Don & I were in High School you could sign up to the N.Y.A. (National or New Youth Administration, I think) It was a program to help boys & girls earn money so going to school wasn't such a hardship on families. Some boys helped the janitors at school. Don was working, farming his parent's 38 1/2 Acre farm while his dad ran a gas station in Cortland. He was busy full-time, doing studies, some sports and farming so he couldn't do NYA. I can remember doing typing; it must have been to help teachers. Maybe I did stencils for the "ditto" machine - the only way then to make many copies from

1 master copy. Can you imagine life without Xerox Machines?

I earned 25 cents an hour (that was the amount everyone earned) and then it would buy a pair of stockings, or a ticket to a movie, or a dance, or a basketball game. It was wonderful to be able to do my own thing and not to have to ask Dad and Mom when I knew they didn't have an extra quarter to spare.

Oh, the CCC also did "reforestation", at least, here in N.Y. State. They planted thousands of acres of pines on land owned by the State/USA. They planted them in rows and when we ride over the hills, we still see the forests which were small & medium sized pines when we were in our 20's & 30's. I think some of them are being used for the log houses people like now. I don't know whether they are actually cutting sections of trees or just using ones that they cut to thin the forests so other trees have more room.

We haven't seen large areas here cut, only thinning.

Thank you for explaining James Bay. I'd heard it mentioned and I think environmentalists here in Ithaca have either demonstrated other places about the situation or something, and I didn't really know what it was all about. Several people have gone all over fighting nuclear power plant building. As you can imagine with Cornell & Ithaca College there are more strong environmentalists than probably are usual in a city this size.

Well, my eyes are crossing (kidding again) - (it's more an unfocusing) and my right thumb is saying "Remember me?" It nudges me when I write too long, just so I won't forget Carpal Tunnel Syndrome. My fingers are quite strong again, but if I push them too hard they tell me.

I remember Odyseuss (it's a good thing you spelled it) and I never thought when I read it, I'd ever live in Ithaca, even if it is N.Y. & not Greece!

Don's glad to be finished on the Pratt book. He Xeroxed his computer originals and put it (the genealogy) in a Duo Tang Binder so it can be taken out & copied by families when they find it at libraries, etc. Now he is working on a Terrell edition. It's a long line - back to 1632 - so he'll be quite awhile.

Love,
Grandpa & Grandma Terrell

[Source: Roger Lear. Photocopy of original in our files.]

Memories
by
Daisy May Ward Lear

World War I was on at this time and in 1918 the Wards moved to Flint, Michigan, so Frank Ward Sr. could assist with the war effort. He worked in the Buick factory on a metal lathe machine making the conical nut that fits in front of the propeller. Mabel Ward Caywood's husband, Lloyd Caywood, was drafted for World War I, also Frank Charles Ward, Jr. They left Arkansas on the same train that took Frank Charles Ward,Sr., to Flint, MI. So our family was left with Rex Ward who was the boy at home and he was 10. I went to work for a Mrs. Graham in Hardy and Mother had the little ones with her. Fred Ward, the oldest brother, had been gone from home since he was 12 or 13 working for different families around home.

In August of 1917 the farmland of 250 acres was sold and we all left for Flint, even Mabel. Lloyd's and her place wasn't sold until the war ended. She and Lloyd went back to Arkansas for a while as his people lived there, just about 7 miles south of Hardy. It wasn't long before they sold out and moved back to Flint. Mabel became pregnant for Harvey who was born in Virgil on Dad's farm Feb 19, 1921.

George Lear and I were married April 15, 1920 and that night the Ward's left for the farm in Virgil. The war was over, Frank & Lloyd were safely back home. Frank, Jr. came to New York with the family and got a job in a garage in Dryden. Later he and a Dryden fellow left on a motorcycle and side car for the West. They picked apples from the State of Washington on down to get the cash to travel on. They wound up in Arizona without cash enough to get home. So they wired George and I for $75 to get home on. They got back O.K. after some bad luck and hardship and paid us back a few dollars at a time.

We soon came to New York, as the depression struck Flint. All the auto factories closed and people flocked out of Flint to get work anyplace they could find it. We and another couple, by the name of Peterson, had a Nickle Cafe for a while. Pete was tricky and took the better part of the deal. The folks had written us there were 45 different little factories in Cortland. So a cold snowy January day in 1921 Geo and I landed in Cortland with a trunk full of clothes and personal gear and $52 in our pocket. Thus began a long hard pull.

It was 3 months before Lloyd or George got a job. Lloyd got one at Farrell Garage and George found one at Fred Ames Ford Garage at $15 a wk. Then we rented light housekeeping rooms on Orchard St. and I went to work for the Cortland Overall factory and made $18 a wk. That building is across Squires Street from us now and I used to walk home at noon from here to Orchard St. I all but ran. We lived several places here. We rented from these same people an unfurnished place on 4 Washington Street and bought our first furniture and a piano. We moved to Virgil September, 1924.

[Source: Roger Lear]

FAMILY HISTORY
LEAR & FAURE

George Andrew Lear was raised on a farm near Chapin, Ill. (within four miles of there). Went with Jesse Cannon to Flint, Mich. at age of 17 to work because Ford Lear, his brother, already worked at delivering laundry for Trojan Laundry, then Cautherin Dry Cleaners. Worked on construction gang for Champion Spark Plug and then went inside to punch press on spark plugs. Moved to inspection dept. and acted as stock boy to keep girls supplied with spark plugs. This is where he met Daisy Ward as she was doing inspection operations on the spark plugs.

They went together starting Halloween night 1919 and were married on April 15, 1920. Mom stopped work and they took up living at 1507 Wright St. in Flint, Michigan. Ford owned the house and was renting to Mom and Dad. They spent the month of August, 1920 in Illinois at Dad's folks place at Bethel, IL. Then they came to New York to see Mom's folks who had moved to a farm in Virgil, on the night Mom and Dad were married. The two months were taken as work was slow and they had not had their honeymoon yet. While they were here in Virgil, Dad got a job helping build the Frog Huddle Bridge with George Barnes and the County Dept. Then they returned to Flint, Mich. where Dad had been working for the Buick Motor Co. doing inspection work.

About a month or two after they returned from Virgil they decided to start a nickel cafe. They rented an empty building at North Cagina St. They took in partners named Pete and Flo Petersen. They ran the cafe for about six months and then Peterson bought them out as Dad wanted to sell. The Peterson's had been dipping in the till and Mom & Dad had been living on their own money.

They came to Virgil Jan. 6, 1921 and 3 months later Dad got a job repairing Fords at Cortland Auto Sales, a sales place for Fords. He worked there approximately 9 months and then went to be a clerk at Grand Union on 32 Main St. Mom had gotten a job at the Cortland Overall factory down on Squires Street. They were living at Orchard St. at this time. Dad got assigned the job of rural delivery man for Grand Union and he and Mom moved to Marathon, N.Y. They lived in Marathon 3 months with Dr. Spencer (a dentist).

Then Dad got the job with the DL&W railroad handling freight in the freight house. They returned to Cortland and lived at Lewis "Hoot" Sweet's place in Virgil. When winter came they moved to Cortland at 5 Vanette St. Then they moved to Port Watson St. and Mom started working for Winter's Store. They went back to Vanette St. for about a week and then they went and bought furniture. They lived in an unfurnished apartment at 4 Washington Street until they moved to Virgil in Sept. 1924. They lived in the house on Main St. in Virgil which they bought for $450. Mom worked at Winter's until the first part of 1925 and at that time was expecting Margaret. She quit work and Margaret Ellen Lear was born on July 22, 1925 in Cortland County Hospital.

Wayne Lear was born on June 27, 1928 at Cortland County Hospital. Dad and Mom made the 7 miles to Cortland in 11 minutes as Wayne was very close. He was born 5 minutes after they arrived. In 1930 they began to raise the roof of the house for more room. Mom miscarried a boy in about the 7th month. Wayne fractured his skull falling off Grandpa's milk block at the farm in Sept. of 1930 (Labor Day). Mom miscarried two more little boys. Then in April of 1936 Roger Edgar Lear was born in the newly finished upstairs portion of the house. April 6th 1936 at 7 O'clock in the evening. I interrupted Mom's evening meal.

[Note: Added here by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell]

[Daisy & Margaret were clearing table after meal. Daisy said "Oh!" Margaret looked to see why and saw drops of water on the floor. Thought Daisy had tipped celery dish and spilled water. She was really excited when Daisy explained her water had broke and the long awaited baby would be arriving soon. Margaret and Wayne went to stay with Eva Gee, a neighbor up the street, and told her we could go home as soon as the baby was "cleaned up". That poor little old lady about had a fit. She'd never had a child and was very surprised that we knew so much about babies and where they came from! Roger was a beautiful baby - blonde at birth with bright blue eyes and very fair complexion. Dr. Reilly from Cortland said he was the first old man he had ever delivered because Roger's hair was white/blonde. Daisy had to be very careful all during this pregnancy because muscles wouldn't support baby which was cause of 3 miscarriages and had to wear a corset. Girls from High School lived in and ironed etc. and Daisy couldn't take train rides.]

[Roger continues:]

In 1938 on Washington's birthday Mom and Dad traded places with Gram and Gramp Ward and moved to the farm on West State Road outside of Virgil. On November 14, 1938 Dale Everett Lear was born downstairs in the big bedroom on the farm. That was about 1 o'clock in the a.m. Margaret married on June 26, 1943. We moved to Ray "Timmy" Hutching's tenant farm (next house across road) in about August of 1943 as Dad found he could not handle working at the DL&W and the farm, too. We moved to the corner apartment house owned by Leslie and Goldie Hutchings in Virgil in Aug. of 1944, then to the Bert and Anna Given's place Sept 25, 1948. We went to Reynolds Avenue, Cortland (rented from Eddie Rounds, 1/2 of the house) in 1956 and rented the Given's place to Principal Wilcox. We moved back to the Given's place in 1957 and stayed there until Mom and Dad moved to 16 Squires Street, Cortland on Aug. 8 1959. They had bought the place on Squires Street in 1956 and had rented it for two years to Harry Wilcox and his mother, Leah. Wayne was married in Virgil at the Parsonage on Nov. 19, 1951.

[Source: Roger Lear with additions and corrections by Margaret Lear Terrell]

Tidbits of information from Wayne and Roger Lear
about their Mom and Dad
and their families

These tidbits of information came from Wayne Lear in 1987 when he and Roger sat and talked about their Mom and Dad (Daisy and George Lear). I (Roger) am writing them down so that our families can know what their Grandmother and Grandfather did during their lifetime.

I will send Margaret a copy of this so that she can proofread it and correct any errors that I have made as I wrote it down.

PS - Dale Lear has a copy of "When Daddy Goes Recruiting", a poem that Grandma Ward wrote about her husband's WWI recruiting. It appeared in the Hardy Arkansas Herald on February 15, 1918. It says at the bottom of the poem, Mrs. Frank C. Ward, Oak Ridge Farm.

There was a prison farm in the old farmhouse at the top of Horseshoe Bend hill, between Virgil and Cortland, N.Y. (top was same place as top of Big Hill now but they straightened it out for safety). The prisoners cleaned ditches and did other work in the village. They were convicted criminals. George was on the Virgil Town Baseball Team before the war, about 1935, and they sometimes played games at the Prison Farm against the prisoners. After 1941 or 1942, the prisoners were mostly Italians from World War II according to what Daisy told Rog a long time ago.

Grandpa Ward's dog, Bim, was left on the farm when Frank Ward traded the farm on W. State Road to George and Daisy for the little place in Virgil where Rog was born. He was a black, brown and white Collie Shepard with brown spots over his eyes and was a good cow dog with a sweet, gentle disposition. We all loved him. Bim got hit by a car, (just like Queenie and Prince, our pointers did later) and Roy Ward (Mom's oldest nephew, who hung around the farm all the time) shot him in the head with Grandma's old .22 rifle. He began barking at dark (old Roy was going to bury him the next day) and George had to go shoot him again. Roy's bullet had gone in one ear and out the other and left poor old Bim alive.

Cars that George and Daisy had: Wayne says he remembers that Dad had a 1928 Chevy Coupe. Margaret says George would come up the main road past our house in the Village when it was snowy/slippery and where the 2 roads came to a point he'd slam on brakes. We'd spin like a top. Scared Mom to death but Wayne and Margaret loved it! Think it was usually Sunday after Church.

When they lived on the farm they had a 1930(?) Super Six Essex. It had window shades that rolled up and down just like regular window shades. Roger can remember playing in it and if I remember right, I got a skinning because I broke one of the car windows with something. Margaret again says: Don't know who Dad bought the Essex from but it was up on blocks in someone's garage in Cortland for years. Dad took it off the blocks, put gas in it (air in tires and maybe oil) and drove it home, tires & all. He paid $25. for it and really got a good deal. I remember how he laughed about it. (Don't think it was a 1930, maybe '25!)

Wayne said the Essex chewed up a bearing and Dad got a 1929-1930ish Model A Ford in Syracuse on S. Salina Street for $62.50. Wayne said that at that time there were no new cars to be bought, as all new cars were going to the government and the military.

Roy Ward had bought a 1935 Master Deluxe Chevy with the "suicide" doors (both sets of front and rear doors opened towards the rear of the car). He sold it to George when we were on the farm and bought himself a 1939 Harley Davidson motorcycle. I have a picture (somewhere in the family history information) of me sitting on the seat with Roy's leather helmet on my head. The cycle weighed about 400 pounds and Wayne said Roy paid about $400.00 for it.

Dad used the Model A Ford he had bought in Syracuse as a tractor after he bought Roy's car. He also loaned it to Don and Margaret for a couple months when they lived in East Homer.

We had both the Model A and the 1935 Chevy at the Hutching's tenant farm. Wayne used to drive the Model A to work at Dave Trapp's farm helping them pick up potatoes and harvest sugar maple syrup. Dave Trapp was Melvin Trapp's uncle (his father's brother). Melvin was Muriel Trapp's (Mom's younger sister) husband. Dad gave Wayne the Model A for his own and Wayne ended up selling it for the same amount that Dad had paid for it.

We moved from the Virgil farm, where Dale was born, into the tenant house that belonged to Ray (Timmy) Hutchings, who lived at the top of Hutching's hill on the S. Cortland Road just West of Virgil. Walt Haley had owned it when we lived on the farm, but Timmy had bought it from Walt when Walt moved to Cortland. Timmy couldn't find a tenant, so he rented it to Floyd Dutton. Floyd's kid, Alfred Dutton, was the one that Ward Trapp tricked into eating goat berries by telling the poor little kid they were candy.

The Dutton's moved out of the tenant house and we moved in a few months later. Wayne says he think we moved there in the fall of 1943, as we were there when we landed on Normandy Beach (D-Day, June 6, 1944). The tenant farm was about 100 feet West of our farm and on the other side of our dirt road. Dad had sold the farm to Leo MacGuiness and his wife, Louise. They were still living there in 1990. Later, Louise had Alzheimer's disease and died. In 1994 Leo was still on the farm.

About one year later, in the fall of 1944, we moved and rented an apartment in a 2-family house on the 4 corners in Virgil which was owned by Leslie Hutchings (Hutch). He was a Deputy Sheriff (a turnkey) at the Cortland County Sheriff's Department where Wayne later worked. Hutch had owned the "Square Deal" garage right across the street in Virgil and had been a car mechanic before he became a Deputy Sheriff. Leslie and Timmy Hutchings were no relation to each other. Timmy and Bob Hutchings, who owned a farm on the creek coming into Virgil from Cortland way, were brothers. Wayne says that we used Leo's horses, Buster and Dick, and a farm wagon to move our house furnishings from the tenant house to the Hutchings' duplex house.

Raymond Hagadorn, the principal at Virgil Central School, which was just kitty corner and across the road, lived in the other side of the duplex. Later Clarence (Timer) and Dorothy Davis and their family (2 kids, Jane and Boggy) lived on the other side of the duplex. Timer bought the store from Mr. John Terpenning (Orley's father); Mr. Barnum bought the IGA store from A. D. Carpenter.

The dog I remember most was old Toby. Wayne said we got him when he was a little puppy in about 1928. Toby was 16 when he died. Margaret found him in a snowbank alongside the road in the village (Virgil) opposite the duplex between the IGA & the school. Margaret says she was driving home to the Hoose farm on Virgil-Dryden Road Don and she were renting, from work at the Cortland Line about dusk. Just past the 4 corners she saw a white mound at side of road and just glimpsed Toby's face. Turned the car around and went to the duplex. There were no lights on and Dad was asleep on the couch in the living room. Must have scared him because he got woke up by a crying daughter shaking him to tell him Toby was out by the road dead. Don't have any idea where Mom, Wayne, Dale and Rog were. Rog continues: He may have been hit by a snowplow, as he was going both deaf and blind. He was the first dog I remember and I pulled a dirty trick on him one time. I used to get 5 cents a week from Dad for testing the electric fence just South of the farm house. It saved Dad from walking way down to the corner of the fence towards the Spaulding place. Margaret says: It also saved Dad from getting zapped, which he hated. He'd ask any of us to test the fence so he wouldn't have to touch it. Roger continues: I used to grab on to the fence, and if it was working, I would certainly feel it. Anyway, one nice wet, dew-laden morning, I walked down to test the fence. Toby was with me. I'm not sure if I did it on purpose or by accident, but as I grabbed onto the fence, I reached out and touched Toby's nose. He was nice and wet up to his chest from the wet grass and the shock went through me and into him. He let out a terrible yap and took off to the house and hid somewhere. He wouldn't come near me when I called him for at least 2 or 3 days. I used to buy licorice plugs (rectangular plugs about 1 inch wide and 2 inches long and 1/4 inch thick, with a ribbed top (half circles) for one cent each at Carpenter's store with the money Dad paid me. I still like licorice.

Mr. Vinnedge and Wayne were on the roof fixing the chimney on the farm house. Roy had taken a mowing machine blade to Cortland on his motorcycle to have it sharpened. Since it was about 4 feet long, he carried it by putting it across the cycle handlebars and holding it in place with his fingers, while his hands were on the bar controls. When he came off the macadam road onto our dirt road, the bump was enough to let the mower blade slip away from his fingers. When he tried to hold it he lost control of the motorcycle and it flipped sideways onto him. His hands and arm got cut up by the sharp blade. Wayne and Mr. Vinnedge heard the motorcycle coming. When it flipped, they heard the engine race and then stop, and they saw the same cloud of dust that I did. Wayne sped on his bike to the end of the road about 1/4 mile away and Mr. Vinnedge drove his car down. If I remember correctly, I ran in and told Mom that something bad had happened to Roy and his motorcycle. She called Timer's store where Dad was stopping for groceries and Timer told dad. Dad came tearing up (I think in the 1935 Chevy) and he and Wayne took Roy to the Cortland County Hospital. Margaret says: I think Mr. Vinnedge took Roy to the hospital. Mom rode in the back seat and held Roy's head in her lap. She had on an old work dress and it had blood all over it and she was upset that she went to Cortland looking like that. They really thought Roy was a goner on the way to Cortland. He was either unconscious or pretending to be.

Margaret graduated from VHS in 1942 and went to school at the Cortland Business Institute until Feb. 1943 so that she could get into secretarial work. She was waiting for Donald Terrell to graduate from VHS, so they could get married. Don graduated in 1943 and they were married 3 days after that. They moved to East Homer and lived on a tenant farm where Don worked for his grandfather, Clayton LeRoy. He was drafted into the U.S. Marines after they left East Homer and went back to Virgil, rented the Hoose farm and started working for Howard Haskins (trucking).

When Don left, Maggie and their German Shepard, Pooch, moved back home with us to the duplex apartment in Virgil. She was with us there when President Roosevelt died. I can remember Maggie came running down from upstairs in the duplex, crying and saying to Mom, "President Roosevelt is dead and Harry Truman is President and now the damn war will never end!"

June 1945 she went to work for Morse Chain in Ithaca at their shipping office for about three months and then worked at Cornell Ag. Economics Main Office until just before Mark was born. She rented an apartment at 225 Columbia Street in Ithaca. When Don came home from the Marines in 1946, they lived there and Don attended Cornell for 1 year. They bought a house in Mecklenburg, New York in 1946 and moved there June 30, 1947, one day before their 1st child, Mark, was born.

Mom and Dale and I visited Wayne when he was in the U.S. Navy and stationed at the Memphis Naval Air Station in Memphis, Tennessee. That was on March 28, 1948. He was a radar instructor in aircraft (and repairman?) at that time. He had joined the Navy soon after graduating from Virgil High School. He went in with his friend, Jim Le Fever, and later they were brother-in-laws. Jim married Rena Ferris and Wayne married her sister, Marion Ferris.

We moved from the Virgil duplex to the Givens' house on Washington St. in Virgil in October 1948. We lived there while Wayne worked for the DL&W RR on the section gang, delivered feed for Farmer's Syndicate, worked at Brewer and Tichener Company, was a Deputy Sheriff, married and later became a NY State Trooper.

Mom and Dad moved to Cortland into a rented house at 23 Reynolds Ave., as they were tired of traveling back and forth between Virgil and Cortland where Dad had worked for the DL&W (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western) for many years. It took them a long time to make up their minds as Dad worked at the railroad for about 34 years before they moved. We moved there about July 23, 1956.

Elmer Timmerman bought the Virgil garage from Leslie "Hutch" Hutchings. Marshall Timmerman was Elmer's brother and he worked with him. Vernon Timmerman was the third brother, and he was Philip (Ozzie) Timmerman's father.

[Note: Florence Elon Faure Ward taught herself how to use a typewriter about 1953 at age 78. On January 1, 1954 she sat down at her typewriter and started typing out the story of her life. Later, photocopies of her original typing were obtained by some of her relatives. In 1987, Roger Edgar Lear, a grandson of Florence Elon Faure Ward, entered a copy of her original typing into his computer, changing sentence structures and new paragraphs where appropriate but not changing the wording. Roger then gave a computer floppy disk copy of this story to his sister, Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell. Donald Leon Terrell then entered it into his computer, using Roger's floppy disk. Below is the story with some corrections and additions made by Margaret before the last printing.]
[Note: A photocopy of the original typewritten story is in our files.]
[Grandchildren, Florence Elon Faure Ward was your great-great-grandmother.]

THE STORY OF FLORENCE ELON FAURE WARD'S LIFE

The year 1954 is just 12 hours old. I have been requested to write the story of my life as I remember living it. I was born in Alvin, Illinois in April 1875, but the birth date was contradicted by a half-sister who was a child of my mother by a former marriage. Her name was Alice Meeks and she had a sister Melissa. Their father died before my father met and married their mother. She was of Scots parentage and her maiden name was [Elizabeth] Jane Huston. She was born in Attica, Indiana on December 17, 1834 and died in November of 1877 [near Alvin, IL].

In February of 1878 my father, [Arneau] Jacinthe Francois Faure, started on an overland trip with his four motherless children, the oldest being Antoinette Aydee Faure, who was about 16 years of age then; my brother Robert Hamilton Faure age 14, my sister Mary Matilda age 10 and I who was about eighteen months old. Of course I have no recollection of the trip itself, only what I recall in after years as they, my sisters and brother, talked of it. My father made the trip primarily to take over a granite quarry which he found to his bitter disappointment was worthless to him, as it was too far from any railroad. As he had invested all he had in it, he did not know just what to do. There were no buildings on the place and he found he had really been swindled. He was so discouraged, after my mother's death and, having been born in France, I expect it took him quite a while to find out that confidence men were no respecters of people who had a little cash. But his money was gone and that was a bad situation for him.

I do not know how or when he met my mother but they were married in Attica, Indiana [marriage license and return is at Warren Co., Indiana Court House] and Aydee and Robert were born there [Robert born State Line City, Indiana per J. F. Faure]. However, when we landed in Ness County, Kansas, with no roof to cover our heads, they rigged up the packing boxes for us girls to sleep in and my father and brother took turns standing watch through the night to keep coyotes and wolves from killing the horses and one cow, which had walked all the way from our Illinois home to Kansas. They worked out enough stone to face the entrance to a dugout in the hillside and later they built a barn. That was a new experience for my father was born in the outskirts of Bordeau, France. His father was French and his mother was Spanish. They were wine merchants and silk manufacturers and I remember seeing some very beautiful silk embroidery that he had brought to America. But he chose not to be a surgeon and served on a man-of-war for France before he came here. We have no record of his landing or what year he came or how he ever drifted to Indiana

or ever met my then widowed mother. Her first husband's name was [Joseph S.] Meeks and he was a boot and shoemaker. I have heard my sister tell of the rugged life we lived on the prairie lands of Kansas and I was old enough before we left to remember some exciting experiences.

Once the indians were on a warpath, I know not what tribe, but they slayed eight families, some of them less than a mile from us. I guess God was looking after us while father was away, for they passed us by and it was soon after that my father moved us to Dodge City, Kansas. Folks soon learn if there is a surgeon or a doctor within miles, at least they did in those days. So soon my father was making long trips on his pony and was often gone for several days. After the Indian scare, he felt we would be better off in some town.

My sister, Mary, and I used to play in the tall buffalo grass, and when the rains came they filled the buffalo wallows (that is the place they bedded at night). Those holes filled with water and she would take me wading and once she almost caused me to drown. As a huge eagle circled overhead she yelled, "Duck, it's gon-to git you", and I guess I ducked, for I remember being pounded and rolled. That cured us of that kind of fun.

I should be the world's biggest coward and I guess I am, for we were always having to watch out for rattlesnakes and centipedes as they were deadly poison. We learned to listen for the rattles, but there was no defense against the deadly centipede in those days. Once we were playing and hiding in the shocks of corn and, to my surprise there was a huge bullsnake coiled up in the shock, so that ended our play time there. We seldom got out of calling distance but we had a cart with wooden wheels and she and I used to wander around and pick up buffalo chips to start the fire with. Buffalo chips are the dried animal manure and they light very quickly when dry.

After we moved to Dodge City, my father rented rooms over a restaurant for us children to live in. That way he felt free and felt we were safe while he was away. By that time, I was about five years old and my sister secured work where she could take me with her. Mary was apprenticed to a milliner. We lived like that until a man named Charles Augustus Bach came on the scene. He told later that he saw my sister, Aydee, going up the stairs and was struck with her beauty and he said to himself, "She is for me", and straight away made it his business to meet her.

My father did not like him because he was a drinking man and father did not approve of that, but they were finally married with the understanding that I was to make my home with them. My sister always told me that when my mother was dying, she placed me in her arms and said, "I am giving Florence to you. See that you make a good girl of her". I think that she succeeded beyond her expectations for, as I recall, I always tried to obey her. The man she married (Charles Bach) was an Alsatian and had been an officer in the German army and, for me, his word was law. He was always very good to me and even when he was drinking he did not abuse us, only with neglect. Twice he used a razor strap on me and I didn't feel that the second time I deserved it and I did not forgive him for that.

He was an atheist and he and my sister used to have some hot Bible arguments. I was only a child, but in one of their out-bursts, I said that if that was the way the Bible made people act, I was never going to church or Sunday School again. I was about fifteen before I went again and he decided he would go to evening services with me. That was after we had moved to Kansas City, Missouri. He finally wound up a member of the First Congregational Church.

Dodge City was a wild frontier town and I had few playmates. I did not start school until I was seven years old, due to the fact that I was inclined to be puny and also due to the fact that my sister had taught me to read at home, even though it was always poems.

My brother found work with a man named Charley Todd and drove overland freight from Dodge City to the Texas panhandle with about eight other drivers. They were like truck transports of our times and only went to places the railroad did not reach. Farm machinery, saddles, groceries, flour, boots, socks and any other articles they had calls for. Todd did not sell the merchandise but just delivered it for others. My brother, Robert, was a very kind, quiet sort and in later years he and my father joined the Oklahoma Land Rush. Robert said the land was not worth racing for, so they ended up going to Wagon Mound, New Mexico. There my brother met and married a young woman whose family name I have forgotten but her given name was Ora [Ora Angeline Townsend. Robert and Ora were married in LaPlata, NM 14 Dec 1892.]. She was pretty and a farmer's daughter and I think Robert worked the farm on shares. He was accidentally shot and died of the wounds on the same day [14 Sept 1895] leaving his wife with two little daughters named Mabel and Roberta. Roberta was nine days old.

The shock was too much for Father and in six weeks [Oct. 1895] he, too, passed on, leaving a young wife with one little girl named Mary [Maria] Ambrosia Faure. Her mother [Cruz Mascarenas] was a direct descendant of a long line of Aztec princesses and her family name was Cruis [Cruz]. I never met any of them but they sent us pictures. Father was a widower for seventeen years and was married about the time Frank Charles Ward and I were married. When Frank wrote to my father to ask his permission to marry me my father got on the train and came to Kansas City to see what sort of man his "papoose" was going to marry. That was his pet name for me.

Well, my Frank fell head over heels in love with my father and I guess my father was well satisfied. My Frank said " Why, he is the finest, well educated old man I have ever met." Father spoke French, Spanish, Mexican and could converse with the Indians in Mexico and spoke English with a French accent and could never say or write "THINK". It always ended with a "G" (like "thing"). I did not see much of him after we left Dodge City as New Mexico was a long way off. Both he and Robert kept in touch with us although I never saw Robert after we left Dodge. Their letters were always telling us how to take care of my health.

When we moved to Kansas City, Mary went back to the town of our birth as both she and I were born in Alvin, Illinois. There she met and married Jack [Andrew Jackson] Millner who was a brother of my half-sister's [Alice] husband, who had changed my birth record which my father had inscribed in my mother's Bible. She could never agree with him on anything, at least that is what my sister, Aydee, told me in after years. It seems the Scots grandparents objected to my father, too, on the grounds that he was a Frenchman and I guess they made him very unhappy sometimes.

None of us received the education we needed and my sister often said if we had, we would have amounted to something. Well, we were never a bad lot and in the course of years Robert had time to write some poems. I still have a copy of "The White Captive" which he composed and sent to me before he was married. From then on his wife did most of the letters.

When I was about thirteen years old my sister rented rooms over a music store on Main Street in Kansas City, Missouri. The front extended out to the alley for the first floor, the second and third floors stopped at the back and left a flat roof where I used to spend my idle time shooting marbles alone. Then I discovered a man named Charley Ward working at a bench. He was doing some beautiful work the like of which I had never seen. He found me watching and for several days just nodded to me. Finally one day he asked if I would like to learn to do that kind of work. Of course I said yes, so he told me to ask my sister about it which I did.

The upshot of that was I was to work six weeks without pay. Then if I proved I could learn metal burnishing I would receive $3.00 per week until I was good enough to get more. During the year he moved to Sixth and May Street and set up power lathes for grinding stove castings that were shipped in from Levenworth, Kansas. He had the entire basement floor and installed huge tanks for electro plating the work in nickel and also had tanks for copper plating, gold plating, also silver and did oxidizing of copper. Of course I was deeply interested in it all. He was a very kind man and treated me as if I were a child of his own. If he thought I was stepping out of place with the other employees, he lost no time in correcting me.

One day he said "Florence, I have a cousin coming from Canada to learn this trade and I want you to set your cap for him". So I answered very glibly, "Sure thing". Well, time went on and I thought nothing of it as he had a habit of quiet teasing to embarrass me. One morning I came to work, changed into my work clothes but as I passed the show case a strange young man stood there reading the paper. All I noticed were his powerfully built hands. I just supposed he was a new person that one of the jewelers had sent in with work that he was waiting for. Mr. Ward was at his desk and I proceeded to my work. Then out of the blue sky I turned and said, "Mr. Ward, when is your cousin or whatever he is to you coming?" It was like a bomb bursting. The paper came down and the young man with the large hands stood smiling broadly. Of course, I was mortified to think I had made such a fluke and I dashed out to the plating room. Mr. Ward came out and said, "Come on in, it's all right", and I blasted right back, "Why didn't you tell me who he was?". Mr. Ward laughed and said, "How was I to know what you were going to say?". So we were properly introduced and that was the beginning of a life long love and friendship and a long courtship. For that man later was to become my husband, but I was less than fifteen years old then.

Frank did learn electro plating and he stayed till Christmas was close on us. Then he returned to his home in Toronto and stayed a year. He told me before he left he would be back the sixth of the next December. I did not give it much thought only to wish I knew him better. He wrote me such nice letters and even his sister, Daisy, used to write to me and I enjoyed the new friendship. He was true to his word, for on the morning of December 6, 1890 he came dashing down the stairs with one of the most beautiful dog skin caps on I had ever seen. He embraced me and said, "You didn't expect me did you?" I said no but I was glad he came. He waited around a few days and finally told me that he thought of going to California, but it all depended on the answer I gave him whether he went or stayed. So I asked to think it over until the next day, but I knew what the answer would be and I think he did too. For it was yes and I was walking on air until I would meet him the next evening as I left the American Plating Works.

So for three years we waited until I would become 18 as my sister would not consent to our marriage before that time. She made things rather uncomfortable for both of us several times. Her one great objection was his poor eye sight. He had been blind as a child for some time due to an improper smallpox vaccination. Whether that was before his parents moved to Toronto or not I do not know. His one good eye was better than both of mine. In later years my sister found that he was a good upright citizen and grew to like him. She told me later that she could not think of any one else having me as she had cared for me so long.

Anyway, we were married on what I always supposed was my eighteenth birthday, the fifteenth of April in 1893, in the parsonage of the First Congregational Church by the Reverend Henry Hopkins. My sister's husband and one of Frank's friends stood up with us. The men from the plating works presented us with a beautiful platform rocker and the man who then owned the business gave us $5.00 as those days brides-to-be did not have showers. I had been preparing and had bedding and linens. Frank had bought a complete new bedroom suite, a dining table and four chairs. We bought a gasoline stove to cook on. He had rented three nice rooms and we had been up and tacked the carpet down and the men set up the furniture so we were ready to start house keeping. The Minister teased Frank by telling him how fortunate he was to get a wife with no voice as I was so hoarse from a cold that I could hardly speak aloud. My sister had a lovely supper for us and when we started for our new home her husband walked part way with us and it was a beautiful night. The rooms were at 2105 Charlotte Ave. and it was there our first child was born on April 18, 1894. We had been married one year and three days. He is Fredrick Earnest Ward, who now lives in Wichita, Kansas.

The balance of my story will be about the different things that happened along life's roads. Sometimes they were pretty trying but we usually came to the surface without too many regrets. My husband was born in Detroit, Michigan on July 4, 1867 and was always very proud of that fact. His father was a leading jeweler in Detroit and had a large number of men working for him who did special hand engraving, watch making and special pieces of jewelry. They moved to Toronto, Canada when Frank was very small. He lived there until he came West to work for his cousin Charley Ward and, as fate decreed, to meet me. That, I think, was in the summer of 1889.

When Fred was about three months old Dan Livingstone came to live in our home as he was Frank's prospective brother-in-law. It was then we moved to Forest Ave. to have more room. Soon after that Frank's youngest brother [Wilbur "Will"] came West to attend Theological School in Parkville, Missouri. But he was restless and soon returned to his home after working long enough to earn his train fare home. I think Frank's parents had moved to Buffalo, New York, by that time and Wilbur met and married Margaret Rouse. They had a son that did not survive long and Will soon got tired and joined the Canadian Army, serving in South Africa during the Boer War and later as a gunnery instructor. Later, as an Xray man in a veterans hospital in Saskatchewan, Canada, he contracted tuberculosis and died there.

After he left us, Nell and Dan Livingstone moved and we moved to 916 Grove Street. There our second child, Mabel Florence Ward, was born on January 30, 1896. She was a lovely black haired child, with beautiful long hands and Frank said, "There, she is going to be my piano player". That dream did not come true for we did not get a piano until after she was married and we were living in Flint, Michigan, and her husband was over in France in the first World War.

We did move to Buffalo, New York when she was six months old. Frank was getting restless and came in from work one evening and said, "Get your sewing done and your glad rags ready, we are going to Buffalo and be there for Dominion Day". A lot of his old friends would be over from Toronto and some of his cousins, too. I really hurried, too, for I must have those two little ones dressed to be admired, and they were. We arrived at his parent's home at 75 Charlotte Avenue at 6 AM in a horse-drawn taxicab. They were just at breakfast and I was so tired I hardly knew what to do first, as I did not realize what traveling with two small children meant. Grandmother Fanny Ward took over until I got rested and I did not know what parting with my sister meant until that moment arrived.

I have often said I never had but one good cup of coffee in my life and that was en route to Buffalo when we laid over at Toledo, Ohio and had breakfast in the station. The young man said "plenty of good coffee and cream, but no sugar". It was the best I ever tasted and I felt refreshed, but there was still an all night travel ahead.

We waited until the tenants downstairs moved. Then we bought all new furniture and again settled down for nearly six years. We bought the house and Frank's parents and his brother, Walter, and two sisters, Mabel and Rose, occupied the second and third floor. We did all right till Frank had brain fever. His youngest sister, Rose, was an angel of mercy for me as she took the children to the park zoo every day until the danger was past. The Doctor said, "Don't leave him for a moment", and I didn't. His blessed mother saw to it that we were all fed until the crisis was past. Then the Doctor said, "If you want him to help you raise those children (and there were then four of them) you must get him out of that shop work and into the open where he can have plenty of fresh air".

When he was well enough to talk about it I told him what Dr. Middelton had advised and he agreed to try it. So I did some more sewing on the fly. Frank's mother worked dozens of button holes for me as she was a beautiful needle worker and always laughed at my button holes and called them "pig eyes", but it was always good natured criticism so I did not mind. She helped me over many a rough spot and I think she really loved me as well as the rest of the family. It took Frank's father a while to get used to my western ways, but he finally did. He thought I had brought his son home to die as did one other of his daughter-in-laws.

When we got through selling what we could and Frank had bought a bakery wagon and had outfitted it for traveling, along with one good horse named Billy, and I had all the children outfitted in dark clothes suitable for road traveling, we had a cash sum of five hundred dollars left. So we left Buffalo on June 9, 1902. Frank's mother and sister, Rose, rode with us to the end of the street car line, then amid tears we departed for where we did not know, but we were headed for California. The Buffalo Courier gave us a big write up and had a picture of our horse, wagon and family in the Sunday paper. People were watching for us all along the lake shore road.

We spent our first night out at Silver Creek, and Frank had fortified himself with a new Gramophone and 70 new cylinder records. So we were made welcome, for few homes had phonographs at that time as they were expensive. It rained all through June and the children had to wear their winter undies. The further west we traveled the more it rained. The flood waters ruined millions of acres and it was like pulling teeth to even get feed for the horse. The

roads kept getting worse as there were few paved roads except in the cities. When we got to Elkhart, Indiana we packed the excess baggage and shipped it by freight to Kansas City, as we were going to stop and see my sister. Mary and her husband had moved there and I had not seen her since we left Dodge City, Kansas. Well, we felt the horse had a lighter load as I had taken things I loved and things which were dear to the children and Frank had at least one hundred pounds of music which was all lost at one place where we struck a real flood. We lost a lot of things we cherished.

We finally reached Chicago, Illinois and the wooden sidewalks were floating all around. Where we had camped in the Maumee Valley the mosquitoes had nearly devoured both the horse and us. Frank said I had better take the two girls and Frank, Jr. and go on to Kansas City by train. When I saw the swollen bites on young Frank I agreed to do so, but it did not make me very happy to leave he and Fred to continue the trip alone. I guess it was a pretty rough trip from then on. We stopped in Chicago a couple of days and where we camped there had been a band of Gypsies stop there the week before. The police were about to run us out but Frank's credentials saved us. So we stayed unmolested.

We had camped with that same band of Gypsies a few nights before and they were greatly interested in Frank's wagon and the conveniences he had in it. We could have table room out of the bunks that were for sleeping purposes. We had an oil stove in the rear that we could use when it was raining, which it did most of the trip. They had a fight among them during the night and Frank sat on the wagon seat with his shotgun ready for business if they bothered us. One night he had left the wagon to entertain a family who had a sick woman in the home. While he was gone a couple of hobos came up and were going to take over the wagon. I could use a revolver and they soon lit out. Frank found them the next morning asleep in the carriage shed. They were easily frightened for all I did was say, "Git out" and shove the point of the revolver through the opening in the curtains. I was glad, as I really would have been frightened if they had attempted to climb on board and the children were in bed.

The three children and I arrived in Kansas City and were warmly welcomed by my sister and her family. We washed up and later in the day went to what was known as East Bottoms to visit my sister Mary. Of course that was a joy to behold for we two to meet again. We visited with Frank's sister, Nell, who lived over the river on the Kansas side in a new settlement called Quindaro Boulevard. It had a street car and one store and a country doctor. Later Jack Millner and Frank bought lots side by side and built new houses which we sold later and once more we were on the move. This time to Arkansas where we lived for thirteen years. Muriel was born while we lived in Quindaro, Kansas. We had been staying with Nell while the building was going on. They erected one room 24 by 30 for us to begin with and my sister Mary and her husband occupied that while they built one of like size for them.

But, one Sunday morning they had to change their plans quickly for I walked down thru the deep snow to tell them they would have to prepare a place for me. So Mary hurriedly moved what she could over to the unfinished building that they were just shingling and of course our room was just sided and roofed. There was a stove and they erected a bed for me by nailing two by fours to the wall and fastened a pair of bed springs to them. I guess they were a pair of Mary's bed springs and I think I must have felt a little as did Mary, the mother of Jesus, when they made room for her in the stable. It was Sunday so Frank, Jack Millner and Dan Livingstone were working on Jack's roof

when I interrupted their labor. Frank hustled out to find a doctor and he was a poor specimen when he arrived. He said after a few minutes "that child will not be born before evening and I have office hours in one half an hour so I will come as soon as office hours are over". Well, Muriel was born without the doctor being there. Frank went after him and I could hear Frank blasting him before they reached the door. When the newborn child had been taken care of and my needs attended to, Frank asked the doctor what he owed him. He told Frank $12.00 and Frank paid him and said, "It's all right but you don't deserve it".

When the weather warmed Frank undertook to raise the building to lay the foundation under it. Those were usually Sunday jobs as they were doing their own work. I was bathing Muriel and suddenly the jack slipped out from under the corner of the building and Muriel and I and the basin, stove and everything that was loose slid down to that side of the building, which was a drop of about a foot and a half. Frank was as badly frightened as I was for the stove was hot and of course the baby yelled as we struck the side of the building. Well, we stayed there for about eighteen months. Long enough for both men to make each of us a nice six room home. It was there in that friendly neighborhood that I earned the nickname of "Doc Ward". There were four babies born within a short time and they felt that I was safe to take care of those mothers as they were all like ourselves, trying to establish homes of their own. One of the babies belonged to Frank's sister, Nellie Livingstone, one was a McGuire, one a Silvers, one belonged next door to Will Grant and one to a family below us whose name I have forgotten.

During the winter Frank and Jack Millner decided to go hunting CHEAP land. They were booming in the Southwest, so off they went traveling all through lower Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas. They finally wound up in the foothills of the Ozarks and bought 420 acres of fine timber land. Jack had been a good Illinois farmer, but he didn't know anything about hillbilly farming and Frank was depending on Jack for learning. They both had a lot more to learn than they thought. Frank had never plowed a furrow in his life but he learned and he had always been skilled in whatever work he did. So the second year was not as bad. He had learned how to fell trees and hew railroad ties. The blade of a broad axe is about 12 inches wide and set off at an angle. He was persistent and turned out good ties.

They finally got a saw mill man to move in and then the hewing stopped as they could have them sawed at the mill, so the skids were always full. The man, Albert Young, decided he would rather grow cotton in the bottoms, so Frank and Jack bought him out. You must understand that those trees were the only bank account we had and when we needed provisions or the children needed clothing it was railroad ties that paid for them. Before that they both worked away from home. They built a dam at Kings Mill for power to run the feed mill, built the foundation for the Ash Flat school house and a lot of huge fireplaces.

In the meantime Frank set out six acres of orchard to peaches and apples. So he figured to have money coming in from those trees in a few years, which they did. Some years the crop was good and prices were good, but our baskets cost ten cents each and labor for picking and packing was fifty cents a day. When they finished at the orchard they could come to the house and peel while I canned. One year we got skinned by an outside buyer, but we finally got fifty dollars out of the scrimmage.

It was there that our son, Reginald Cowley Ward, was born and after that

breath-taking name that his father had bestowed on him, he decided to call him Rex. Rex always disliked the name Reginald and said that was bad enough without having the Cowley stuck in it. Cowley was his paternal Grandmother's family name and as English were very proud of their ancestors, Frank thought he was bestowing an honor on his son.

We were still living in the 24 by 24 foot room for sleeping quarters and Frank had enclosed a west porch for a kitchen. The cook shack that was in use when we arrived there had most of the shingles off and most of the floor out. When I asked the old lady from whose husband our men had bought the place, why the two broad floor boards had been taken out she said, "To let the cats get in and out." There were plenty of cats as we had to put our food under boxes and weigh them down. After a couple of years Frank got logs to the mill and he began a new house of six rooms for us nearer the main road. We never got it completely finished upstairs, but did have the downstairs with double floors and oak woodwork that was beautiful.

Hazel, Fanny and Aydee were born there in the new house. We had nice large windows, one glass to a sash and we were delighted to have them. The people were a little suspicious of us until they found we were not outlaws. One day that same old lady said "What did you'uns do to git run out of de Norf?". Well I was unprepared for that and I explained that Frank's health was so poor that the doctor advised him to try outside work. After that they seemed to like us a lot better. My sister Mary taught a lot of the women how to make light bread as all they knew was Johnny Cake and biscuits. Folks called it a God forsaken country, but I said, "No, they could not survive if it were God forsaken". Those people, at least the older ones, could not read or write, but they could go to the woods and find food none of us knew about. They followed bees to their hives hidden in hollow trees and had all the honey they could use. The women wove blankets out of wool they sheared from their own sheep and dyed it the most beautiful colors from dyes they made out of the bark of trees and even some sort of clay that only they knew how to use. I lived in terror all those thirteen years because of copperhead snakes, rattlers, water moccasins and Texas fever ticks. It was a nightly job to see that every child was looked over and all the ticks removed.

Frank bought a molasses mill so we could make our own molasses. Soon the neighbors were coming with their sugar cane to be made up on shares, as there was no cane mill near us. So we learned to make good molasses and shipped two fifty gallon barrels when we moved to Flint, Michigan.

When the first World War came we had just had an ordeal with Diptheria which took the life of our Fanny who would have been two years old in a few days. We were really just getting on our feet after an awful struggle of learning to live in the Southland. Frank had organized an orchestra of about all the young people in the neighborhood. He taught them from the music books he bought to play instruments from the Wurlitzer Music House in Chicago that they were paying for by the month. They were able to play for Red Cross gatherings and he bought a gasoline lantern so they would have light for night playing. All of them appreciated what he was doing. Our Frank Jr. played violin, Daisy violin, Muriel guitar and their father took up the mandolin. Some of them had wind instruments but not one of them knew one note from the other until he taught them. After Fanny passed on, our son Frank Jr. said, "I can't stand it here any longer Mother, I am going to enlist." He did enlist with the National Guard but something happened to that and he had to have our signatures before he could enlist in the field artillery. After many disappointing trips he finally got off.

It was then that his father grew discouraged and said "I can't do any good here." So the place was sold and he went to Flint, Michigan to work in the big room where they made parts of mortar shells. In about two weeks I and the children followed. The day he left, Mabel's husband, Harvey Lloyd Caywood, left for Camp Pike. So Mabel had to look after the sale of their possessions and I had the clean up job left from our sale. It was a lot for both of us but we were used to having to manage. I packed four barrels of canned fruit and vegetables and got the molasses and our luggage hauled to Hardy, Arkansas, which was nine miles away from us. We finally got to the station and I drew out $200.00 for our expenses and we started for Flint, Michigan.

Frank's sister Rose welcomed us into her home, as did her husband and I felt it was a lot for them to do as they had a family of five children of their own. With seven of us piling in and Frank already there it was an undertaking. We were unable to rent a place and I finally found a lower floor with five rooms for $30.00 a month. When they found out we had two small children they upped the rent to $35.50 per month. It was near a railroad crossing and the crossing bell was clanging most of the night. So my good husband said, "You get hold of a real estate man and get us out of this hole."

Well, I rode for two weeks before I found anything within our financial reach and it needed overhauling. It had a nice cement basement, so we soon had a furnace installed. Frank built an extra bedroom on the back and built up the porch and laid a foundation under it. So when we painted it we were quite well satisfied. We had a bath tub installed, too, as there was the seat and a wash bowl. It was a ten minute walk to the Buick factory where he worked. When the Armistice was signed it was a false alarm, but when it came a week later, Flint's citizens went wild. The workmen left with their aprons on and every available truck and car was on Saginaw Street with horns, bells and noise makers of every description -- frying pans, dish pans, kettles and anything they could buy that they could pound on. I took the children down to hear it and went home tired out.

When Frank arrived I was out on the porch with the gramophone blaring the Marseillaise, which he never forgot. Mabel's husband came home first and they made a trip back to their home that was not quite finished when he was drafted. The windows had been stolen and fire had destroyed their fences. They came back to Flint, leaving their ruined home for some land man to sell. Lloyd secured work in the Buick factory, too, and went to the Buick night school to learn the automobile trade. He was a crack shot in the service and made a top ranking mechanic.

Our son, Frank Jr., was sent home, but he had some time getting out for he was under age when he enlisted in Arkansas and they thought he ought to return there. After a lot of writing and explanations he was finally released. So once more there were eleven of us as a family. Frank, too, enrolled in the Buick night school for mechanics and he, too, became a first class automobile man. We were in Flint less than two years and the first winter the flu struck. Four of the girls and I were down at the same time. There were no nurses to be had and we were just lucky we got a doctor. We all recovered and Frank, Hazel and Rex escaped it. The next winter Frank Sr. had it and Aydee had Scarlet Fever. Frank returned to work but the noise was too much so we were on the move again.

He traveled all over Maine and I don't know where all and finally came up this way on a hunch. I was not surprised that he liked New York State but when he

came home he said the place was stony and I had said I would not live on that kind of land again. So he left the deal up in the air and said, "What do you say we go up into the lake shore and look things over?" We did, and I was not long in making a decision. It was worse than an Indian Reservation, so we returned to Flint, arriving at midnight.

Frank sent a telegraph to Tobin the real estate man to close the deal for the place he had looked at and wired him $500.00 to bind the deal till we could come. There was an embargo on freight so we had to sell most of our household goods and we had bought quite a lot of new furniture. The house was sold for $5,000.00 in less than five hours after we had the real estate man look it over. Daisy, our second daughter, was married to George Andrew Lear at her Aunt Rose's home a few hours before we left Flint for our New York home. That was on April 15, 1920 and now I shall have to begin a new chapter. So be it.

The Cortland County, New York Chapter

Six of us arrived in Cortland, New York via the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad the evening of April 16, 1920. We had a through train from Flint, Michigan, to Syracuse, New York, where we changed over to the DL&W. There was your father (Frank), Muriel, Rex, Hazel, Aydee and I. We left Flint in a downpour of rain, but found it much cooler as we approached this section of the country. Arriving before dark, Frank hunted up Mr. Tobin the real estate man, who had secured lodgings for us in a private home. The next morning we had breakfast in the Weyants Restaurant. They had no high chair, so they placed a dishpan bottom up on the chair for Aydee to sit on. She promptly slid off, taking the pan with her, but it was a good breakfast.

We were now ready to see the new home. A young man named Carl Beeston drove us out in an open air car and since we were all dressed for spring it was not so comfortable and the two small girls got chilled. The hills were still covered with their winter coat of snow and so was the farm land. The place was not very attractive. The paint was a dirty yellow and there was straw about two feet deep all around the foundation, besides tar paper nailed to the house. It looked rather dismal and I think Muriel was really disappointed.

We were warmly greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Winget, from whom your father was buying the place. We bought what furniture they had to sell for $160.00. It was the best we could do at that time. The range was falling apart, but the base burner was OK and had a good fire in it, for which we were very grateful. So we figured we could make out all right. There were five good cows, all Holsteins and two horses. One was a balky old mare and she was a humdinger as she would balk even going for feed. The tools were worn out, an old walking plow, an old harrow and a broken down mowing machine.

They were an old couple and had put our names in for membership in the Virgil Grange (#457). We appreciated that and I am still a member. We paid a war time price for the 42 acres, which had once sold for $400.00. There was water in the cellar and we later operated 2 - 400 egg incubators down there and had to put bricks under the legs to keep the water from getting into the incubators. Later Frank put in a drain which helped. The well was outside and had one of the chain pumpers that went round and round and drew up the water. We soon got a sink and a pitcher pump which was installed in the kitchen, which was quite a convenience in those days. Frank put in a zinc bath tub much to my disgust, and a chemical toilet at the rear of the back hall.

I think Daisy and George came in September and Mabel and Lloyd around Christmas. Harvey Lloyd Caywood, the second, was born in that farm house on February 19, 1921. Lloyd was working in Dryden at the time and I cannot recall if Frank Jr. had come from Flint or not. I only know Lloyd and George drove that balky mare for wood from up on the hill and drew ice for the ice house and drew sap from the maple trees, which your good father made up into syrup for Mart Sherrar. They each got eight gallons. Dad said, "Never again", and he didn't. That balky mare was all two young men could put up with but they were fine; few fellows would have had their patience. George finally got a job selling tea, coffee and other products, driving our old cutter and the horse that did not balk. Finally he started working for the DL&W Railroad and is still with them. Lloyd worked in a garage for a while and then he and Burgess King went into a partnership, opening a garage [King and Caywood in Cortland, NY] of their own. When Lloyd died they had a thriving business built up. It has been ten years since he was taken from our midst.

We did fairly well on the farm, till sickness overtook us and we had spent all we had on operations and hospital bills. Then Dad injured his heart over-lifting while remodeling a shed adjoining the barn. So he was out for nearly a year. Then Rex, who was still in school, became restless to earn some of his own spending money and was offered a job on the road. Since he had taken over the farm work and there was not enough cash to make ends meet, I traipsed all over Cortland County getting papers signed so he could work. Work he did, and he is still at it (with better financial returns, for which I am truly thankful). After Rex left us Dad and I struggled along alone for a few years. But it was too much for us, and after Hazel and Aydee married, we traded the farm to George and Daisy for their home in Virgil, N.Y.

After five years he disposed of the farm as he found it was too much to serve two jobs and live long. They now had four children and had tried keeping milk goats but that was too much for either one of them, so they decided to get rid of it. They sold it to Leo McGuiness. Frank built a large hen house in the village and a good brooder house so we could carry on the poultry business. I board and roomed several teachers after Dad remodeled the upstairs so we could have three bedrooms. He also made a nice open stairway and changed the cellar stairs. We made a lot of nice friends in Virgil and it was only after we realized Frank could never be any better that we decided to make a change. When our son-in-law, Whit Reynolds, took over the old Frost Florist home on Tompkins Street in Cortland, he offered us a home with he, Aydee, David and Bonnie there, in a nice separate apartment. We felt it was an answer to our prayers.

Frank has been gone almost two years. I am still comfortable and happy and I try to be useful to them and others. What more can I say, but thank all of you wonderful children for the part you have played and had in our lives. I can only hope we shall all meet on that golden shore. Your loving Mother, Florence E.F. Ward

PS: I will have a few after thoughts that come to my mind from time to time and shall try to type them. One is, your father was always experimenting and once made what he called a "Go Devil". It was really a three-rowed potato sprayer which he mounted on a pair of old cultivator wheels. On that he placed a fifty gallon drum equipped with a compression pump which I was to keep in operation by steady pumping. Once one of the wheels came off dumping me inside the spray ring. The compression being good I received a generous green coating. I can hear him laughing still, at my green hair and coveralls.

But I didn't think it was very funny then. Since then I do have a vein of good humor myself. I "rode the Go Devil" again and forgave him for enjoying such a good laugh at my expense. We really did enjoy each other and many of my mistakes created a lot of fun.

I was no housekeeper in my early married life and some of the things I did created a lot of laughter. I was always trying to do some nice things for our evening meal. Frank was fond of warm prune pie so I tried to have one occasionally. We had rooms on the second floor of a double house. There was a board walk between the buildings. This one day I had baked a prune pie and to have it warm for dessert, I set it on the window sill to cool as we had no ice box. When your father came in I had supper ready. When it was time for the pie it had "disappeared". I kept still as I thought he was playing a trick on me. Finally he said, "Where is the pie"? I said, "I put it on the window sill to cool." We looked down and there it was sitting upright on the sidewalk. We both rushed down to get it. Frank picked it up, looked it over and said, "Gosh, it never even cracked the crust!" Believe me, we had a lot of good laughs over my prune pie.

Another time, after we had moved to Forest Ave., Fred was just a little fellow and he could find more things to get into when I was out of the room. We lived on the third floor and had a large porch to hang out the washing on, but there was no way to keep him away from the stairs. So I had to leave him indoors when I hung out the wash. We burned soft coal and kept it in a box by the stove. He had never bothered it, so I left him on the floor with his toys while I hung out the clothes. When I came in I found him in the coal box. He was a sight to behold. He had tried chewing some of the coal and he looked like he enjoyed seeing his tiny hands so black and the clean white dress no longer white. We made the coal box higher. Another time he found he could open the flour box which his father had made for me to hold one hundred pounds of flour, as I did all of our bread making. This time Fred was sifting flour all over the floor. So Frank fixed a lock on the box. Fred was always busy and is yet, only now it's more useful.

Now I think you should know more about your WARD ancestors. Your Great Grandfather Ward was born in Ireland. His wife was Pennsylvania Dutch. He was a jeweler and watch maker. They had three sons, Charles, who was your Grandfather, Ben and George. I never met George, but Ben was the father of the Charles Ward that I worked for. They had one daughter they always called Aunt Mary Trotter. I never met her as she and George passed away while Frank and I lived in Kansas City.

Your Grandfather, Charles Ward, was born in Poughkeepsie, New York on April 29, 1832. I have heard them tell it mattered not where they were living, when it was time for a new arrival, his mother always insisted on returning to Poughkeepsie. I think she must have been a grand person from all I heard of her and she spent the last years with your Grandfather and Grandmother Fanny Ward.

The Charles Ward who was responsible for my being a metal burnisher, was the son of Ben Ward. So there was Charles, Ben Jr. and a sister Kate whom I never met. She was very talented and a grand imitator of voices and instruments. Ben and his wife, who were quite old then, and their son Ben Jr., came to Kansas City to make their home with their son, Charles, that I worked for. Ben Jr. was sort of an idler but could do some very fine painting and sign painting, too. He was really quite an artist.

The early Ward men were original fine craftsmen doing extraordinary fine work as jewelers and watchmakers. Your father's brother, Fred, went to New York City to work for some jewelers at forty dollars a week and he was barely twenty one. Before your Grandfather and Grandmother Fanny Ward moved to Toronto, Canada, Charles and his brothers sold their places of business to take a wild goose chase to Texas, in the neighborhood of what is now known as Houston. They had been left a land grant of timber by some one of the family who had served in the war. The women stayed home and worried about how they would survive until the men returned. Your Grandfather brought back several alligators and a flock of birds that no one in the North had ever seen, but no fortune (similar to my father's fate). A real Ward trait.

Charles had sold a thriving business in Detroit for this "pig in a poke". Your father often spoke of the bitter disappointment to your Grandmother and his Aunt Mary Trotter. Uncle Ben did a lot of gold plating. He was a roly-poly little man, usually good natured, but he had a temper like a buzz saw when he was aroused. He once blasted Frank and I because we laughed when he got a watch chain caught in the scratch brush lathe. He really cursed, which caused the outburst of merriment on our part, as the Ward men seldom used profanity. They always seemed to get along without it. So when Uncle Ben broke loose it really tickled us, more so because the chain was hardly worth replating and did a good job of winding itself around the spindle.

Afterward, Charles sold the plant to a man named Harwood, and from then on it changed hands several times as the men who bought it knew nothing of the plating work. When Frank and I were married a man named Belch was running it. Frank was not working there at that time. But as I started to tell you, the Ward men were of nature versatile, always taking great pride in whatever they did. The brothers were all good sportsmen, owning fine horses, fine boats and Uncle Ben was a fine boxer in his day.

Your father worked at the jeweler bench after, and even before he graduated, and worked for twenty five cents a week for spending money. When he wanted to take clarinet lessons his father said, "Here is a fine fiddle, it's yours if you want to pay for the lessons." His father was so disappointed because he bought a new piano for the two oldest girls and then had to drive them to practice. He was not going to be fooled again. Frank took the violin, which was a very fine instrument and had been picked up on the Crimean battlefield. Frank's father had gotten it in exchange for some fine telescopic lenses that he had that the man needed in observatory work.

Frank stuck to the violin and made a good musician and paid for his lesson repairing jewelry. Finally he was good enough to be accepted in the Queen Street Methodist Church Orchestra in Toronto. His youngest brother, Wilbur, was also a member of the same orchestra. His brother, Fred, was a fine clarinetist and belonged to what was known as the Queen's Own Band. Queen Victoria was still living at that time and the band was named for her. Fred was only twenty-three when he passed away. He was married but there were no children. There were seven of your grandparent's children living when I became Frank's wife, Walter, Nellie, Daisy, Wilbur, Mabel, Rose and your father, Frank. They lost four boys whom I never knew, as all but Fred died in infancy. I think this is about all for now and this is a clear record of the Ward family as I knew them.

Your Mother.

Mud-larking as my husband tells it

In the Sunday, June 8, 1902 Buffalo Courier, was a short article about the way which Frank C. Ward, his wife and his four children, left Buffalo, New York on an overland trip bound for California. This is an account of their trip as far as Kansas City, Missouri, which they reached on September 22, 1902.

The following note was sent with the original description to the Buffalo Courier.

Mr. Casle, Editor of the Sunday Buffalo Courier - 1902

Dear Sir, The Sunday issue of the Courier of June 8th, 1902 gave a short account of our overland trip from Buffalo to California. Enclosed is an account of the trip up to this date. We hope it will of use in your next Sunday edition of the Courier.

I remain yours respectfully,

Frank C. Ward

[Note: Florence Elon Faure Ward taught herself how to use a typewriter about 1953 at age 78. Around 1954, approx. two years after her husband had passed away, she sat down at her typewriter with the original handwritten story by her husband of their overland trip from Buffalo, NY to Kansas City, MO in 1902. She then proceeded to type up her husband's account of their trip from his original writings. In 1987, Roger Edgar Lear, a grandson of Florence Elon Faure Ward, entered her original typewritten copy into his computer, changing sentence structures and new paragraphs where appropriate but not changing the wording. Roger then gave a computer floppy disk copy of this story to his sister, Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell. Donald Leon Terrell then entered it into the computer, using Roger's floppy disk. Below is the story after being edited by Margaret Terrell.]

[Note: A photocopy of the original typewritten story is in our files.]

[Grandchildren: Frank Charles Ward, Sr. and Florence Elon Faure Ward were your great-great-grandparents. The four children that went on the trip with them were Frederick Earnest Ward, Mabel Florence Ward (later to be Caywood), Daisy May Ward (later to be Lear and your great-grandmother) and Frank Charles Ward, Jr. Florence Elon Faure Ward was pregnant with her fifth child, Muriel Frances Ward (later to be Trapp), all during the several month trip, giving birth to Muriel in Kansas City, Kansas, 3 months after they arrived in Kansas City, Missouri. Great-grandmother Daisy May Ward Lear was only 5 years old when she made the trip. Imagine yourselves, grandchildren, taking an overland trip by horse and converted bakery wagon for several months, camping and eating outdoors when you were only five years old!!]

Mud-larking for a vacation -- the mud was plentiful

Our first day out from Buffalo was bright but cool. We made Lakeview that night putting up at a farmer's place who was kind enough to put our rig under his wagon shed. We nearly burned him out for his trouble as in lighting our

stove we got too much oil in the generator and the gas generated so fast that the flames reached the top of the wagon. It was only by blowing and fanning them down that we succeeded in keeping the wagon from taking fire.

Going up Silver Creek hill the next day, we started on a toboggan slide, the hill being very steep and slippery from the rain. With no brakes and a load twice as heavy as the horse, the wagon pulled the horse down at a rapid gait backwards. It was only by jumping quickly and cramping the wagon that an accident was averted. The children were badly frightened as they were not used to that mode of traveling. We had no trouble in finding snug quarters for the night at Mr. Salisbury's place as he had read an account of our trip in the Courier and was on the lookout for us. He entertained us right royally. Going thru Ripley we noticed a milk man ahead of us who kept looking back. Turning off at a side street, he waited for us. As we got opposite him he said, "How-de-do, is this the Ward from Buffalo?" and being assured it was he said "Say, can you use a quart of milk? I'd like to have the honor of saying I had given you a drink of milk on your journey." The four children soon disposed of it and noticing a yearning look for more he ladled out another quart that disappeared in the same manner. Wishing us good luck he quickly drove away, probably fearful that his customer's milk would soon be all in our wagon instead of his.

At Westfield we had our first tramp experience. A heavy storm was coming up and we put in for shelter behind the village church. As it got dark very quickly, we just had time to get the horse unharnessed before it struck. So, leaving my wife I started to hunt shelter for the horse which I succeeded in finding close by. On coming back, my wife told me some man had come prowling around and lifted the curtain (on the wagon). But on being told to get out, he had gone away. In the morning on getting up we found one man lying along the sill of the carriage shed and the other one stretched out on a bed made by laying stove wood out like a corduroy road. They appeared to be father and son and as soon as they saw us up, they jumped on their tandem (bicycle) and rode off. Up to this time, thanks to the Courier, we had no trouble finding accommodation for ourselves and the horse, as everybody that had taken that paper saw the account of our starting on the journey.

At Genoa, Ohio we had our first difficulty, having tried from 5 PM o'clock till nearly dark to find a farmer who would allow us to stop in his backyard. We at least struck the village and on going thru the alley we asked a man who was lying on his back steps if he had any objection to our resting there for the night. He said, "Not the least, and you may have the use of my shed for your horse". The wood shed had a large packing case in it and a board knocked off the side. There was hardly enough room for the horse to turn around. However, we put him in and in the morning, on getting up, we were greeted with a whinny, and on looking around we saw his head sticking out of the side of the shed. We opened the door and found him with both hind feet in the packing case and the harness tied up in knots. We had to do some juggling to get him loose and straightened out.

We passed through Toledo in a blinding rain storm and struck the Maumee Valley that evening. We could find no one to take us in so we camped in the woods alongside of the road. The mosquitos and horse flies were so bad we were glad to get away at the first peep of dawn, dressing the children as we drove along.

We had our first bad road going into Swanton, Ohio. Asking for directions we were told to take the road going South, which landed us toward evening in a

swamp, with a sandy road over which we had to walk for nine miles, the horse being unable to pull the wagon only a hundred yards and then resting. By good fortune we found a place to stop overnight. The next morning we had six miles more of the same kind of road. We broke both traces pulling out of holes, and we arrived in Swanton with one trace made of rope and the other patched with a length of telegraph wire. When we stopped for repairs we were told that some "smart alec" had directed us to that road and that he had probably crowed over sending a "city chap" over into the swamp that evening to an admiring crowd of listeners. We had, up to this time, rain every day, but the roads had been good, either macadam or gravel. We began now to get a sample of mud plastering that lasted to the end of the trip in Kansas City, Missouri.

The horse was beginning to feel the continuous road work and the chilling rains. We could only get about fifteen miles a day out of him. At Edgerton, Ohio, we met a Mr. Morton who said he had traveled from Montana by wagon and asked if we wished to trade wagons, as his was a light one and he thought we would be able to make better time with it. So we looked at it and decided to swap. We unloaded on the banks of the St. Joe River and although we covered with canvas everything got good and wet. It was here that we lost a lot of valuable belongings as the high water swept them away. We slept in a hay mow for the two days we spent there refilling our new wagon, which we found would not commence to hold what we had left. So we boxed what we could do without and sent it by freight to Kansas City.

The next day was the fourth of July [Frank, Sr.'s 35th Birthday] and we celebrated by traveling all day carrying the box with us as we could not find a freight office open. At South Bend, Indiana, we decided to stop a few days and rest the horse, as he was becoming very tired. We located at a school house a little off the main road and was hardly settled there before I was asked if I wanted to work harvesting. I said I was willing but was no farmer. However, they were glad to get help of any kind, so we put in two weeks there, getting three and one half days work during that time due to the wet weather. From there we turned southwest toward Valparaiso, Indiana, as we were told the roads were impassable further north and that everything was under water for fifty miles around Chicago, Illinois. Camping at school house grounds (which by the way, seemed to be the resting place for "weary Willies") with a band of Gypsy horse traders who called themselves "The Broadway Brothers of Buffalo". We were advised to go back as the further west we went the worse the roads were. But this did not alter our determination to go on. The next day we struck the finest road of our travel for the twenty miles before entering Chicago. The road was of crushed stone with a top dressing of cement and as smooth as a floor. The Gypsies had told us we would find a campground at 71St and Indiana Ave. within the city limits of Chicago. But on reaching there we were warned away. Showing the article in the Courier, which I used as a sort of credential, I was informed that we might stay until Monday.

We had decided then that the weather was so miserable that it would be best for my wife and three of the children to go on to Kansas City by rail. I and my eldest son, Fred, would continue the trip in the wagon.

After seeing them off, we went back to the camp and remained another day, until we altered the wagon to suit our convenience. For several days now, we had fair roads and dry weather. We followed the Hennipin Canal from Chicago to Juliet to Princeton, where we again encountered rain and bad roads.

Reaching Medina, Illinois, we found the only way to make time was to get another horse and met a man who had more horses than he needed. He was a

swapper or trader so I swapped my shotgun, which had cost me five dollars, for a mare whose only fault was that she was totally blind. I intended to drive one horse for a half day and then trail it and drive the other. Another man standing nearby got the trading fever and said he guessed he could fix me up with a double set of harness for my rifle, which had also cost me five dollars. So we got a horse and double harness for ten dollars, which was a "pretty good deal".

We camped at the foot of a hill and it rained all night. I had no experience with double harness and I felt disgusted with the trade and wished the pole and harness back where they came from. It stopped raining about 8 AM, so I got out in the mud taking off the shafts and putting on the pole. I swung the shafts under the wagon in case one of the horses died. We managed to get the harness on all right and before the day was through I was patting myself on the back for the good deal I had made, for we now had a taste of prairie gumbo or mud. The wheels were sinking to the hubs and picking up from one hundred to three hundred pounds of mud at every revolution.

We had been traveling for several weeks through the corn belt and the corn was just getting fit for feed. It had been difficult to get feed for the horses. Last season's crop had been short and the farmers had just enough to carry them through until this season's crop was harvested. Going along one day about noon, we talked to a farmer who was trimming a hedge fence. We asked for a feed of corn. He said, "Say mister, you haven't been traveling long, have you?" On being told he was right he said, "I thought so. When you want feed go in and get it without asking, every farmer expects you to help yourself whether you do or not,so you might as well have the game as the blame." I said, "All right" and jumping over the fence I helped myself to his best corn, while he stood with a half foolish grin on his face. He said, "Say, you'll do. I hain't goin' to give you any more advice, so good day".

We stopped one evening at an Irishman's place and experienced the worst storm of the trip. The wind blew a hurricane and the rain came down so hard it was impossible to see a hundred feet in front of you. The lightning and thunder was terrific. Going out to the road the next morning, we found the bridge was washed out. We were determined to try to ford it, so we waded the horses in and although they lost their footing several times, we managed to reach the other bank a little the worse for mud but safe. We had not gone more than five miles before we struck another bridge that had shifted with the storm. The blind horse stepped on a rotten section and broke through, first her fore feet and then her hind feet. She hung resting on her body, her feet dangling below the bridge. I got out in the mud feeling sure I would have to shoot her as I did not see how she could have escaped having broken bones. But barring two skinned hind legs, she was all right. So I fished around in the mud and got a collection of broken logs and timbers under her feet and she finally got out all right.

We had settled to cross the Mississippi River at Fort Madison, but were scared out as we were told the hills and sand were pretty bad. So we turned south and crossed at Keokuk, having a good road right to the river. When we got across and started on the other side into Missouri we had as bad a road for twelve miles as we could ever imagine. The river had been up over the banks so long that the ground was soft up to three feet deep. The heavy wagons had worn ruts clean up to the hubs and the wheels were one solid mass of mud. On asking how much more there was of it, we were told, "For God's sake, mister, don't go any further. You are only just starting on it!" Missouri was nothing but one big mud hole and without a doubt Missouri took the cake for

bad roads. When it was not mud, it was hills and yellow clay that slipped from under the horse's feet as if it was soap. For several days we traveled over country that had not a mile of level road on it. We were now in the "Land of the Swappers".

Every time we stopped, someone would want to know if we had anything we wanted to swap. One old uncle about eighty years old approached us and said, "Say boss, does you want to swap your blind horse fer a mule? He's a little bunged up but purty good yet." Of course his bunged up mule was declined with thanks.

I had used my gramophone wherever we had stopped in the evening. It gave the people some music for their kindness and being somewhat of a ventriloquist I managed to get quite a lot of amusement out of it. On starting it going I would ask the box some foolish question relative to the people or music, and answer it as foolishly. One lady who appeared to be well educated asked if I could make it answer any question I would put to it and I thought her husband would collapse the way he gave her the merry "haw haw".

At another place they had a help home service phone in the country of about twenty subscribers. Nothing would do but that I must set it up so that every one could heard it on the line. One lady was admiring the distinctiveness of the different instruments when her husband said, "Annie, can't you feel the wind from the big brass horn?". She put her hand up in front of the instrument to see if she could feel it and did not know which way to look when everyone laughed.

We were now approaching Kansas City and left Lexington with the assurance that we would see hard macadam roads once more for about twenty miles before we entered Kansas City. We were following the Missouri River now along a bluff road without camping grounds and nothing but miner's shanties with no yard room for travelers, let alone strangers. So we just had to pull in alongside the bluff and tie up for the night. The next morning, in turning to avoid a big rut, we ran off the edge of a plank bridge and pretty near went over. As we occupied the whole roadway, all we had to do was wait until some one came along that wanted to get by, and we soon had help enough to get the wagon lifted onto the road again.

We had figured we would reach Kansas City Saturday morning about noon. As we passed through Independence, which was about twelve miles east of the city, I telephoned my wife to meet us at the end of the car line. Getting in about half past ten I tried to phone several friends at their business places. I could get no reply. Hearing people singing hymns over the drugstore I was phoning from, I wondered if Kansas City had reformed and was having Sundays on every day of the week. The joke was on me, for it was Sunday and not Saturday. I cannot find out or have not found out where we lost one whole day in one week. We have crossed about one thousand three hundred miles of country. If the crops are any indication of prosperity, we will certainly have it for another year, for with the exception of the low lands, they are magnificent. Kansas City has improved tremendously in the seven years we have been absent from it, and it promises to be the city of the middle west. Its parks and boulevards are rivals for many of the eastern cities and its business places and places of amusement are second to none.

We expect to winter here and go on to southern California on the first indication of spring. We can only hope that the latter part of the journey will not be as wet as the first. We have had the best of health and have had

the pleasure of seeing more of our people and our country than could have been seen in any other mode of traveling.

Frank C. Ward

Note to our children - I have tried to make a correct copy of this narrative as your father wrote it and I am sure you will treasure it some day. It has been fifty-two years since your father wrote this article and I really think he would give one of those little grins of his could he but know that I had typed it for his children to read after these many years. The pencil writing has grown dim, so too have my eyes, but I have it all here for you and I don't think I have omitted more than two or three words as he had it written. If I hit the wrong key some times I have tried to correct it. It is up to all of you to be better typists than your mother.

Florence Elon Faure Ward
March 25, 1954
109 Tompkins Street
Cortland, New York

[Note by Margaret Lear Terrell: Microfilm of the June 8, 1902 Buffalo Courier did indeed have the first article and a picture of Frank, Florence and the four children standing by the converted bakery wagon.

However, I could not find the "Mud-larking" letter in the Sunday papers for several issues after September 22, 1902. I now realize that I might not have searched far enough. Frank's letter has only the year "1902" and it's possible he didn't have time to write it until the end of December 1902. Giving the paper time to prepare the article etc. it could have been printed in January or February 1903. At this time I think I probably stopped with the last Sunday in Dec 1902.]

P O E M S

Composed by

FLORENCE ELON FAURE WARD

[Note: Below are just a few dozen of the many, many poems that Florence Elon Faure Ward composed during her lifetime. Florence Elon Faure Ward "cut her teeth" on poems when she was but a very small child. In fact, her older sister, Antoinette Aydee Faure, taught her how to read by reading poems to her little sister when Florence was just a child. Their mother, Elizabeth Jane Huston Faure, had died when Florence was only a baby. Since Florence did not attend school until she was seven years old, she probably learned how to write also by composing some of her own poems. We do not know for certain that all of the following poems were composed by Florence Elon Faure Ward, although most of them reflect her life or that of her loved ones. The following poems are from a collection of poems, some in her own handwriting, some in her original typing, some typed up by her from her original writings, some typed up by others from her original writings or copies of them. We hope that you will enjoy them as much as we have. Grandchildren, Florence Elon Faure Ward was your great-great-grandmother.]

[Note: Florence Elon Faure Ward wrote this poem, we think around 1953, when she taught herself how to use a typewriter at about 78 years of age. We have entered it into our computer so that it will print out just like she typed it many years ago. We think it was around 1953 because she started typing the story of her life on 01 Jan 1954. This is the way she typed the poem.]

Tis I the dumb student'
There was an old lady ;as I've heard tell,
Who wanted to type -and -do it well
So she bought A machine ,and started to school
But had to give up -for the weather was cool,
So she sits alone at home on her stool,
And ponders on "the home key "rule
If ever she conquors that wonderful feat
She will make a bow and return to her seat.

She sits at home and pecks away,
"An'your'e Durn tootin'she 'll learn some day.

Want to bet ?

A MOTHERLESS MOTHER

Often I'm filled with longing, longing that will not depart
A longing that lingers with me to do a daughter's part
As I gaze with envy around me at women with cheeks aglow
Reciting some wondrous love tale of a mother I do not know.
I wonder in utter silence as I linger by their side
If life would have been easier with a mother's hand to guide.
I have no recollection of a mother with graying hair
No memory of hands all worn with toil and daily care.
But I bow my head in reverence at the dawn of Mother's day
And wear with pride on my faded gown a Mother's day bouquet.
And I smile to myself in my happiness, as a child I am being led
To the shrine of devoted children for the living and the dead.

[Grandchildren: Your great-great-grandmother, Florence Elon Faure Ward, composed the following poem and then wrote at the top of the poem "My children's father" and then added "1914". She was writing it for her children about their father (and your great-great- grandfather), Frank Charles Ward,Sr., born 04 July 1867, who was too old for World War I. They were living in Hardy, Arkansas at the time.]

When Daddy Goes Recruiting

In Hardy they're recruiting,
They say they're coming fine.
When Daddy goes recruiting,
The boys all fall in line,
For he's a patriotic chap,
And always has the time
To help his neighbor's boys across
The places hard to climb.

He travels forth to Hardy
A time or two a week.
The boys they ask the questions,
He must the answers seek.
The cards they get read not the same,
The boys they don't know who to blame.

But Daddy's past the fifty mark
And cannot shoulder arms
But he can do his bit at home
And run down false alarms.
And while he's helping other boys
His own son, too, must go
And help to win a battle for
Uncle Sam, you know.

So he and all the neighbor boys,
Will go with regiment four,
While Daddy's patriotic pride
Will take another soar.
And when Dad's time on earth is done,
The boys that he befriended,
Will lift their hats and each will say,
"It is as God intended".

The Drive

The last big drive is on,
Spare not your righteous ire,
And give your lusty enemy
The fight they so desire.
They're so besmirched with sin,
They must not enter in
They have not spared the wives abroad,
They've lost respect for man and God,
So drive with force with might and main,
And if they struggle up again,
Fear not, for shot and shell shall reign,
And fire, fire, fire!

[Note: Below is a poem written by Florence Elon Faure Ward about her first trip on an airplane at age 79 to Wichita, Kansas to visit her oldest son, Fred Ward and wife, Alice.
Grandchildren: Florence Elon Faure Ward was your great-great-grandmother.]

My Homeward Flight from Wichita Kansas
to Syracuse, N.Y.
Thence to Cortland, N.Y.
9 hours 1,300 miles
11-22-54 [22 Nov 1954]

We rose before the sun that Morn,
(The Day I started back)
The luggage all was buckled
Grips and bags were both intact.
I had that lonesome feeling
It would hurt, to say "Good bye",
To the two that I was leaving
Way out West - "I dared not cry".
And so my Son, he cleared his throat
And straightened tie and collar,
Then said: "I'll go and start the car,
And you and Mother "foller",
Now that word "foller" means a lot -
To folks where I grew up,
It has been used I've heard folks say,
Since Rover was a pup.
We soon were on the highway
The time it really flew
And before we even noticed
The air field came in view.
So they checked my bags and ticket -
Said everything was right
Flight 748 would get
Me home that night -
And the air field in that city
Has the longest widest run -
And their buildings are so pretty
In the early morning sun.
We waited 'til the plane came in,
The passengers all out,
Then - down the escalator
AND I gave a lusty shout,
When I nearly missed the landing -
Whew! it turned me round-a-bout!
My children helped me board the plane,
And yet, I dared not cry.
They each gave me a fond embrace -
And then - It was, "Good bye".
The flight begun, we went aloft
To thirteen thousand feet -
The sun was bright, the air was warm,
I had a splendid seat.
A window like a port hole
Where I could see below
The silver ribbons cross the land
Where mighty rivers flow.

I dined in Old Chicago
For there we had to wait,
For flight on to the East
They said, was just a wee bit late.
From Chicago on, the weather was
Mixed with rain and snow.
So higher up we traveled
And viewed the clouds below.
Some clouds were dark and angry,
And others frilly white,
But the plane kept on its mighty way,
To reach Detroit by night.
And there the snow was falling
As the plane came to a rest
The Hostess had a friendly smile,
To welcome each new guest.

Then we were off to Buffalo
A quarter of the moon arose,
Above my one time home,
From whence behind a horse I rode
The Western Land to roam.
Arriving there we stopped again
For passengers to board,
Rochester next our hostess said,
I thanked the blessed Lord -
Then our next stop, was Syracuse
A fifteen minute flight
And every city we now passed
Was all ablaze with light.

I never shall forget that trip
My first one in a plane
A round trip ticket to the West
And then back East again.
My children met me at the gate,
We laughed and hugged and kissed
And I was welcomed home again,
I really had been missed.

So neighbors when you travel
And really want a treat
Just climb aboard an airplane -
It simply can't be beat.
And if I travel any more
And have to beg or borrow
The airways got me in its grip -
"I'd fly again tomorrow".

[Note: Below is a Salute to Daisy & George Lear on their 25th Wedding Anniversary, April 15 1945, written by Florence Elon Faure Ward, mother of Daisy May Ward Lear. Daisy and George Andrew Lear were married April 15 1920. Grandchildren, Florence Elon Faure Ward was your great-great-grandmother.]

A Salute to Daisy & George Lear-
On their 25th Anniversary-April 15th-1945
In Virgil New York-

Five and twenty years ago, These two young Folk were wed,
They lived in Flint - in Michigan, and earned their daily bread,
When first they met-Young George was Charming-
Blithe and debonair,
He vowed he'd win our Daisy, would she have him? Did she care?
And he pressed his suit with ardor, leaving other Boys aghast
While he dogged her wishful , foot-steps,
George was working,"Working Fast",
Daisy loved him for his boldness- always smiling- full of fun,
And Say's she-I think I'll take him -
Looks like he had really won.

We'll be married on your Birthday,and your Anniversary too,
When you're settled in New York State - we will come and live near You,
Soon they settled down in Virgil-George sold Coffee , Spice & Tea
Traveled o'er this hilly country- rain or sunshine- Work quoth he,
THAT is what I'm looking after-For a Home for Dais and me.

Then he hired out to the railroad, four & twenty years ago,
And they bought a home in Virgil, near their kin , and neighbors know,
They are noted for their kindness , Friends in weal or friends in woe.
In the little home they started, there four little ones they had,
Filled their lives with love and laughter,lights of life,
And made them glad-

Now they have a Silver Wedding, Five and twenty years are long,
And the Grangers have decided - to salute them with a song-
So as Grangers we salute them-Wish them many years of life,
Such as they will keep Grange Thriving-Good old Georgie,-
And HIS WIFE-

The Song Salutation was -When you and I were young -DAISY,
instead of Maggie - Mother Florence E F Ward [composed in 1945]

Now they've added ten years more-to swell the ever growing score,
Margaret married long ago, Three bright children- how they grow!
Wayne enrolled in wedded bliss -Wife and daughter now to kiss-
Rog and Dale , they still must study,Love their school-
Each have a "Buddie".

Now your "MOM" has said her say, And I thank God every day,
For his gifts along life's way,
Husband, children, friend and neighbor, Church and Grange
where once I labored,
Those are memories I hold dear, as I travel on each year,
Love Me Still , The While I Live - Love is all I have to Give,

Yours Truly Mother [1955]

[Note: Below is a poem composed by Florence Elon Faure Ward. She wrote it to be sung to the tune of "Old Solomon Levi" by the attendants at a Cortland County picnic. The year she wrote it is unknown. The copy that we have is very likely but one of dozens that were printed out by professional printers to be handed out to all people present at the picnic and sung by all.]

"CORTLAND COUNTY PIC-NIC"

Tune: Old Solomon Levi

From country side both far and wide, the Cortland county folks
Have met today to romp and play, and tell Farm Bureau jokes,
The Bureau officers are here, with faces all aglow
Delighted with the banners, Cortland County folks can show.

Chorus

We're here for the pic-nic, pic-nic, tra, la, la, la
Cortland county pic-nic, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
We've come to meet the officers, with them co-operate
And though the year be wet or dry, we're proud of the Empire State.

There's Hults and good John Bloomfield, they're both potato men
And Clara Hastings strong for eggs she wields a knowing pen
And Mrs. Brigden's matchless love, still grows for child's welfare,
While N. F. Webb of G. L. F. his kind is very rare.

Here's Parker of the York State Grange, you surely know the man,
And Bean our good state treasure, he doth the Grange purse scan
And our George Abbott loves his cows, we all think he is great
He boosts the mortgage chaser's, and their wonderous tales relate.

And F. L. Burnham represents the Maple syrup sap,
A dandy salesman or he'll buy, he doesn't give a rap.
While L. C. Greenwood's name belies, the nature of the man
He sells your wool for man made suits just beat him if you can.

And last but not the least of all, come Butler and Miss Winn,
Now Butler gives us gaff for fair, and makes us grin like sin.
While winsome fair and bonnie stands Miss Winn before her crowd,
All Cortland County Farm Bureau's sing of her praises loud.

Now don't you think I've said enough of folks I do not know
I've sung their praises to the sky, and sung them here below.
I've sung them till my voice is horse, I'd love to sing some more,
So for a chorus let us sing this last one with a roar.

Last Chorus

Hurrah! for the pic-nic, pic-nic, tra, la, la, la
Cortland County pic-nic, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
We've come to meet the officers, with them co-operate
And though the year be wet or dry, Hurrah! for the Empire State.

Florence E. Ward.

"My Valentine Family"

I have the nicest Valentines.
They each have two bright eyes;
And smiling lips - and laughter
That rises to the skies.

I love them all so dearly
Th'o they're scattered o'er the land
Their messages they send by mail
And others come by hand.

Just like it was in olden days.
When riders of the PLAIN;
Delivered mail from door to door
FROM TEXAS ON TO MAINE.

The Valentines Great grandpa sent
I'm sorry to relate
Cost twenty cents delivered
in 1868.

These valentines were beautiful;
So soft and downy too
O'ft times a fan for lady fair
Was beautiful to view.

The horsemen rode -and- changed their steed
Each waiting in a stable;
Then on they loped with U S Mail;
It now sounds like a fable.

For airplanes, trains and submarines
And ships with many decks;
Deliver mail around the world.
Are o'ft times sorely vexed.

The riders too had trouble -
There were no walkie talkie;
Some times a horse would break a leg
Or even would be balkie.

But still I say My Valentines
With two bright eyes that twinkle
Are better far than "downy Fans"
In days of Rip Van Winkle.

And so today their hearts came in
A heart with candy, too;
A shower cap - an apron
And gum for me to chew.

Now old St Valentine is meant
For secret gifts I think
And like St Nick - he takes time off
To get those "Forty Winks".

But all my valentines I love;
Some phone "that I adore"
I've loved them since they were knee high
And raced across our floor.

I know the FATHER loves them;
He leads them every day;
Through storm tossed clouds of worry -
But - they still have time to PRAY.

Your Mother, Florence E F Ward

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. date unknown]

I've heard tell

When St Patrick was a little boy
He used to banish snakes
If he were living now
I'm sure he'd banish all our aches.

Snakes slithered underneath the ground -
They crossed the briny deep
And now the bloomin' Yankees
Saint Patrick's day must keep.

So fasten on your bows of green
And wear them on your hat -
For today you must be Irish
And honor Goot Saint Pat.

No matter if you're German or French
Or carry a pick -
You must be wearin' ribbons green
Or get hit "wid" a Brick.

Saint Patrick

What a saint he must have been
Ridding Ireland of sin
Ridding Ireland of snakes
Ridding some of pain and aches

Best of all his famous name
Now is in the Hall of Fame
In his land they worship God
He who once this earth did trod
So on this Saint Patrick day
Kneel you sinners -
"Kneel and Pray".

AMEN. F.E.F.W.
3-14-58

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. 14 Mar 1958]

DESTRUCTION OF THE WEATHER VANE
Methodist Church, Virgil, N.Y. Storm of 1956

The storm struck hard that winter night
As it blew o'er the frozen lea,
The church steeple shook
Its strong beams creaked
Like it sensed it would soon be free
Of the weather vane that had spun for years
Like a leaf on an aspen tree
Then a mighty gust
A thunderous roar -
The weather vane parted
To tell no more.
The prophets of weather, who swore by the vane
If 'twas north or south 'twould be snow or rain
And now the spear of the arrow is gone
Its usefulness has now passed on
And the local prophets will never know
Just when its going to rain or snow
Deprived as they are of the faithful vane
Twill never be viewed from windows again
And little children passing by
Will wonder why storms come out of the sky
They'll wonder why the wind and rain
Destroyed the faithful weather vane
Our only answer as we reply
Is simply this,
God knoweth why.

March, March, March

The third month of the year
With rain and sleet and winds that blow -
Then some more rain and winds that blow
But underneath the slush on top -
The roots of every growing thing
Are pushing forth the flowers of spring;
Their brilliant colors soon will glow
On top of winter's slush and snow
And some day we from above,
Will view the beauty we now love
March winds shall blow
For centuries when
Thou shall be renewed
March winds and cold,
Cold snow.

March 1-58

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. 1 Mar 1958]

[Note: Below is a poem written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. Date unknown.]

Jan - Wind and snow
Broken snowplows cannot go
Feb - Just the same.
Pedestrians walk, if they are game.
Mar - Comes in a gusty twister
Car won't start - a busted switch, sir.
April- With her gentle rain
Floods our cellars once again.
May - Flaunts her may poles toward the sky
But old Sputnick - wonders why.
June - Month of brides in dresses rare
Wonder why the gown they spare
July - Flags above the flagpole blow
People watching far below.
Aug - Emancipation for the slave
Whiskers grow, they do not shave.
Sept - School again, vacation gone
Get your working togs all on.
Oct - Nuts are ripe and plenty brown
Selling cheap all over town.
Nov - Giving thanks on this "Our Day"
In the good old fashioned way.
Dec - Christ was born on Christmas day.
Bow with reverence - Let us pray.

ARIZONA OR BUST

I'm going to Arizona, and friends I'm going to fly
I'm going to Arizona and live there till I die.
The airplane I am taking, I know twill surely wait
Until they see me coming past the runway to the gate
So Arizona here I come, prepare a place for me
Where I may bask in sunshine, the only thing free.
My travel cases all are packed, I'm going to leave this zone
I'm going where the sun will shine on all I own.
My rheumatiz in winter will take a loop de loop
My spine and limbs won't creak and groan until my spirits droop
So Arizona here I come a riding on a plane
I'll bid adieu to New York State but I'll be back again
I'm going where the yucca plants and cactus all grow wild
Their fragrance fills the countryside; the climate is so mild.
And when I die they can bury me
Neath the tumbling weeds that roll so free.
And the mountain peaks of rainbow hue
Are changed each day for a color new.
So I'm going to fly! I'm going to fly!
In the azure blue a way up high
Your magic carpet lay with care
For I'm coming soon and I'm walking on air.

To my friend Kathryn Hall, 12,11,55
[Note: Florence Elon Faure Ward wrote this poem to her friend on 11 Dec 1955.]

OLD STORK DAY

What! shoot the stork? why shame on you
Just what, in time, would this old world do
If the good old love bird failed to come through?
There'd be no fun in the winter snow
With little red sleds and cheeks that glow.
The three cornered pants the old stork drops
Would hang on the line doing flips and flops.
The rubber boots and little worn shoes
Would need no mending, we'd all have blues.
And grand dad's hand would miss the clasp
Of tiny hands that his strong ones grasp.
No, no, good folks it would never do
To shoot the stork as he flies through,
But what would you think of this little plan?
Just put it up to every man.
Now we have days throughout the year
We flaunt our flags and people cheer.
Hurray for Lincoln, Washington too,
St. Valentines day and St. Patrick who
Loved all the kids and mixed a brew
To banish snakes that bothered a few.
Now the stork is entitled to good fair play
And I'm yellin hoarse for an Old Stork Day.
We won't need coal if the stork can't come
There would be no sale for bubble gum.
So hurray! hurray! for Old Stork Day.
Start in the cities and canvas the earth
And we'll have Stork Day, the day of birth.

THE STORM

The rugged hillsides white with snow,
The low clouds whirling by
The massive oaks now bare of leaves
Take up the winter cry.
Long, loud, and shrill, it echoes
Still, it seems 'twill never die
It shrieks and moans like one bereft,
The storm clouds faster fly.
The restless cattle standing by
Gaze on their snow blown pasture
As though to tantalize the beasts,
The snow comes fast and faster.
The storm is on, they huddle close,
Backs humped for their protection
Alas for them, man's comfort first
And then in their direction.

THE BEAUTIFUL MOHAWK

Earth cradles her water deep as she goes;
Through winding valleys serenely she flows,
Gray verdant banks neath tall willow trees
Whipped by the wind they bend with the breeze
On the beautiful, beautiful Mohawk.
Years now have passed since the first eagle soared
High o'er her water, unhampered it roared,
Fleet footed deer with fawn so alert
Browsed neath the willows, steep precipices skirt
Birds in the valley awaken at dawn
Calling their mates as the river rolls on
This is the beautiful Mohawk.
Days of tranquility long since have fled
Wild life is nevermore free,
The beautiful river tho tranquil at times can
Foam and roll waves like a sea,
Her ice blocks in winter are sparkling bright
Grotesque in the moonlight, and giants to fight
And this is the beautiful Mohawk.
The mountains look down on the valley below
Seeming to frown on the scene
As commerce takes over and boats ply their trade
Strenuous and never serene.
But the river flows on from the mouth of her source
Tho men and machine have changed her course
Forever she'll flow in our native land
Where peace and prosperity live hand in hand
With our beautiful, beautiful Mohawk.

GRANDPA DID A SKATING GO

You ought to see my grandpa skate, why you just ought to see
He skates and skates around about and there's a figger three.
And then he skates in circles, naw, not in one straight line
I said he skates in circles an makes a big grapevine.
And then he whirls around and round, gee, he spins just like a top.
I tried it once, and fellers, it was a downright flop
But grandad says, "You're doin' fine". And so I tried again
And whirlin' round and round got me a busted shin.
Then grandpa cut a figger eight and skated backward too
I bet you couldn't. I just bet you're braggin pooh! pooh! pooh!
Aw right just bring your skates to school and show what you can do.
But grandpa says it takes that stuff to learn jest how to skate.
He says he's often had the ice come up and bump his pate.
Aw shucks there goes the bell and I didn't get to tell
You guys about when grandpa fell!

WINTER IN VIRGIL

The snow piled high and white and deep
Yet underneath its cover
The flowers of spring awake from sleep
To bloom for spring and lovers.
And from the treetops sweet birds sing,
The willow buds are swelling
All natures voice in sweet accord
The springtime tale is telling.
So why should we unhappy be,
Because the sun in shining
Forgets to melt the pure white snow?
And we must ski, if we must go,
So let's have less repining
And buckle up our overshoes
And start for town to hear the news
That drives away the winter blues.
We'll buck the wind that's whining.

GROUND HOG SHADOW

Ground hog saw his shadow as he emerged one day
His piggy eyes wide with suprise, this is what I heard him say.

"Oh, whillikin gee! What do I see,
My shadow neath an old dead tree."

"Oh, whillikin gee! Oh, whilliken gee!
How can old Sol do this to me?
I'm tracking back to hit my sack.
If the folk want me they can borrow deep
Just now I'm going back to sleep.
Then I'll dig through to the deep, green South,
Persimmons there outlive the drought."

"Oh, whillikin gee! Oh, whillikin gee!
This snow-blown land is bad for me.
I'll go back where we first got started
Sorry now we ever parted."

"Oh, whillikin gee! Oh, whillikin gee!
I'm coming South, prepare for me.
The nail keg circle now in retreat
You'll not find them on a chairless seat;
Or spitting juice on the barroom floor
And swapping tales while the guffaw roar."

"Oh, whillikin gee! Oh, whillikin gee!
I'll pull this hole in after me
Till the fog and smog can set me free;
Then I'll come out.
Oh, whillikin gee! Oh, whillikin gee!"

GROUND HOG DAY

Ground hog got up awful soon
Gazed aroun to see de moon;
Moon hit done an turn de trick
Clouds am comin fast and thick.

Ground hog wink an blink his eyes
Rubs his paws an softly sighs;
"Peers like I'se a gettin thin
Wedder keepin me shut in."

"Snow a fallin' on de groun
Makes it hard to trabble roun;
Ground hog hain't no use for men
Guess I'll go to bed again."

"Shorly I is gettin thin
Tain't no shadders peepin in;
Done stood in de same place twice
Makes me tink de wedder's nice."

"Guess I'll take anudder peep
Mebby I won't want to sleep;
Spring is shorly on de way
Sun won't shine dis Ground-hog Day."

GLAD SPRING HAS COME

A bright little bird sat on our window sill,
Said "Howdy! Good morning, are you really ill?"
I smiled at him gaily, so tidy and slim
As he flew to the cedar to perch on a limb.
He whistled and twittered "Twiddle do, twiddle dum"
The song he was singing was "Glad spring has come".
He woke me this morning at the first peep of dawn,
First peeped in my window, then flew to the lawn
I thought he was flirting while singing to me,
But his mate was waiting for him in the tree.
They whistled and twittered "Twiddle de, twiddle dum"
The song both were singing was "Glad spring has come".

SPRING SONG

The stately oaks are shedding their leaves of faded brown
And with a rustle whirling, they scamper to the ground.

The cardinal is singing his first, glad joyous song
And all the creeeks are making a chorus loud and long.

The sun pours forth its coaxing rays to grasses underground
And every little streamlet has a sweet chromatic sound.

And soon the purple violets and daffodils of gold
Will saunter forth in bold array, spring glory to unfold.

Authors Note: Composed when I lived 9 miles South of Hardy, Arkansas.

SPRING FLOWER DEMISE

I awoke to the song of a robin, the day it yet was new
The air was filled with fragrance of flowers damp with dew
Row upon row of hyacinths, orchid cream and pink
Nodding and kissing the tulip, their color beginning to blink
As their petals opened toward the sun;
They seemed to say "Our day has begun".
Oh, what a wonderful fairyland nature bestows on man
Beauty for labor is recompense; on beauty there is no ban
God made the earth and the beauty therein
But man must labor, please God, let him win.

BE HAPPY

Oh how does it feel to be happy?
Sure your heart jiggles up and then down
You've a lilt to your voice, a spark in your eye
And never once have a frown.
Oh how does it feel to be happy?
Let me tell you a secret, 'tis this
The remembrance of letters we've written
To loved ones away that we miss.
And remember we made little crosses
And each cross for them was a kiss.

FISHIN' TIME

From my window near the garden I can see the leafing trees
Smell the perfume of the clover as it's wafted on the breeze.
Peach tree blooms and apple blossom's petals flying through the air.
Bees a hummin' that it's springtime, nature singin', everywhere.
Chaps a longin' feet a itchin' just to tread the soft warm ground
And a achin' for the water where the speckled fish are found.
Oh the gorgeous days of springtime makes a feller wish twould last
Rushin' by so sudden spring days fly so awful fast.
And we like the lazy feelin' as we nestle in the sun
Meditation on the summer balmy spring has begun.

NEW FRIENDS

We traveled the wide world over; she in a foreign land
I, in the good old U.S.A., in the western drifting sand.
She with her cultural husband, searching for news to report
I with a husband gentle and kind, searching for health in mind.
We spent the hours chatting, recalling some wonderful sight
But soon our pleasure was ended, and then a friendly good night.
I have searched for one who is friendly and kind
I think I have found her and she is blind.
I thank my stars that I still have sight
To push the keys that can always write.

PERSIMMON FESTIVAL

Prairie dog barks at the forest fun,
Never saw a tree, if he did, he'd run.
The hoot owl screeches and the pheasant crows,
Along comes a skunk and his scent he throws.
Possum and the coon climb a 'simmon tree,
Saying "go way skunk, don't perfume me."
Old mammy possum swings her tail up on her back,
Orders all her young ones out of their sack.
Pretty soon they come to a ripe persimmon tree,
Shakes them off her back, happpy to be free.
Says "Fill up your tummies, it's all for free,
Ripe persimmons good for you and me."
Long comes a cottontail looking for the drops,
Ripe persimmons good, so he takes a flop.
But a snoopy old fox smells the ripe fruit too,
The bunny smells the fox and away he flew.
Chipmunk and the squirrel heard the hullabaloo,
The forest folk made as the skunk passed through.
So when they closed the meeting and the festival was done,
The majority agreed that it really was lots of fun.
For the ground hog and the pole cat can live in a hole,
And scent up the barracks of a neighboring mole.
Now if this isn't true, I'd better track back,
Like a crawfish backing from a fisherman's sack.

PS: Sounds like Arkansas - Love Mother - October 12, 1955

GREEDY OPOSSUM

An ol' possum sat on a simmon tree, the tallest he could find
For there the ripe persimmon grew, he kept that fact in mind.
And for a merry Christmas for the folk who could not climb
He shook the green persimmons down that were not worth a dime
He stuffed and stuffed persimmons like a small boy eatin' cake
There was no one to relieve him, so he died of tummy ache.

THUMPER

Thumper was a bunny as soft as he could be
Just where he got that funny name is not a mystery.
But when an unborn babe received a nickname for a bunny
I could not help but smile; it really struck me funny.
So I enclose a little gift, whatever be its sex
Both girls and boys increase our joys, they're something to protect.
And then, when we have grown too old, it's we that they protect.

ST. VALENTINE TWINS

Hurrah! Hurrah! We shout with joy
Ward and Diane each have a boy
St. Valentine, the family choice
Delivered twins! We all rejoice.
Divine their mission to be filled.
'Tis truly as the Father willed.
And in his footsteps may they trod
As men on earth; rely on God.
And little Danny soon will play
And romp with them the livelong day.
And grandad and their grandma Trapp
No more will need their noon time nap.
They'll travel streets from store to store
With well filled arms and look for more.
Great grandma Ward near eighty two
Can only wish the best for you.
Share with each other - he who wins
Ward, Diane, Danny and the twins.

BABY SITTIN' WITH A PUP

You've heard of Setter puppies,
Some breeds I think are red.
But Skipper has a question mark
A'hangin' o'er his head.
Now I've done some baby settin'
When there was really need
Sat up with cows a lot of times
That couldn't eat feed
Sat up with mammy rabbits and mares
About to foal
Sat with a pig named Felix,
A blind one bless his soul
I've sat with hens about to hatch,
Or helped to break them up
And now by gosh I'm sittin'
With a lonesome mongrel pup.

Vacation Days

We'll visit all the woodland dells,
And find the springs with hidden wells
Vacation days are here
The teacher has dismissed us
'Till days of fall appear.
So now we scamper off to play,
Forgetting books the live long day.

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. date unknown]

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

Oh, a big fat snake in my garden caught a little frog one day
As he hopped beneath the bean vines, caught the froggie green and gay.
Says the snake to the little froggie, "I've got you by the hip,
'Twill do no good to holler, so button up your lip,
Inside with hunger I'm burning, I'm glad you passed this way
For a mess of legs I'm yearning, then I can call it a day."
But the mistress of the garden heard the froggie's anguished cry
And thought it a little chicken lost or about to die,
So bent on a kindly mission up and down rows she went
But the cry was so elusive and her hearing not worth a cent,
Then a rustle, a sudden movement, and before her startled eyes
There appeared a big serpent, the cause of a big surprise.
The woman surprised the snake when she struck the fatal blow
And the frog released from those mighty jaws, oh, you should see him go.
I like to think that someday when froggie is wise and old,
He'll relate to his great grandchildren this story I have told.
How he escaped the snake, saved by a woman bold.
But the poor old serpent hadn't a chance,
His mouth was full, you could see at a glance
He couldn't wiggle, he couldn't bite
I felt I was wrong - he deserved a fight.

TO BONNIE ANN REYNOLDS

This little pig went to Bonnie's house
A tiny pig is he.
This little pig went to Bonnie's house
And a tiny little girl is she.
This little pig went to Bonnie's house
To play and make her smile.
This little pig went to Bonnie's house
To stay a long, long while.

This little pig went to Bonnie's house
His brothers have been told
That this little pig went to Bonnie's house
Cause Bonnie is one year old.
This little pig went to Bonnie's house
But his brothers did not mind.
When this little pig went to Bonnie's house
And left them all behind.

November 20, 1942 - Virgil, New York

CONTENTMENT

The beauty and grandeur of nature
Surrounds us in this our new home
Contentment, so peaceful and soothing,
Bids us to never more roam.
As the trees so massive and stately
Cast shadows of leaves in the room
As the breeze sways the branches they glisten,
Making patterns from sunlights doom.
Sometimes they are grotesque and clownish
Oft times a bride trails a veil
Outside the leaves are now brownish
While the wind has a whistling wail.
The calendar says it is autumn
The moon is full and bright
All hail to the golden colors
The frost king will paint tonight.

[Note: Below is a poem written by Florence Elon Faure Ward to her son-in-law, Whitford Lynch Reynolds for Christmas (year unknown).]

To Whitford:

"The Thing"

This is the thing that was found in the Bay
And scares the wits out of folk to this day.
When "old man Noah" built the ark
The miserable creature had no place to park.
It had no name, it had no mate -
It had to get on, so it crashed the gate.
And when it hove into Noah's view,
The old man didn't know what to do;
For the elephants came on, two by two
The skinny snakes and the kangaroo.
The feathered birds that bill and coo
To this strange creature they all said "Shoo!"
They set him on a stool on the deck
And the wobbly thing near caused a wreck.
Old Noah didn't know how to "cuss"
So he pitched him out for making a fuss.
The measly thing went far below
A whale swallowed him and the rest you know.
"J O N A H"

Merry Christmas
Florence

LONESOME BRANCH OF A CHRISTMAS TREE

A wee little branch was kicked aside
When they cut the parent tree
"Oh, why couldn't they have taken me?"
The crooked branch then cried
"For I would do for children to see;
I'm the happy branch of a Christmas Tree."
Some wee little folk just passing by
Heard the wee little branch and it's lonesome cry,
The crooked branch just scented the air
And the wee ones were happy beyond compare.

KING WINTER

Old Boreas is licking his lips today,
And wind like winter howling.
He sharpens his teeth like a mighty saw
As o'er the world he is prowling
Looking for thinly clad human prey;
And homes without heat or light
Striking the weak and hungry poor,
Gigantic in his might
Pitiless, merciless cruel claws
"The annual winter fight."

HOME DESERTED

The little white house with shutters of blue
Is looking so wintry and lonesome for you.
The snow on the stoop just reaches the knob
The windows beside it are one snowy blob.
The white picket fence with the stump at its side
Is hidden with snow like a wintry bride.
The rock wall is covered and grotesque in shape
With snow draped around it like feathery crepe.
The window box stands like a sentinel tall
With snow waiting to crumble and fall.
The rooftop is white but the shadow is dark
From the chimney beside it from which comes no spark.
And the little white house is so lonesome it shows
For the curtains stay put and no path is where
The footsteps of summer left grassy spots bare.
No little bright eyes and pudgy brown hands
Now wave at me gaily or seize contrabands
And the little white house with its shutters of blue
Is lonesome, so lonesome for spring and you.

[As I read this in 1995 I remember Aydee and Whit Reynold's little white house with blue shutters between Main and Washington Streets in Virgil. They left it several winters to escape Virgil's fierce weather and live in Cortland. Grandma Ward must have missed them very much, especially David and Bonnie with their "bright eyes and pudgy brown hands". Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell]

THE PASTOR'S CALL

A preacher went out hunting, 'twas on a Sunday morn
But the minister who called that day, such trifling things would scorn.
He called to bolster up my faith, and said a little prayer
That I might live like others with less of pain to bear.
And there we basked in sunshine, our chair backs to the sun
If any other soul came in we had no need to run.
And when he left the prayer he said was,
"God be kind and help her to renew her strength".
It was sincere and to the point, and not dragged out in length.
I thanked him for his kindness and his friendship shall retain
When I can get around to go to church again.
My prayer was heard and so was his for in the church today
His sermon really filled my cup
In wonderment, I sat to hear "No Time To Give Up".
My waning strength, my faltering faith, I'm sure our Saviour heard
And now with Christian armor my daily life I'll gird.

MY PRAYER

Please GOD; Let me die in the sunshine;
Out in the pure clear air;
Where my soul in its flight
Will reach unknown heights;
Released from earthly care.
Out in the golden sun light
Out where the breezes blow
Out where my soul in its last long flight
"Will peace forever know".

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. date unknown]

Faith in thy power, O Blessed Lord,
is all that gives me strength.
Faith that I will be
resurrected after death.
I have confessed my sins
and you have pardoned me.
Show me if thou has
something left for me to do -
I have tried, O Lord,
if I have failed
Forgive me.

Amen

2-7-58 [07 Feb 1958]
[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward]

And so the years go rolling by,
We grow a little grayer
Our spirits soar to unknown heights
To make our late years gayer.

[Written by Florence Elon Faure Ward. date unknown]

SURPRISE

I lived with him full twenty years
And still he never knew
That I could write verse in lighter vein
To drive away the blue.

YOU MADE THE NIGHT TOO LONG

Oh Lord, you made the night too long
For humble folk like me
Who long to flee from earthly cares
And be forever free.
We toss about the long nights through
Our prayers unanswered yet
We pray sincerely, Blessed Lord
Our souls you'll not forget.
Amen.

FINIS

With deep regret I pen these lines and tears bedim my eyes
For he has left his earthly home and severed lifelong ties.
Though we may grieve and miss his laugh and note his empty chair
Nearby a pile of unread books and papers waiting there;
He won't return to read those books nor scan the daily news
Or please us with some sharp remark or democratic views.
His radio is silent now, the TV set is still
There, where he whiled long hours away enjoying many a thrill
He had all these and was content to leave them all behind
He crossed the border without fear, for he was just and kind.
For this, Dear God, we thank Thee, and as the sunset trail I trod
Our children by my side I have no fear,
I too will share his heavenly home with God.
I'm sure that he will meet me and with fond embrace
He'll guide me to our Saviour's side to meet Him face to face.

A tribute to the man I loved.

[Note: A tribute to Frank Charles Ward, Sr. (04 July 1867 - 22 Oct 1952), her husband of fifty nine and one half years (15 April 1893 - 22 Oct 1952), by Florence Elon Faure Ward (15 April 1875 - 19 May 1958).]

[Note: Some of the above poems were taken from "POEMS by our Mother" composed by Florence Elon Faure Ward and printed in booklet form by her family in 1958. One of the original copies are in our files.]

[Note: This story of "Memories" was written by Rose Belle Ward Waite in 1952. It was copied in Jan 1964 by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell. Donald Leon Terrell entered this story of "Memories" into the computer to print out for the WARD volume of the TERRELL LEROY LEAR WARD and related Families Genealogy. Rose Belle Ward Waite was the daughter of Charles Ward and Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward. Frank Charles Ward Sr. was her brother. Grandchildren: Frank Charles Ward Sr. was your great-great grandfather.]

M E M O R I E S

When my own children were small, one of the things they liked, was to have their father and I tell them stories of our childhood. Sunday afternoons or evenings with popcorn or apples, sometimes after I had played and we had sung together a few of the old song classics, it would begin.

All I needed to say was, "I remember", and we were off. The children never seemed to tire of the little stories. Nowadays, the children are so engrossed in their own affairs that we do not tell many stories, but once in a while they bring things to mind from their own childhood; the favorite dresses they had, usually made-over ones; the times they got this or that for birthday or Christmas; and all of the other things that go to make a child's life happy, for I find that few unhappy memories remain.

I so loved my mother's stories of her childhood when I was a little girl that I am going to try to keep some of them for my grandchildren. I will not try to keep a day-to-day remembrance, but just write this little story or that as it comes to my mind.

My father was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, in the year 1832 and my mother was born in 1842, so that when I came along as the last of eleven children, they were no longer young. Because of this and because I had older brothers and sisters at home who petted and teased me, I have been told that I was a very spoiled child. Could be, but when mother or father said do or don't, I obeyed without question.

My father was a jeweler, not the kind one finds in a jewelry store today, but a man who could make a watch or ring from the pure metals. He did a great deal of repair work, and it used to please me when he would let me sit beside him while he took a watch apart, cleaned, repaired and put it together again. There was no such thing as what we call costume jewelry today, everything was well made of gold or silver and highly prized, well taken care of, and passed on to the next generation who were proud of their heirlooms. Anything made cheaply was called "Bremmigen" and was very much despised and no one of good taste would wear it.

My birthplace was Queen Street, East, Toronto, Canada and in the year 1886. The store was on the front, opening right onto the sidewalk. The kitchen and living room were behind the store. On the second floor were the parlor and bedrooms. As was customary in those days, there was no bathroom. A wash stand in the bedrooms held a pitcher or water and basin, soap dish and towels, but most of the washing of faces was done at the kitchen sink, for the bedrooms were cold in winter, and all the water had to be carried upstairs by hand. The toilets were out at the back of the yard, and one of the stories my mother used to tell of me was that I so hated to use the vessels provided in the bedrooms for night use, and that I would make the trip out the yard no matter how dark the night. I was only three when we moved from that house so when my mother heard the patter of my little feet, she would call to me "Is that you, Rose?" and I would go on my way knowing that she was listening like good mothers and would not go back to sleep again until I was back in bed.

I never remember being afraid as a child. My father never seemed to be afraid of anything, although as I grew older, I realized that he loathed spiders. My mother was very much afraid of mice, so much so in fact, that I

have seen her faint at the sight of one dead in a trap. The thing she really feared most was debt. My father was a dreamer, an inventor, and sometimes neglected his paying work to work on something that he had thought up in his mind. He was always going to make a million, but often mother would have just ten cents to get something for lunch. She would ask my sister and I what we would like to get for lunch. Would it be ten cents worth of steak with which we would get a piece of suet, or a pound of liver at five cents with which we would have to buy a half a pound of lard?

One time she had ten cents for something for lunch and Mabel, my sister, wanted salmon, and I wanted syrup. I was sent to the store to get the salmon as Mabel was the elder. Now whether I had syrup on my mind and asked for a can of syrup I will never know. We had never had syrup in a can, and a can I brought home. My mother opened it without looking at the label, if there was one, and then turned to me with such a funny look saying, "You got what you wanted after all, didn't you?", but I was just as amazed as she that the can held syrup.

My mother very seldom went visiting but she had a few friends who came to see her every so often. One of these came to visit her one afternoon, and of course the teakettle had to be put on and a cup of tea made. I was in the kitchen with them. Our cutlery was kept in the knife box on the counter under the cupboard shelves. Mother was getting out things to set the table when something popped out of the knife box. Both women screamed, jumped up on their chairs and grabbed their skirts around them. I stooped to see what it was and found a large cork.

Our next door neighbors in my first home were a little old lady and her maiden daughter. Their name was Goodfellow, and they kept a place where people could bring things to be cleaned and dyed. They did not do the work, it was just a depot. One afternoon my mother left me with them when she went to town. Mrs. Goodfellow was cleaning the canary's cage and the little yellow bird flew out. The little old lady was frantic. All the doors and windows were closed and we looked and looked for the bird, behind pictures, under curtains, and everywhere we could think of, Mrs. Goodfellow carrying a chair with her to stand on when she looked on high places. I was so sorry for her for Dick was a beautiful bird and a good singer. Then a small movement caught my eye. There was Dick on the rung of the chair the lady had been carrying around.

This same lady called me Pinky as long as she lived. I asked my mother once why she did and she said that at the time I was born, the newspaper was running a serial story, and any story that come our way was read and discussed by the entire family. The heroine of this story was called by the high sounding name of Pinky Skinner, so out of prankishness my older brothers and sisters dubbed me Pinky Skinner, and Pinky I remained until I went to school.

As long as I have told you my baby name, I might as well tell you of my birth, for I have been told different versions of it. About the time I was to arrive on the scene, a good many women were having what at the time the doctors called childbed fever. Mother had had ten children before me, and knew a good deal about the procedure of birth. She reasoned that something was being done or left undone at childbirth to cause this condition. She determined that her baby should be born without the doctor. After my father had gone for the doctor, remember there were no phones in those days, she was all alone for she would not call her older girls. When I had been born, she lifted me and placed me across her knees so that I would not smother and then calmly waited for the doctor.

An older sister, Daisy, writing a birthday letter to me many years later gave me this version. The older sister, Nellie, had a nervous affliction and could not be trusted not to drop things. The morning I was born, father called Daisy and said she must look after the younger children today. "You

have a new baby sister, and your mother is in bed." She was only twelve, Will was about ten, and Mabel six. Walter was about twenty and Frank nineteen, old enough to take care of themselves. Daisy got Mabel up and dressed and fed and did what had to be done that day, and I imagine she did it well for she was always competent. The nurse only stayed the one day, because as usual there was little money, so the next morning mother had Daisy bring the basin with warm water and other necessary things to the bedside and under mother's watchful eye and with her instruction, Daisy cared for me until mother could do it herself.

Will once wrote to me about it, saying he was sore there was another baby. There were enough before. He said Frank was sore about it too, that mother had enough to do without me. But when I told Frank about it he said the reason he was mad was because they had planned a fishing trip for that day, had all the bait dug and the tackle already, and I might have waited another day. Mabel told me how Daisy came to her and told her to get up and get dressed without any noise because mother was in bed sick and she had a new baby sister. So you see my birth was an event to several people, and I have been told more than most people know about their own birth.

When I was about six weeks old, my mother was downtown with a cousin, who asked mother if I had been baptized. Mother said no, and Tete said as long as they were so near the church, the Metropolitan Methodist, why not go in and have it done. When they went in and spoke to the minister, he said since I was the first child he had baptized since he had come home from the Holy Land, he would baptize me in water from the River Jordon, which he had brought back with him.

While my brothers and sisters may not have been overjoyed at my advent, they were all kind and good to me, taking me many places with them. I know that when the two older girls went to work for pitifully small wages, they often spent money on me that they might well have needed for themselves.

Will teased me a lot as we got older, but I remember asking Frank if I could go with him to deliver a clock, and he told me to tell mother to blow my bugle and then came in to hear what I had told her. Of course, I had asked her to wipe my nose. Frank also used to make me bangle rings. Taking a ten cent piece, he would make a bangle of the Queen's head, and cut out the center of the coin until it would fit my finger.

My memory goes back to my early childhood, not as things to remember, but as pictures. I well remember one of my father's friends rolling big Canadian coppers along the cracks in the floor of the shop on what could have been my second birthday. He was a big man called Dave, and he had a beard and curling red brown hair. Mother had a small party for me that day, some of my gifts were very small cups and saucers of china. I have never used one of them, but one day my daughter Anna was admiring them so I gave them to her.

My father must have been a very charming man. Everybody seemed to like him and perfect strangers talked to him as if he were an old friend. When he was not working and I was not in school, we were constantly together. My mother told me once that any time there was a baby in the house, father would always take care of it on Sunday morning. He would put the child in the carriage and take it for an airing, and evenings he would rock and sing to it. When the brother just older than I was taken ill with some kind of brain trouble, mother said he would not go to sleep until father came home from work and then he would go to sleep in father's arms. The doctor told my father that they might operate on the child and save his life, but that he would never be right mentally again if they did. So, for the child's sake, my father said, "Do not operate". My father loved this boy very dearly and his death hurt father sorely. He was just three years older than I but he died before I was born. Maybe that is why they spoiled me. If they did! When I see George with his children, it reminds me of my father. Not that he looks

like him, but when they climb up on his knee and he sings to them, I have my father back for a little while.

We walked and walked and walked. There was no other way for poor folks to go anywhere, and we liked to go. Once when I was just about two, father and Frank took me for a walk out to Toronto Junction and back. Frank says it was about eight miles and that they let me take my own gait, and that I trotted right along all the way. I do not ever remember being tired walking, but I remember this time that mother scolded because they had walked so far.

Father was a very good woodsman. He could call all the birds and they would answer him. We never went to walk that we did not go to the woods and he would always find us something to eat, berries, sassafras, artichokes, or wintergreen. I used to think he knew everything that grew. He would never kill or let us kill snakes, and one time he was very angry when we found some grass snakes and garter snakes that someone had mangled all along the road. Chipmunks and squirrels he could coax to eat out of his hand, and he was very gentle with everything.

Everything he told me was gospel to me and I went with him gladly. Some of my brothers have a different story to tell, and blame him for our lack of money, and other things. But a few years before my father died, mother and I were talking about all the hard times they had had, and some of the things father had done and left undone. And she very earnestly said, "If I had known all the things that were to happen, all the hard times and uncertainties, I still would have married him, for no woman ever was given more freedom to do as she wished than I have had." That, after fifty years of married life, is something.

Father was not what is called a good provider, he was too imaginative, too inventive, to keep his mind on the main chance. He was always inventing things that he thought were going to make his fortune, and mother was yet going to ride in her own carriage, but in the meantime his work suffered. The business went downhill. Mortgages were made and notes were signed, and property had to be surrendered when the notes could not be met. The piano went that way more than once and when it came time for me to learn to play there was none. Mabel practiced on one of the neighbors for a time, but we moved to another city when I was ten so that there was no place for me to begin. I was the only one of the children who did not learn to play on some kind of musical instrument.

All the things invented by my father were not useless. One of them on which he had a patent was a reversing gear. I do not know what year the patent was taken out but when George was courting me, my father showed him the papers and told him the patent had lapsed. The next year when George went to work at the Buick in Flint, he found this same gear being used.

Father also had the gift of speech. By that I mean he talked to all he came in contact with. I never heard him snubbed for it either, and in those days things were not as informal as they are today. Not many people spoke to strangers, not in fact to people whom they knew by sight, until they had had a formal introduction.

His formal education, if such you could call it, consisted of a few weeks at what he called a dame school. [Note by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell in 1964: Quilts in America by Orlofsky, Pg. 30: The Dame School was a combination nursery school, kindergarten, and first grade, run by a spinster or housewife who taught small children -- boys as well as girls -- their alphabet and instructed them in sewing and knitting.] Just enough to read, write, and figure, as he put it, but his old account books were a model of neatness, clarity and beautiful penmanship. His lack of schooling was never apparent because he was an omnivorous reader and could ask intelligent questions on almost any subject. Some of the sciences he had quite a good understanding of. Of course, some chemistry is necessary in working with

metals. He was a beautiful engraver and he engraved my wedding ring. He made me some rings and brooches which I had until my daughters were old enough to borrow them, sometimes without my permission, and gradually they vanished. His last working years were spent with King and Eisle, a large jewelry manufacturing firm in Buffalo.

He was an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman. He had hunted and fished from Canada to Texas, and that meant a lot more then than it does now. When they lived in Detroit, he had a shop at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson, sometime during the Civil War years. He did not go to war, but belonged to some sort of an organization that sent substitutes if he were drafted. But he was on the border patrol at that time. There were three or four children at that time. Frank was born in Detroit on the Fourth of July. Mother said it rained in torrents that day; the plumes of the parading knights were a mess.

But I have wandered from hunter and fisherman. He told great tales about hunting and fishing with the Indians. He had fished in both Grand Traverse and Green Bays. He told how the Indians would fish until they had a lot of fish and then they would cook them and eat until all they could do was lie down and sleep and when they awoke they did the same thing over again.

Father never seemed to lose his sense of direction and my education in that line began when I was very young. We would go for a walk and when it was time to return home, he would make me find my way, sometimes by another route. I have found this very helpful at times, for I have driven many thousands of miles over unfamiliar roads. It never upset me to find that ever recurring detour sign for I knew that if I only kept going in the right general direction, I would at last reach where I wanted to go, even if it were not by the roads I had planned to use. When I first had a car of my own and the children went with me on Sunday afternoons, we would often start out to go some place and taking first a road to the right and then one to the left, going in the direction we wanted to go until we arrived at our destination. It was a great deal of fun and we saw a great deal of our part of Michigan for we often took the back roads that very few travellers ever see.

Though we did not have much money when I was a child, we did not lack for entertainment. Father took us to all the parades, to see the circus unload and to every new and strange thing or place he heard of that could be enjoyed without spending money and that we could reach on foot. This covered a lot of territory for we all liked to go with him and had taken long walks since our infancy. When I got older, we often took a sandwich in our pockets and walked all day. He had three miles to walk in Toronto to go to work, but often on a nice morning, he would call me at five o'clock to see if I wanted to go with him for a walk. I never had to be coaxed. Out Gladstone Avenue to Bloor, which was out in the country before 1896, down through High Park and along Grenadier Pond. Once I remember Mabel was with us and we sat down on the pavilion to rest a minute and as I put my hand down on the seat it came to rest on something I had not seen. When I looked to see what it was I could hardly believe my eyes for it was a nice large banana. What a treat we shared, for bananas were not often on our menu, but I do remember father bringing home one or two red ones, the first he had ever seen.

Until I was ten we lived in Toronto. The horse cars were the only means of transportation at that time. I do not remember how old I was when father heard that some company was building an electric railroad from Sunnyside to the Humber and that on a certain Sunday one might ride free on the new cars. Of course, it was a great occasion. We must have walked some miles to take this ride but it was well worth the time and trouble. Not many people at this time would have trusted themselves to the new contraptions. They were considered unsafe, and unreliable. New things were always father's meat, and we were quite willing to take the chance.

Another thing we never missed was the march of the Highlanders along the

lake shore. I think they marched in from the Humber River, it seems to me about once a year. Father always seemed to know when it was going to be. We would walk out to Sunnyside and sit on the bank, maybe for an hour or two, for no one knew how long it would take them to come down the long road. It was a stirring thing to hear the pipes long before there was anything to be seen. My whole being would begin to glow with expectation and feet just would not remain in one place. As they came down the hill, led by a giant drum major with an enormous busby on his head that made him look steen feet tall to one small girl, their bare knees flashing, plaids and kilts swinging, sporrans swaying, it seemed that there was rhythm even in the feathered bonnets. The very word "Highlanders" takes me back to that hillside by Grenadier Pond.

We lived not far from the Toronto Fair Grounds and we spent a good deal of time there. There was a barracks close by and we like to watch the soldiers drilling and hear their band play. At other times we went down to the grandstand to watch the horses running, not real races, but workouts and exercising. I always liked to stand beside the fence and watch the horses go whizzing by. A dock at the foot of Dufferin Street also furnished a fine place from which to see the fireworks at fair time. I suppose I have seen just as good fireworks since, but never any that seemed as beautiful to me.

Father always liked storms. If the wind were blowing a tempest we would go down to the lake shore, sit on the bluffs and watch the waves roll in. Father knew all the differently rigged ships, and I heard many years later that he had been quite a sailor when he was young. During an electric storm he would sit by the window and watch the lightening, with oh's and ah's expressing his delight in the show. Mother said that the first thunder storm after his death was almost intolerable because she missed him so. I imagine his feeling about storms had taken any fear she might have had away. I know to this day I do not dread storms as most people do and have watched many cyclones in Michigan without fear.

In 1896 my father got a job in Buffalo and we moved there. Mabel did not go to school any more. In Canada one had to pay to go to Collegiate, as High School was called there. I do not think that my people knew we could go to high school free in Buffalo. Maybe she would not have gone anyway, she was not the bookish girl that I was. So I went to school alone. My mother went with me and then did not go again except on special occasions. When she told the principal that I had been attending school in Canada, Toronto, the Principal said that was fine, they never had any trouble with the children who came from there. That was a good mark for the Canadian schools. It was true, because they made you learn things so thoroughly that you never forgot them. It is sixty years since I learned the counties and their capitals around Lake Ontario, and I can repeat them just as well today as I could then.

I always enjoyed school. My lessons never seemed too hard. My brothers and sisters had taught me to read and print before I went to kindergarten and I have been reading ever since. I read all the books in every Sunday School library that I ever had access to. I particularly liked to be invited to stay at one of my cousin's house because they had a great store of books and I was allowed to read whatever I chose. My reading was never supervised, but everyone else in the house read the books I brought home also, so they always knew what I was reading. Sometimes it made me angry when Frank would come upstairs and take a book that I had brought home and read it before I did. I had brought it home to read that day, for at that time one could only take out one book at a time, so I had nothing to read till he got through with it. The birthday I was seven I was given seven books. Two of them were poetry which my brother Frank had sent me from Kansas City and which my mother had to pay customs charges on. They were beautiful books and I had them for many years until some of my children wore them out. When I was ten I walked four miles down to the city library in Buffalo to get a library card. I could get books

at the neighboring library, but I had to go downtown to sign for the card. Then I had four miles to walk back, but it was well worth it. I have never been without a library card since. I think that was the day that Frank's Daisy was born. [Note per Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell: Grandchildren, your great-grandmother, Daisy May Ward Lear, was born September 6, 1897.]

There was only one thing I had trouble about at school. That was a vaccination. When my brother Frank was just a baby an epidemic of smallpox broke out and everyone had to be vaccinated, even the baby. This was about 1868 or '69 and whether the vaccine was bad or someone was just not clean, the baby had a bad time. The retina of his eye was scarred and he became blind in the eye but it was not discovered until he was old enough to go to school. Mother refused to have any more of us vaccinated. When I was about thirteen, I was told that I must be vaccinated or I could not go to school. Hard times had come again so we did not have money to pay our own doctor to vaccinate me. Father took me down to the city hall, a walk of about four miles. From there we were sent to a doctor out on Michigan, another three miles to walk and when we got there he was not home and was not expected for some time. So home we went to find the women folks quilting with their jackets on because there was no fire and the house was cold. Next morning we went again to the city hall, and for some reason they vaccinated me in two places and for some reason I fainted. I had never fainted before and after that I passed out for the least little thing. Once I passed out when my father removed a ring from my finger that had become too tight, and I never could go without my breakfast for more than a few minutes.

My school work went well and I had no trouble with the teachers, except as the principal once told my mother, they had put me next to every boy in the class and I talked to them all the time. At one time, when I had only been one month in the sixth grade, Miss Swartz, the Principal, came into the room and looked over our marks. One other girl and I had the same marks, but the teacher was one of those who called the roll every night and of course I had always talked and had said so, while the other girl had a perfect record. I heard Miss Swartz say that it did not hurt my brains any, and I was skipped into the seventh grade along with the other girl.

When I came back from the January recess in the fifth grade, the teacher put her arms around me and hugged me. I could not understand for a minute and then she said I had written the highest test in the City of Buffalo. Most of the examination papers which were sent out from the capital and were the same for the whole state, had extra questions which could be answered if one had the time. Then if you had made mistakes, they were included in your test for extra credit. I had just missed two points in all the questions. I found the honor roll for that term among the things my mother had saved when I had to go through her things when she died.

Miss Swartz was interested in a glee club and I was put in her chorus almost at once. It was my first experience with the staff and notes. The others had had teaching in reading notes, but in Canada a different method had been taught so I do not think I ever read as well as I might have if I had begun at the beginning. Anyway I was in the glee club and one year we sang at the Teck Theater. All the schools in the city took part and each had a different lullaby to sing as well as taking part in the general songs. Our lullaby was a French one, but during rehearsals in the theater we learned most of the others. One little song supposed to be a colored mammy singing to her child, I sang so much to my little nieces and nephews who lived in the downstairs apartment that they still all know it today and some of them sing it to their grandchildren.

When it came time for graduation from the eighth grade, Miss Swartz gave me a solo to sing and let me take it home to learn. This was a mistake for my father said he would not allow me to sing what he called a coon song. Since

that time the song has become one of the classics. Miss Swartz got me another one to sing which I don't remember for a wonder, and that I do not remember ever having heard since. Father had been brought up with good music and I had learned to sing operatic airs as a child having no idea what they were.

Our first years in Buffalo were rather prosperous. Father worked most of the time at die making and mother was given the paycheck. Out of it she managed to save a little for the seasonal layoffs. Father bought a bicycle and learned to ride at sixty-five. By that time he was quite heavy and not as supple as he had been. His struggles to keep his balance were sometimes quite amusing, but he kept at it and soon was riding all over the country. When I was fourteen my sister got married and soon after gave me the bicycle she had, so my father and I had a new means of getting places.

He was very fond of mushrooms and would come home with baskets of them and we had them to eat in many ways. Mother fried them and made soup of them and one time when he had brought home more than we could use before they would spoil, she made a thick black sauce, very spicy. During fair time when we had some paying guests, mother served them some of her mushroom soup with which they were delighted, one of the men saying that it just needed a little bug juice. When I asked mother what he meant she told me. Needless to say he did not get it as I do not remember that we ever had any whiskey in the house.

Father and I made many trips to see the building of the Pan American Fair buildings so that when the fair opened we were well acquainted with every part of it. We had some paying guests that summer, and quite often I was asked to go to the fair as a guide. I was fifteen and quite liked to do this. One day we had gone early to the fair grounds because President McKinley was to be there and was to have a reception at the Temple of Music. We did not go to the reception, but did see him as his carriage passed through the cheering crowds.

We spent the rest of the day around the fair, then as it got dusk we went to the place where we could see the fire works. They were very good, and for this night there were some special ones, which were called set-pieces. These were pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt. They were very good though presently the one of the President burned out and that of Roosevelt remained for some time. Some people made the remark that maybe Roosevelt would be the next President. No one at the fair knew that McKinley had been shot and lay at the point of death. There were no radios or loud speakers in those days and the first news we had was in the newspapers. The President had been very quietly removed from the fair grounds, and only those close enough to see at the time, knew what had happened.

Another time we had some people from Sunbury, Pennsylvania. They also took me to the fair. They were farmers and we made the Agricultural Bldg. our first place to stop and look at the exhibits. They told me how much better the things were that were raised on their own farm and promised me a box of them. I was not expecting them to remember, but one day a box came filled with fruit and nuts. Among them were walnuts, butternuts, which I had never seen before, and chestnuts of which I was very fond. The fruit was of great size and no doubt was very good when shipped, but the butternuts had flavored it all, and it was a great disappointment. Mother took it all out of the box and put the chestnuts in a basket by themselves. It must have been at that time when the chestnut worm began to ravage the trees, for the next morning the brakes between the boards in the kitchen floor were just crawling with the white worms.

Father often made us toys, sometimes things that would run when fastened onto the kitchen stovepipe. Once a man sawing wood, and another time a man playing on a fiddle. Once at Christmas he made me a doll dresser out of a cracker box. It had two large drawers and two small ones, and two little boxes with hinged lids on top with a swinging mirror between. It was as well

finished as if it had been made of the finest woods and were meant for real use, and so well put together that it lasted until all of my children had outgrown it, and was last given to a little girl who had come to our town from Northern Canada and had only been able to bring one doll with her.

We were a great family for music. I did not know there were people who could not tell one tune from another until I was married. When anyone said they could not sing I thought that they were just shy or timid. Father played the flute, piano, violin and mouth organ, but all by ear. The older children had all had lessons on some instrument. Fred played the flute in the "Queen's Own Band", Will and Frank both played the violin in the Queen Street Methodist Orchestra, and the girls all played the piano except me. The girls sang in choirs and we always were given parts in anything that was going on, either in church or school. I remember when I was so small that they stood me on a table to recite at the Metropolitan Methodist in Toronto. I was not the least bit afraid, although the few lines I was given to say expressed the thought that someday I would not be quite so shy.

Mabel sang at the opening of the Massey Music Hall in Toronto, but I was too small. However, I learned all the songs though I do not remember ever seeing any music. Mabel and I never quarreled over doing the dishes. In the first place, mother would not have allowed it and in the second place we always started to sing when we started to do the dishes and although she is over seventy and I am only six years younger, we still do and some of those Massey Music Hall songs are generally the first ones we start in on. Whoever starts to sing a song, sings the melody and the other sings the harmony. It may not be alto, but from doing it so much there is seldom a note that makes a discord. Mabel is still singing in the same choir in which she sang when she was sixteen, and I have been singing in the same one since 1917, which is thirty-five years. I have sung in Choral Union and the Civic Opera Chorus.

When the family was together someone would start to sing and if there were an instrument around another would start to play and we would have a regular song fest. There was no attempt at a program, no matter what the song or the key it was always the right one. The only time I remember that it wasn't was one evening after I was old enough to go to work. I had asked some of the girls where I worked to come in for the evening. One of them could play the piano, and by this time I had made a down payment on one. She started to play "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" and my father came in and stopped her. He said that home was no barroom. Of course, I was embarrassed, but he never would let us sing or play cheap music, and I agree with him. There is so much beautiful and good music there can be no excuse for bawdy music.

I have said more about father than about mother, not because there was more to say, for mother was mistress of her house, the last word and law. If we asked father if we might do or have anything, he always said to ask mother. If she said yes, we were happy, if she said I'll see, we waited until she had made up her mind, and if she said no, well, that was all there was to it. They tell us now that vacillating parents make refractory children. No wonder we never thought of disobeying.

Mother had all sorts of skills at her finger tips, and I never saw her sit down with her hands empty. She always had some piece of work in her hands. She made most of our clothes, knit all our winter stockings, and sometimes did some fancy work, either to dress up the house, or as a gift for someone.

She was born in England, near London, (in fact I have been told Sydenham is one of London's suburbs now,) in the year 1842. For the times she had a good education, for she attended an endowed school and she must have begun at an early age, for she said she remembered grandfather carrying her to school. She was only twelve when they emigrated to America. [Think this statement is

in error. George wrote that he left England June 1857. Records show Rose Amelia was buried in London, Ontario 19 Jan 1858.] Before she left England she had become such a good seamstress that she was given a prize, a walnut sewing box, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and pure silver, and was allowed to make the shirts for the patron, which was considered a great honor.

Grandfather came over first, and left grandmother in England with the children until he should get settled. I think she must have gotten tired of waiting, for she left England and sailed with the children for Philadelphia, the last place from which she had received a letter from him. They were six weeks on the trip, cooking their own meals, and doing their own laundry and when they landed sick and weary from the long confinement, they could not find grandfather. He had not been able to find what he wanted there and for some reason had gone to London, Canada and it was some time before they heard from him. Finally he sent for them to come to London, where he had bought a small place and had a bakeshop again. You must not blame him too much for not getting word to his wife. This was a hundred years ago, and there were no fast means of travel or communication.

Mother was a very good cook. Maybe she had inherited this skill from her father. I think that when they were young people, food had been more plentiful, but by the time I came along, there was not much to do with. But although supplies were often meager, I do not ever remember that we went hungry. It might be that we had just bread and some canned jam. I remember one winter Mabel and I had bread and jam for our lunches so much that we thought we would never like it again. Sometimes we would have oatmeal with brown sugar, no milk, for we got only one half pint of milk a day which was for tea, but it kept us from feeling hungry. Once in later years when mother and I were on a farm where there was an abundance of everything, chickens, milk, cream and eggs, she remarked that she had always thought she could have been a good cook if she had had things to cook with, but maybe the best cook is the one who can make a good meal with what she has. My husband always said she was the best cook with the least to do it with of anyone he ever saw.

Mother made most of our clothes, even made our father's shirts, for the ready made ones were of very poor quality and workmanship. She told me about going to visit a friend who made shirts for a living. Mother thought that she might as well help, as I said she never liked to sit with her hands idle. So she started to make buttonholes for the woman. When the woman saw how fine and close mother was making the stitches, she said, "No, no, three stitches on each side and one on the end", that is all she was paid for, and if mother made them so well she would have to also and for the same price. You must remember these days were before many people had sewing machines.

My dresses were mostly made over from those my older sisters had outgrown. Sometimes one of mother's friends, who bought very good materials for her clothes and then wore them out under the arms before the rest of the dress was worn, would give mother something to make over for me. Then I would have a good dress, even though it might be of a sober color. She took just as much trouble making dresses over as if the material were new and the sewing always outlasted the goods.

Sometimes the style of my dresses did not suit me too well. Mother made them all from the same pattern for many years. A tight bodice, lined, long tight sleeves with a puff at the top, a full gathered skirt, made long enough to allow for growth and letting down. I had to wear pinafores long after no other girl in school possessed one and my dresses were long or at least half way down to my ankles when other girl's were up to their knees. Even my eighth grade graduation dress though very pretty was made quite long though I had asked to have it shorter.

These were minor things. The great difficulty was shoes. Mother could not make them and they were hard to get. I bet many times she wished that my father would not take me on such long walks and wear my shoes out.

The whole burden of planning fell on mother. Father gaily brought home what money he earned, and she had to make it cover our needs. If you had this you did not have that, and so it went all along the line. I remember once mother and Daisy wanted to take me to town when I was about six. I did not have a coat. Mother had a blue and green shawl, so Daisy pleated the shawl onto a piece of ribbon and made it into some form of a cape. The fringe hung down all around, but I felt pretty proud wearing mother's shawl. I think that was the day they bought me a ready-to-wear coat because I needed one so badly and someone who owed mother some board had sent her money. The coat was probably a good value for a small price. I know I wore it until it got entirely too small.

Mabel and I were sent to collect some money that was owed to my father. The woman who owed him the money was hard to collect from and we were told to tell her that we needed the money. She just snorted and said, "With those clothes! Those are better than I can afford". Mabel felt insulted but I was pleased to think mother had made us such nice clothes and that the woman had noticed them.

The only time I remember being ashamed of my clothes was when I was a sophomore in High School. I had a part in the Christmas Play, and I had to be fitted into a gorgeous yellow satin and velvet dress. I had to take off my dress to be fitted and though my clothes were clean, they were mended and it was painful to try on that beautiful dress over them. The teacher was very kind and made no remarks and did not suggest that I be lent anything different, and as no one but the teacher saw them, I soon forgot and did my best with the bit assigned to me.

Mother seldom went visiting, her friends came from all over to see her. Although they all seemed very friendly and evidently liked her very much, they never got familiar enough to call her anything but Mrs. Ward. Her very closest friend came to see her the day before I was born but she was not told that I was expected soon and was very much surprised the next day when told of my advent. I think it was very difficult for mother to talk of personal matters and she never did tell us girls the things we should have known before we married, and that no one else could tell us. Those were the days of hush, hush.

I did not realize until I began to think of writing these memories for you that mother did not sing very much. Once when we went to a Moody and Sankey revival at the King Street Methodist Church, I noticed that she did not sing above a certain note. When we got home I asked her why and she said that when Ernie was born (he was the boy just older than me who died before I was born) something in her throat seemed to crack and that her voice had never been the same since. That must have been only part of the story for since then I have come to know most of her people and a good many of the next generation and none of them sing and do not seem to have much musical ability. A great many of my father's family have a talent for music, even unto the third and fourth generation, and some of them have been very good indeed, one of them being an opera singer.

Although mother's family moved to a farm in Michigan before she was married, she never lived in the country. At that time she was nursery seamstress for a family named McKenzie in London, Canada. They had a draper's shop and for sometime one of her sisters was their nursemaid. Mrs. McKenzie would cut a whole bolt of cloth into the same kind of garment and then mother had to make the whole lot up by hand before she cut anything else. It must have been very monotonous to say the least, as the days began with daylight and ended when the sun went down or there was not light enough to see. All this for the great sum of three dollars and a half a month, and her room and board. Once when the children came down with scarlet fever all the servants left except mother and her sister. They stayed and helped all they could and

at the end of the month they were each given enough sprigged muslin for a dress for being so faithful.

Mother also told me that the first money she ever earned was making pot holders for the cooks where grandfather delivered baked goods. These were made by hand and she got a penny for them. She knitted window curtains for which she got eighteen pence a pair. That is about thirty-six cents.

When I was sleeping with her one night, I noticed that her hand twitched all night even when she was fast asleep. The next morning I asked her why they did. She answered that she supposed that because they were busy all the day they did not know enough to be still when they might.

Mother's family name was Cowley and her father claimed to be related to the Duke of Wellington. One of my mother's nieces married an Englishman and went to England to live. She made it her business to have the family genealogy traced and I believe this was confirmed, but I have never seen it. My brother Will was in England at one time and sent me a picture of the Duke with the comment written below by Will, "More kudos than ducats", which to you children might be interpreted as "More glory than gain". Will also wrote to grandfather's sister, Maria, while he was living in London and asked if he might come to call. Someone came to see if he were presentable to meet her and it made him angry, so that he did not go when he was bidden.

My mother's grandfather on her mother's side was named Malin, and was in the Customs Service. [Note by Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell: Rose has Fannie's grandfather's names confused. Fannie's grandfather on her <u>father's</u> side was John Cowley, a Tide Waiter (customs inspector) according to the 1841 Census, at the time that George and Susan Cowley and their first daughter, Mary Garratt Cowley, were living with him in his home. Fannie's grandfather on her <u>mother's</u> side was William Malen, a market gardener in the 1841 Census who, in his will of 1882 (probated in 1885), left 8 cottages to his 4 daughters (2 each) who were still in England. He also left a grandfather's clock to Michael Sir Malen (a son of Jane and Michael Malen) who may be William's nephew.] One of his duties was to go out to the great ships to inspect their cargoes when they came in from their long voyages. Sometimes he would bring home things that the captains had given him, curios and silks from far away lands, and sometimes he almost got into trouble because he had shared too much of the captain's hospitality, but mother said he must have had influence for his lapses were always overlooked. He must have prospered for when he died he left each of his daughters a cottage, and that was quite a lot for those days. It was by the sale of grandmother's cottage that they got enough money to emigrate.

Among my keepsakes is a scrap of silk and a lacquer box, beautifully inlaid with some kind of grasses which was brought to mother from India by one of her cousins who was in the Navy. Mother kept her jewelry in it, with her rings in a little box covered with blue and green plaid. It has been in constant use for nearly a hundred years.

Grandmother once asked my mother if she would like to make some baby clothes for a new baby, of course not telling who they were for. So mother made all the baby clothes for her little brother who was named Josiah. When it was time to baptize the baby, grandfather started to celebrate too soon, for when he was asked at the font to name the baby, he could not remember what name had been selected and said, "Oh, call him Josiah, he was a good king".

Grandfather must have sweetened and mellowed with age, for when I told some of things to Aunt Rose, who was the youngest of the family and had been born in this country, and for whom I was named, she was very indignant and said that mother should not have told me such things, for grandfather was not like that; he was a very good man, that he did not drink, and that he had given the church enough land to build a church on. That is the difference between what the older and the younger children remember. I find it the same in my own family, between the older ones and myself.

Sometimes my mother got into trouble. One of her cousins taught her some doggerel about a father who stayed too long at the grog shop. He dared her to sing it to her father. This she did one day when grandfather got home with the bakery cart. The rhyme probably touched a tender spot, for he got down off the cart and made her dance to the tune of the whip on her bare legs.

One day mother went to the jail with one of the girls whose father was held there. I do not understand how she was allowed to go, but they took some food to him, for the food in those days in the jails was not of the finest, and it was often carried in by friends. Next day there was a great to do, for the man had escaped. My mother was questioned but she knew nothing about the saws in the pie. I do not think she even knew what the man was in jail for.

My mother liked to keep her hair smooth and neat. When she was a little girl oil was used a great deal, and one day she came downstairs and grandfather said, "Look at Fan, she's been in the hair oil again". This she denied even though the oil was almost dripping from her hair. Another time she took a piece of silk that her mother had put away for a special purpose, took it up on the roof and made her doll a dress.

When people went to church on Sunday, they sometimes brought their dinner to be baked in grandfather's oven. For this there was a charge and it was one of mother's duties to stand at the door and take the money. One Sunday as she did this grandfather kissed one of the maids who came to pick up the dinner. She promptly slapped him and grandmother said, "Serves you right".

I do not know how mother came to tell me all these things, she does not seem to have told the others, at least Mabel has never heard them. Maybe she was homesick and took this way of feeling a nearness to her people. She was never able to visit her people much after she was married, visiting was a luxury which only the rich could afford. Then there were always children and it is difficult to travel with them no matter how well trained they may be. At any rate, I must have been a good listener for I do not think I have forgotten much that she told me. There is hardly a day goes by that I do not say to somebody, "My mother said", something or other, and the things she said are just as true today as the day long ago when she said them.

Our kitchen was large and we spent a good deal of our time in it. For one thing the kitchen stove was the only one in the house and in the winter the other rooms were not warm enough to sit in. So with father on one side of the table with his side turned to the light, mother at the end with her knitting, and I on the other side with a book and my elbows on the table, we spent the evenings.

One night we were sitting thus when father gave a hitch of his chair, either to get a better light or to get more comfortable, which almost caused a disaster. The lamp was for oil with a large bowl on a standard. When father moved, the bowl, which must have been cracked around the standard, slid off onto the table. Father quickly jumped up and picked up the bowl with the light still burning, and dropped it in the sink. Oil had run all over the table, but the only damage was to my stockings and the book I was reading, Seven Oaks, which never lost the smell of oil.

There are in the family some daguerreotypes of mother and father taken about the time they were married. Father is very handsome with curly hair and smiling mouth. Mother is very demure with closely fitted dress and her hair smoothed down from a center part and carried over her ears. I never remember my father with more than a fringe of white hair around a bald crown. Mother's hair was very little gray when she died at 74.

Father was a real blonde, with very white skin and blue eyes. Mother had gray eyes and brown hair, but like all the Cowleys, her skin while clear and smooth even when she was quite old, was dark. Some malaprop soul on first meeting her said, "Why, I heard Charley Ward had married a mulatto". This must have been the same female who told mother how much she admired Charley

and how much he liked her. After this person had told mother all the things of this kind that she could think of, mother told her she need not call again, the first visit was enough. You see mother was a second wife, and things of that kind are not just sweet to hear. Mother had met father's first wife, but both she and her two sons had all died of tuberculosis before my mother married him. She met my father through a friend of his who himself was paying mother some attention.

I thought of this when one of the neighbors came to express his sympathy at the time my father died. He had lost his wife and had married again. In all innocence he said, "There is no one like the first one, no matter how good the second one, the first always stays first". Poor mother. She had always said father would not be happy in his grave if he did not have his pipe, so she put that in his pocket and the pictures of his first wife and his boys. She said they would mean nothing to anybody else.

We had often talked of the hereafter and whether one could come back from the grave. She said she had never had any feeling that father had come back to her. The day before she died we had talked all the afternoon. She did not seem too ill, and I wondered why they had sent for me but she had asked them to. She said, "If there is any way to come back I am coming". I thought if anyone can you can, for she was a very determined woman, and when she set out to do a thing she generally did it.

That night about midnight she was taken worse, and I had to send for the doctor, who gave her a hypodermic from which she never really came to, unless when she called for me just before the last, she was conscious. I had been with her all the morning, and when Nellie and Mabel had finished their lunch they came to sit with her and sent me out to eat. I had hardly sat down when they called me back because she had called my name. When I came in she said, "Rose, hold me", and I got behind her and lifted her up and held her until she breathed her last. We hardly knew when it happened. It was so easy that we could not believe it and got a mirror to see if there was any breath.

That night in the middle of the night when I was sleeping I heard her voice call "Rose", and I answered, "I'm coming mother" before I remembered she had gone before us. Then I said to myself she did what she said she would.

Many times since that night, I have dreamed of her always as alive though we spoke of her as having died. One very vivid dream was that I went home to the flat and when I went into the kitchen she was there ironing. When she looked up at me she said, "You did not expect to see me here, did you?" And I replied, "No mother, and if you knew all the things that have happened since you have been gone", and then she said, "Don't worry, I know all about it. It will come right some day". So I did quit worrying and most of the things have come out all right.

Knowing my mother I believe she came to me, to you it may sound like another one of those legends that people tell about the dead, but to me my mother has never been dead. I have never felt bereft. All I could feel was that she had gone as she would have wished, while she was still mistress of her own home and did not have to be dependent on anyone. I have sometimes wondered if her telling me all the things she did made it easier for her to get to me later. And I have sometimes wondered if some of us are not more sensitive to messages from others both living and dead. My husband used to say that if he wished he had told me to do something, I often would do it. And if he wished I would have certain things for meals he would find when he came home that I had made just that dish.

[Note: Below are two letters written by Susanna/Susan Malen Cowley to her daughter, Mrs. Susan Cowley Purvis. Grandchildren: Susanna/Susan Malen Cowley was your great-great-great-great-grandmother.]
[Source: Robert Hendershot 1978]

Elk [Michigan]
June 9,78 [1878]

Dear Susan

I received your letter last week and was rather surprised but Father says that he thinks that he will spare me to come down for a week if nothing more occures than is now as he is not doing nothing only reeding the papers and loytring round. The bees began to swarm today. We had one swarm. Syras [Silas?] is coming down so I thought that I would send it by him then you will hear all the news. Rose and family are all well and send there love to you so no more at present from your affectionate mother

S. Cowley

Nov 9 1878

Dear Susan

You will think that I have been long in answering your letter but there as been some change sense you were here. Your poor sister is dead. She died on the 24 of Oct and was buried on the 28. She never come to herself and never spoke or moved after the voilent strugle was over. She was buried on the Brockway Road Burying Ground. George is stopping at Patty till April and then Maurice talks of taking him. Will is here. We are going to keep him and I think that Ann will stay here but she is at Maggy's for this last day or to. They are poor destitute children. They may as well have no father as well as mother. Tom made a great noisy grief but I think it was soon over as he do not seen to think of her much now. He is staying here at presant but he talks of going in the woods this winter but I do not now. Ida and Ann were pleased with their picture and they cannot make out one of the mottoes but Rose as chosen that one. Rose was here on Tuesday. She is well likewise Patty and family. The baby is very dark but he is getting very fat like all her children. I have rote to Fanny today. The roads are very bad so they do not go to the road often. They are going to build a new Advent Church at the Corners. The foundation is laid. The minister lives in Dones house. He seems a nice kind of man. All the dear friends are well as usual. The winter has began for we have had some snow. The poor old Frenchman has been poisoning cows and they have sent him to the poor farm. Give our kind love to Jim and yourself. So no more from your loving mother.

S Cowley

Dear Sue rite as soon as you can.

[Note:] "Syras [Silas?]" is Silas Hayes, husband of Martha(Patty) Cowley Hayes and Susan's brother-in-law.
"Rose" is Rosella Agnes Cowley Ball, Susan's youngest sister.
"poor sister" is Mary Garratt Cowley Burton, Susan's oldest sister.
"Brockway Road Burying Ground" is near Peck, Michigan.
"George, Will, Ann & Ida" are Mary Garratt Cowley Burton's children.
"Tom" is Mary Garratt Cowley Burton's husband, Thomas Burton.
"Patty" is Martha(Patty) Cowley Hayes, Susan's sister.
"Maurice" is Maurice Cowley, Susan's brother.
"Fanny" is Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward, Susan's sister.
"Jim" is James Purvis, Susan's husband.

[Note: Below is a letter written by Rosella Agnes Cowley Ball to her sister, Susan Cowley Purvis. Grandchildren: Rosella and Susan were sisters of Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward, your great-great-great-grandmother.] [Source: Robert Hendershot 1980.]

Dec 26th 1880

Dear Susie

I received half a letter from you and as it [is] so lone some I thought I would rite [write]. I was down home yesterday. Jim came home and stayed two weeks and he went off again and took the horses. He has been gone over three weeks. He said he would come home Christmas but did not come.

Tom Cash was up there and a boy hit him in the stomache and inflemmation [inflammation] set in and they had to go and bring him home. He was getting better and Cash give him so much to eat that he got so bad, that they dont think he will live.

Maurice was down today and I did not see him when he came back. Cash as [has] not slept a bit for a week. Mrs. C is most crazy.

Tuesday Sarah was down to see Tom. He is no better

Gracie sends a kiss to Mable she has worn draws [drawers = panties] ever since you was home and not must [mussed] them once, she had grabd [grabbed] this letter half a dozen times so you must excuse it site as soon as you get it.

Arthur has got quite well. Sarah feels pretty bad and Maurice wont let her go down to see him. He, Maurice, told me last night he could not live.

I got a letter from Patty Friday. She is not very well. Sie [Silas] hurt his foot very bad. The rest are well. Father got his eye most hooked out, he cant open his eye yet. Mother is well. Ann is so bad. I can't do nothing with her since Jim went away.

Gracie and Queen have bad colds Jim says he will call her

Kate and all the folks laugh at it. Grace got a picture, a dog on wheels and a plate, baby a tin lamb an rattle and a cup. I did not get anything.

I got my coat made for 60 cents it is splendid and warm, looks pretty good. I got a new dress, Grace and baby a plad [plaid] one. I rote [wrote] a long letter to you a long time ago and you never answered it. Sam Ball's have moved to hog town. Last week Mrs Gillard made me a switch, my hair is coming out so bad. They have moved away now.

I guess I have told you all the news. I have been out to the store three times this fall. It has been real cold and not much snow. Sarah is a sight to behold, all in front. Lizzie calls her girl Carrie Farbin. It is very little they say. goodbye a kiss to Mabel Love to Jim and the same for yourself Your Loving Sister Rose [Cowley] Ball

[Note: Below is a letter written by Jack Eames to George Cowley, his cousin. Grandchildren: George Cowley was your great-great-great-great- grandfather.]
[Source: Robert Hendershot 1980]

1674 Lincoln Street
West Oakland [California]
Feb 6th 1882

Dear Cousin [George Cowley]

I should have answered your letter long ere this, but I have been very unwell for some time past. My wife has been absent some 4 weeks waiting on her mother who is lying very low in Lake Co. So I have been home all alone with my oldest boy.

My business is steamboating so you see I still stick to the water. It is a very poor business now, the Railroad has ruin'd it a few years ago. I could get $150.00 per mo. and steady employment, now for the same position we only get from 65 to $75.00 and only from five to seven mo. work during the summer. I go either as pilot or mate and sometimes combine both. I have now been out of employment since Nov. 20 and no prospect at present. Now to use a vulgarism, steamboating is played out.

I should have gone to Arizona or New Mexico 2 yr. ago for there is no more money in Cal. You speak about coming here, now take my advice. You have a good home and your chances are as good where you are as they are here. Crops fail here as well as they do with you, take this season for instance. I do not think the state will average more than half a crop. To be sure we have the advantage of climate and a great advantage it is of course. But taking everything into consideration at your time of life I think you could do as well where you are. Now in the first place what you could sell for in Michigan, you could not replace it in Cal. Now as I said before for you to cut loose and come here and start all over again at your time of life would not be my policy. It is different with me, I have no home so anywhere does me. A great many people think I ought to be well off because I am an old Californian but I will explain to you the reason.

I arrived in Cal. in 1849 the good old days (as Byron says, all times are good when old). I had just arrived at manhood. Now in those days anybody could make money no matter what you done. So I made lots of money, and spent lots, and been swindled out of lots, for I like all old Californians was free and open handed and never allow'd anybody to want. And I have never yet learn't the value of money, or the faculty of saving it. So I never have a surplus on hand. I and my oldest boy manage to make a living.

You speak of your family. I have no recollection of any of them except your wife neither have I of poor brother, Dan; I correspond with Emily Eames and altho I have never seen her, it seems like I have always known her. My earliest recollictions are that I lived with your mother for a long time, then taken home and sent to boarding school. At the age of 14 yrs to sea, and I suppose if I'd stay'd at sea I would have been Cap. of a ship long ago. But our life is all a mistake anyway. My first voyage I was away some 2 yrs and 8 mo and during my absence my mother died. When on shore afterwards I always made my home with your mother in Thames St, [London, England] so you see I was never much with brothers and sister and it seems I know so little of them.

I have been a wanderer and would still wander if I was alone. Well, I have a family of 3 Boys and one girl living, a boy and girl buried. My oldest boy is 18, my next is 14, the other 9 and my girl 21 is married. I have also a little niece I have adopted.

Well, I must close this letter. I think it is the longest letter I have ever written because I detest letter writing, altho I like to receive them. I have not met your girls yet. I will close this with love to Susan and yourself and believe me ever to be

Your affectionate cousin Jack Eames

[Note: Below is a letter written by Maria Cowley to George Cowley, her brother. Maria Cowley never married. Grandchildren: George Cowley was your great-great-great-great-grandfather.]
[Source: Truman Hendershot 1978]

21 Westgate Terrace
Redcliffe Gardens [England]
April 5th 1891

My Dearest Brother [George Cowley]

I was so delighted to get your dear letter. I had been thinking about that it seemed long in not getting one and when it comed it cheered my heart for I was suffering from a very bad cold and I have not got rid of my cough yet. We have had such a severe winter. I have not been able to go out even to church. I was so glad to hear you were in good health except the infirmities of your old age. I feel them very much at times but Mrs. Driver tells me I am not old but I feel I can't be very young at 68 years old and I am sure, dear George, you must feel them much more than I do for your age is more than mine, besides all your troubles by the way the Lord led you. I feel so glad that you, dear George, can feel the Lord's loving precense dwells with you and you can look alone to him in every sorrow. I must now tell you we have had a long and cold winter and much illness. Our dear boy has outgrown his strength and has been under the Doctor since last autumn but now he is ordered abroad near Maderia and we hope it will do him good. His complaint is on the kidneys the forerunner if not cured diabitus. His height is six feet 3 and he is only 17 years and 4 months old. He is a fine young fellow but thin and quite a companion to his father and steady in the business. So it makes his father and mother very anxious about him. We don't expect him home till the end of June when we hope he will come back quite strong. Now I must tell you our daughter that was married last June has become a mother last week and both mother and babe are doing well. Now Mr. and Mrs. Driver are grandparents. They are pretty well. I have now seen the 4th generation. Dear George, Patty has written me such a nice letter and sent me one of Susie's photographs and she looks a nice girl and told me all about her new house and they were getting along so nicely and I heard from dear Fanny's son Wilbur and I should think he would be a very clever lad. His letter was written like copper plate and told me all about their nice new house. How good God has been to them all and that they have been good children. I should feel sorry for you to leave Susan or rather Susan to live in the city for she might not have her health. What a pity he could not make up his mind to stay and be contented and try the farming. I think you must all have spent a happy Xmas and I hope the new year will be bright and prosperous for you all. I heard the influenza had broken out in some parts of America but I hope it will not be as bad as it was before. Our boys are sent home from school as scarlet fever had broken out so he said he must send you a letter and he hoped you would write to him. I am glad to tell you Emilie and Maurice and wife and children are well except colds. Edwin Ballard has lost his wife a month ago but she was prepared to go. But her poor invilid of an husband is left behind. I believe it was asthma. [No signature or closing. Believe letter is not complete.]

[Note:] "our dear boy" is son of Mr. & Mrs. Driver
"our daughter" is daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Driver
"Patty" is Martha(Patsy) Cowley Hayes, George Cowley's daughter.
"Susie" is Martha (Patsy) Cowley Hayes' daughter.
"Fanny" is Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward, George's daughter.
"Susan" is Susan Cowley Purvis, George's daughter.
"Emilie" is Emily Ballard, George's niece and dau. of George's sister.
Maurice is "Maurice Ballard", George's nephew and a brother of Emily Ballard.

[Note: Below is a letter written by Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward to Rosella Agnes Cowley Ball, her sister. Both are daughters of George Cowley and Susanna/Susan Malen Cowley. Grandchildren: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley Ward was your great-great-great-grandmother.] [Source: Truman Hendershot 1978]

Toronto [Canada]
April 29th/91 [1891]
Mrs. Ward 160 McDonnell Ave.
Parkdale

Dear Rose

I have put off answering your letter till I almost forget what you want to know. I have been sick in bed again for two weeks with my same old complaint but I am a little better now but not able to do any heavy work but hope for the best. Nellie has been home sick nearly all winter with a return of her nervous complaint but I hope with the fine weather coming she will be better. All the rest are pretty well with the exception of spring colds. Our Rose is as brown as a gypsie from the wind. She says, "Tell Aunt Rose to write a letter to me because you know I am her girl". Today is Charlies birthday. He is 59 years old. Does not the time pass quickly? He often says when he thinks of you he never can imagine you with a large family. He thinks of you as Mother's baby. Have you seen Father lately. How does he keep his health? Is Susie still home with him? Poor girl, she must have a hard time of it. I cannot see why she is so dealt with. He must be a queer man. I suppose by this time you have your full share of work with your calves and colts and chickens. I sometimes think I should like to be a farmer's wife just for the livestock, not the work. Oh, No, that would not suit. You said your children would soon have holidays. Do they have no school in summer? Did you get a letter from Pattie lately with a fine photo of Susie in her graduating dress? She looks to be a fine girl. Pattie may well be proud of her. She is having a nice time with her family. Long may they be spared to her. My Mabel just started to take music lessons. She is doing splendid. I think she is going to be a fine scholar and Nellie plays the violin almost as well as Frank. We have great concerts sometimes. Daisy is the singer of the family. Give my love to Maurice when you see him. I guess he has forgotton he has a sister Fannie. How many of a family has he got? I suppose he is getting a rich farmer by this time. Well, hoping this will find you well and not too busy to answer, I remain

Your loving sister Fannie

[Note:] "Nellie" is Nellie May Ward, Fannie's daughter.
"Rose" is Rose Belle Ward, Fannie's daughter.
"Charlie" is Charles Ward, Fannie's husband.
"Mother" is Susanna/Susan Malen Cowley, Fannie & Rose's mother.
"Father" is George Cowley, Fannie & Rose's father.
"Susie" is Susan Cowley Purvis, Fannie & Rose's sister.
"Pattie" is Martha(Patsy) Cowley Hayes, Fannie & Rose's sister.
"Susie, photo of" is Martha(Patsy) Cowley Hayes' daughter.
"Mable" is Mabel Martha Ward, Fannie's daughter.
"Nellie" is Nellie May Ward, Fannie's daughter.
"Frank" is Frank Charles Ward Sr., Fannie's son
"Maurice" is Maurice Cowley, Fannie & Rose's brother.

[Note: Below is a letter written by Emily Ballard to George Cowley, who was her uncle. Grandchildren: George Cowley was your great-great-great-great-grandfather.] [Source: Robert Hendershot 1980]

40 Byrne Road
Balham SW [England]
June 28th 1891

My dear Uncle [George Cowley]

I seems a long time since I wrote to you, but hearing from Aunt Maria that your birthday is on the 6th of July I thought I should like to send you my best wishes and congratulations. I hope you are feeling well and are having a good summer to make up for the severe winter. I am pleased to hear that all my cousins are doing so well & hope they will continue to prosper. Of course I do not remember any of you at all, as I must have been quite a baby when you left England. What alterations you would see if you ever came back.

I don't suppose there is anyone left now in Sydenham [England] who knew you, for they hardly know me now, tho it is only 8 years since we left.

Now I will tell you a little of ourselves. I am still living with Maurice [Ballard] and find plenty to do, as his wife and children are all so delicate. But of course with so much doctoring, he cannot do more than keep me and I find it very hard at times, being quite without money and not very strong myself.

Aunt Maria is very kind & would help one a little if she could but she is not in a position to do so. I went up to see her last week and found her looking very well, tho she complains of gout at times. Of course she has a comfortable home where she is, but I think she often wishes she had a little place of her own where she could, as she says, rest and be quiet for the rest of her days. I wish so too, as I could go & take care of her, for she seems the only one left to me now and is such a dear old soul. She always sends me your letters to read and is so pleased when you write. We often wish we could see you and that you were not all so far away.

Maurice is very well & very proud of his little son, who is one year and 8 months old, he is called Arnold, after your grandmother I think. He is a fine intelligent little fellow and just getting into all sorts of mischief. He seems stronger than our little Constance who is 6 years and has just began school. She had a bad illness in the spring and is still very delicate.

Some of my friends in the Isle of Wight want me to take her with me there this summer for a change, but I can't afford the journey which is nearly 1 pound so am afeared we shall have to stay at home this year.

Uncle Edwin [Ballard] is still alive, tho in very bad health, his wife died last January aged 84. They had been married 53 years, a long time to be together is it not?

Now my dear Uncle I must close and am sorry my letter is not more interesting, but you must excuse it.

With love to you and all my cousins

I remain

Your affectionate niece

Emily S. Ballard

[Note: Below is a letter written by Maria Cowley to George Cowley, her brother. Maria Cowley never married.
Grandchildren: George Cowley was your great-great-great-great-grandfather.]
[Source: Robert Hendershot 1978.]

21 Westgate Terrace
Redcliffe Gardens SW [England]
June 29 1891

My dearest Brother [George Cowley]

I want to wish you a happy birthday and hope this may reach you on that day [06 Jul 1815] and may you and I thank God he has permitted us to journey so long amidst all the vicissitudes of this weary world.

I am glad to tell you I am pretty well although there has been a deal of illness with this influenza. Mrs. Driver had it very badly and her daughter and the infant got [it] and her husband [also] and it has left them very weakly.

Our dear has just returned from his sea trip [to] the Canary Islands and he is much better, but not quite cured. The doctor says he must be very careful for another year to avoid all chills. But now we must leave all in our Heavenly Father's hands. He alone can send health and cure.

I hope all things are going on well and the Lord is helping you and making all things easy for you, and that Susie is still with you I hope her family is well, also Rose and her family and Maurice and his family and I hope business is flourishing and Ida and her husband and little family are well.

I hope, my dear brother, you have been to see Fanny for it would do you good. I wish you would send me your picture this year if you can. I am glad they are all well at Balham. Maurice and Emily escaped the influenza but Alice and the two children had it, and bronchitis, but at present they are well.

Mrs. Driver asked Emily to come and stay for a day or two, and for her, she seemed pretty well and enjoyed her visit.

I mean, if I can, to go down and see Mrs. Floyd this summer, and all your dear wife's sisters. But up to now we have had such bad weather. Now summer has come and it is very hot and at times I suffer so much with gout and cramp that it makes me not care to go out at all, except to my church. But we are a family that do not like much going out from home.

Our other dear boys are at school [and] dont come home until July 31. Mr. Driver keeps pretty steady on, but getting older, and his son is a great comfort to him, and I hope Maurice is to you.

Now I must conclude with love from all here and God bless your natal day.

Mr and Mrs Driver send their good wishes to you and yours.

Ever your loving sister till death

Maria

[Note:] See Maria's April 5th 1891 letter for clarification of people's names.

[Note: The below letter and poem was written by Daisy May Ward Lear to her son-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell (that is me) while he was serving 22 months in the United States Marine Corps during World War II. Daisy had always called me her "favorite son-in-law" and it was a few years before I realized that I was her only son-in-law because Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell was their only daughter. However, it always made me feel really special when she referred to me as her "favorite son-in-law". I loved Daisy very much and she will always be my "favorite mother-in-law". Grandchildren: Daisy May Ward Lear was your great-grandmother.]

3 Feb 1945

Dear Donald:

This is the way you must approach this manuscript. Now you have the letter open, proceed to tear open the gum [Daisy had sent me a package of chewing gum because I couldn't get it overseas.], put in two or three sticks and begin champing slowly. Then, if the meter is bad (I mean of the script), chew accordingly and it will all come out right. If you have any subject you would like for me to work on, just mention it. It's hard to tell which one of us will be published first.

Well, this is the 3rd of February. [The] Ground hog saw his shadow the 2nd [of February]. The sun tries hard to shine today. Only hope it does. At last report we had 112 1/2 inches of snow and still snowing.

Lots of love from all us Lear's.

Dear Don:

I sit me down to pen you a line
With the sun shining bright this day.
While you're sailing away on the salty brine
And getting farther and farther away.

While we stay here, where the snow's so deep
You are under the tropic skies.
You can bask in the sun and go to sleep
If you don't have to chase tropical flies.

The letter you sent we were sure glad to get
We are glad that your health is good
Glad your cavity hasn't gone hungry yet
And if we tho't that it would;

We'd cut down on spuds and also good meat
Butter and other things too
For we want you boys to have plenty to eat
And not just be filled with rice goo.

Your book about corns sounds good to me
But mine aren't on my big toe.
They are deep down between my toesies so wee
And are causing me plenty of woe.

Hope that your book soon goes to press.
I'll read it, and hope find relief.
If I don't, well, I anyway guess
I'll have to put up with my grief.

It's too bad, we think, but it must come to pass
I mean that "Cruise on the Blues"
But it comes to Marine and Navy lass
Who stand for U.S. loyal and true.

You're cunning at card tricks
I know they are good.
For when you were here in the sticks,
Don't you remember at evening you would:

Get out the cards and make Waynie guess
Just how you did it and, Wow,
It kinda got Waynie's old goat
He never quite understood how.

You've passed the censors so far, my boy.
For your letter's so far are intact.
They won't be cutting them up for joy
If your converse stays on the right track.

Since I started this masterpiece to you, Don
You've arrived safely "Thank God" at the base
Where you will learn more of how to get on
When you meet those slant eyes face to face.

And wasn't it wonderful, we think it was,
After sailing for miles on the blue.
To think that you met with your brother because,
The love of that brother is true.

And while you're together we hope it will be,
Grand parties and everything fine.
For swell guys, we think, just like you and he,
It repays for that trip on the brine.

Your honey is with us, she moved box and bag.
We have her parked in that front room
You know the one, filled with books, box and rags,
There's not space to sweep round with the broom.

But we're glad to have her, it seems like old times,
Like when we lived on the farm.
And I think she'll be able to live on less dimes
And we all will protect her from harm.

The roads were so bad and the car wouldn't run
And she mighty near ran out of coal.
It was ceasing to be so very much fun
Besides here, she is nearer her goal.

Now have a good time but, be on your guard,
Be skillful with knife and your gun
And if you must fight, fight good and hard
And kill all of those yellow skinned bums.

We all are well but this winter's no fun
Snow's high, wind's nigh drives you blind
If we only could swap you for bits of that sun
We'd think it was surely a find.

Well, Son, this script must come to an end
Like good things always must do, Ha Ha
To be a good poet I'll never pretend
T'would be foolish, I wouldn't run true.

Now may God protect you and keep you from harm
As he guards you from high up above
Bring peace to your heart, blot out alarm
Is the prayer for <u>you</u> that we love

Lovingly your Mother-by-law
Daisy.

[Note: Below is a letter written by Daisy May Ward Lear to her son-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell, while he was in the United States Marine Corps stationed at the Fleet Marine Force Pacific Headquarters in Pearl Harbor, working in the office and waiting to be discharged and home to Maggie, after World War II. Grandchildren, Daisy May Ward Lear was your great-grandmother.]

May 46 [1946]

Dear Donald;

First I want to thank you for your thoughtfulness for Mother's Day and it certainly was a beautiful card and I only hope I can become worthy of those beautiful sentiments -- to all of my children. Well, it is still raining, we have on a rainy season just like it used to be down south [Hardy, Arkansas]. We got a letter from Margaret [Terrell, my wife, waiting for me in Ithaca, New York.] Wednesday telling us that you might be able to start home by August. Now that would be grand, Don, and of course we are hoping and praying that it comes to pass. The months that lie between will just fly past if you have that to look forward to.

I only hope we can persuade Wayne [Lear, her older son] to hold off his enlisting until you come. He seems bent on going even with teenagers off the draft. He would like to go to college and I tell him he can if he wants to. He has an insurance that was taken out for that purpose when he was born so he could use it. The trip he had to N.Y. City was swell, Don, and he enjoyed it so much. The class [Senior graduating class from Virgil High School.] had their pictures taken this week & Wayne's is a fine one I think. He is going to help Mr. A. D. Carpenter this afternoon, he is moving his household goods below where the Carson's lived. He [A. D. Carpenter] is having an auction Saturday afternoon. Poor old fellow, it is hard on him having to shift around like he has been doing since she [Georgianna, his wife] has been gone.

We got a letter from Mrs. Leo Cook today, perhaps Margaret told you he [Leo Cook] died the 18th of March. She says she misses him so and the good times they had, it is hard to believe they are gone forever. She is one of the sweetest women I ever knew. Such a beautiful disposition and Cookie's said so himself. George [George Andrew Lear, Daisy's husband] didn't bid on that job, Don. As it figured he would be only about $500 ahead at the end of the year and of course with the housing situation as it is we may have had to pay lots higher rent. Mrs. Cook said she thought we did the wise thing about it and she should know as they tried it out over here [in Cortland] as we would have by going there [in Cortland]. [Leo Cook was George's boss at the D.L.&W. Railroad in Cortland when the railroads were downsizing. George and Daisy were still renting in Virgil and evidently had no desire to move to Cortland to replace Leo when he retired.]

I wish you could send us up a car load of that sunshine. I would like to apply it a few places to see if it would draw out some of the bad spots we have. Wayne just came in and said he would write you a line, so I'll run along now and let him tell you what he knows.

Love and best of luck for that time you will be heading our way. We will kill the fatted calf and have a jubilee you can bet and thanks again for the card.

Love from All us Lear's

[Daisy May Ward Lear]

P.S. Notice the stamps, Don. Aren't they pretty?

[Note: Below are several letters written by Roger Edgar Lear for him and his younger brother, Dale Everett Lear, so their mother, Daisy May Ward Lear, could mail them out to their big brother-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell, who was in the United States Marine Corps during World War II. Roger was 8 yrs. old and Dale only 6 yrs. old when Roger wrote these letters in 1944/45.]

Sept 3 - 44 [3 Sept 1944]

Roger E. Lear

Dear Don,

How do you like the Marines? Robert Argyle is here. Wayne [Wayne Lear, their older brother] is with him running around hunting for woodchucks.
This is Sunday night, just 9 o'clock. Well, I will close for now.

[Daisy finished writing for Roger] Lots of luck, Don
From Roger

Dear Don;
Since Roger had me finish this, I will scratch a line. We are all getting along good. Marg [Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell, Daisy's only daughter and my wife of only one year] and I have been sewing. We have her plaid suit all finished & the skirt of the blue one all done but the hem.
Say, we all felt glad to think you made the Marines when you wanted in that branch of service so badly. Glad you enjoy the others, too. I mean the work outs [calisthenics] and all. The war news sounded fine tonight.
Well, lots of good luck to you, Don, from all of us.

Your Mother-in-law
[Daisy May Ward Lear]

Roger E. Lear
Jan 19, 1945

Dear Don,

The Metcalfe's, Dale and I built a snowfort, 8 of us can get into it. Down back of Pond's there is a good ice pond. 19 full grown kids were on it Dec. 31. You ought to see Pooch [Maggie's and my dog]. Dale is getting 100's every day in school. Kill me a Jap, will you, if you get a chance? Margaret is going to put her bed in the little bedroom upstairs. We are going to put books up in the attic.
I drew a picture to send you. It's a Marine picture, that's you manning the cannon. That Jap plane is getting the beating of its life.
Jan 19, 1945 we took care of Mrs. and Mr. Robert Stevenson's baby, his name is Bobby Stevenson. He is a good boy. Pooch is down cellar asleep.
I will have to go to bed now.

Your loving brothers
[Roger let Dale print his own name here.] Roger and Dale Lear

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Roger Lear
Jan, 26, 1945

Dear Don,

Homer school caught on fire Jan 26, 1945, burned the south end down. They were having a basketball game.

The snow in Virgil is about 9 feet in some places, no kidding. I hope you're in good health and when a Jap comes near, you could scare him out of his wits. How is Bob [my brother Robert Brayton Terrell, also in the Marines]? I hope he is in good health too. Carl Johnson is staying with us until morning. He has been here since Wednesday when school was closed because of the worst blizzard of the winter. Dad [George Andrew Lear] doesn't think he can get through [to the DL&W Railroad freight house, in Cortland, NY, where he works] in the morning. The roads are blocked. You know Timmermans's old barn up on the hill? Dick Timmerman and Dale and I walked about a half mile beyond the barn.

You ought to see Pooch [Maggie and Don's dog], he grows 1 foot longer every day and 1 foot taller every day. Dale is reading Jim and Judy books. Dale has just gone to sleep.

Well, I guess I will have to hit the sack now.

With love, your brothers,
Roger Lear and Dale Lear and family.
yours truly Don. [Roger added this at bottom]

[Note: Added by their sister, Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell, in October 1995.

Roger and Dale picked up some of Don's Marine phrases like "hit the sack" for going to bed. When Don had been in the service a short time and I was staying all night, Roger got ready for bed, told me "Good-Nite" and said, "I'm going to hit the bag." It took a second for me to realize he'd substituted "bag" for "sack" and I laughed so hard! I still giggle when I think of it. He was being so grown up and cool, it was really comical.]

[Below is a letter written by Wayne Arden Lear to his brother-in-law, Donald Leon Terrell, while Don (me) was in the United States Marine Corps stationed at the Fleet Marine Force Pacific Headquarters in Pear Harbor, working in the office and waiting to be discharged and home to Maggie, after World War II.]

5/20/46 [20 May 1946]

Dear Don,

I hear you've been setting them up in the next alley. I'm glad you're making good at it. [Wayne was talking about my part-time, evening job of "setting up pins" in the back of the bowling alleys at the servicemen's recreation center. I and another fellow Marine also ordered several dozen sandwiches made up for us in a downtown Honolulu restaurant, and then sold them at a handsome profit to our ever hungry "bunk mates" just before "lights out" were sounded in our marine barracks each evening. I also worked other times at the "Non-Com's" center (a recreation center & bar for Naval and Marine Non-Commissioned Officers) serving as a bartender or waiting on tables, and also making some good "loose change" on tips. All of these jobs, of course, were during my "off duty" hours from my day-time job of office worker for "Uncle Sam" at our headquarter's office in Pearl Harbor on the island of Oahu. I then would take this extra spending money that I had earned and go down to the Navy surplus warehouse and purchase little household items, like bathroom washcloths, towels, kitchen knives and cooking utensils etc., and ship them back to Maggie who was waiting for me to come back to her and continue our young "interrupted" married life in upstate New York.]

We are all O.K. and hope you are the same. I got back from Cincy [Cincinnatus, NY] tonight. We won our second ball game [baseball] in a row. 17 - 15. We beat McGraw 11 - 2. Chub [Rolland] Dalley got a homer today. Drove two runs in. I bounced one over the fence and had to go back to second. First good hit I've had this year. We lost the first four games. Marathon, Cincy, Homer & Truxton. I hope we win the rest.

There is only about five more weeks of school. I hope it would hurry up and get by. So you don't think I ought to join the Navy? They told me in Syracuse they had a quota of air-men to fill up and they would put on my papers I wanted an air position. If I'm mentally and physically fit I will be eligible to fly when an opening comes. They said I would have to "stripe" for it. I have hopes. [Wayne means he would have to earn a stripe to get it.]

There are lots of woodchucks around this year. I've got 5 or 6 so far. Why don't they make a soft nosed bullet for the carbine? Wouldn't that make a swell woodchuck rifle? I think so. I'd like a .22 Hornet if I was going to stay here.

They are really putting the studies to us at school. I have home work pretty near every evening and I haven't had much of it so far. But now it's all review and not too bad.

I hope Tony Bays and I can go to Jamestown over Decoration Day. We have gone the last 2 years. I don't know where I'll get the dough unless I borrow it. The coal shortage knocked out a lot of the trucking business so haven't been working for Vunk [driving truck for Harold Vunk] much lately. I have picked up milk once or twice a week. Had 78 cans Sunday morning.[Trucking milk cans picked up from farmers in the area, taking them to the creamery and then delivering the empties back to the farmers.]

I can't get any shells for my .32 auto pistol. It's pretty tough but ought to get some soon.

Well, write and be good. I had a swell time in New York.[Senior trip]

Wayne [Lear]

Extractions from World War II Letters Written by
Donald and Margaret Lear Terrell to Each Other
25 Aug 1944 through 02 Aug 1946. Volumes 1, 2 and 3

Don at U. S. Marine Corps Combat Training
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina
(after 10 day furlough home with Maggie)
Maggie at Virgil, New York

[Don to Maggie]

7 Nov 1944

[NOTE: The square brackets, [ ], were used by Don, 50 years later, when he entered their letters into the computer, to clarify names, places, subjects and also for comments to Maggie, their children and grandchildren.]

Here I am back again. We arrived in Wilson at 1100 and after fooling around awhile at Jacksonville, we reported in at headquarters at 1820, received our orders and took a bus 10 miles down here to tent city. We are lucky so far, living in small, light huts instead of tents. Haven't any address as yet. Cold as hell down here at night, but we keep fires roaring. Everything is all mixed up right now, but will be settled down in a few days, maybe. Aren't in any Company yet, although most of our fellows are, and have already started training. Are waiting now to be transferred to a Training Company. Will be here only a few weeks, then taking off for God only knows where. Am feeling great and right now am spending a little time thinking about you.

8 Nov 1944

Pvt. Donald L. Terrell 983241
8th Tr. Bn.; Co. A; Plt. 1
Inf. Tr. Reg. F.M.F.
Tent Camp
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Well, honey, it looks like we are going places and seeing things, but fast. It seems they are planning a boat ride for us in a couple weeks or so. The destination being unknown, but the guess is, on some island like Hawaii, Pearl Harbor and etc. The purpose, my far away love, is to further train us for actual combat with our friendly neighbors, the slant eyes and commonly known as rats.

Don't go getting any screwed up ideas in your pretty head that I am going into combat right away, but if you should happen to get a letter from me in a couple of weeks, written from some nice fox hole on some nice island, someplace on the nice Pacific ocean, someplace on this nice world -- well, just don't be surprised -- See?

9 Nov 1944

You finished your noon chow yet, honey? Well, if you have, how about sitting down a few minutes and listening to what I have to tell you.

First of all, wrap the raiders knife that I picked out, that Dad got for me, along with the new pair of sunglasses, that should be in the back seat of

our car, and send them to me at once. By that I mean today, honey, so I will be sure to have them before I leave. Got to fall out.
10 Nov 1944

It has been over five days now, since I last held you in my arms and kissed you. At the time, there was little thought in my mind but what I would get another chance to kiss you again in a few months. But now it seems, according to all calculations, that I won't get to see you again for quite a few months, unless we are awfully lucky and get a 72 hour pass. Even if we did get that, it wouldn't be time enough for me to meet you although I will give it a thought.

Don't go asking me to come down and see me, because it won't work. They used to let the fellow's wives come down and stay in one of the many boarding rooms around close by to camp. Last time, there were many wives, sweethearts and parents came down to see the fellows. But they never got to see them, because the fellows were all on alert, ready to ship out in the next Draft. They were restricted from writing letters, telephoning, telegraphing or having liberty to see their friends. So, you see, you shrimp, the U.S.M.C. had to turn away many wives and relations that had spent a lot of money and time to get down here.

While I was riding into camp, I talked with a Sergeant that had been in camp a couple years. He said I could have you down over Christmas vacation and be able to see you nights and weekends, if I didn't have night problems to do. I was all hyped up, planning to make reservations for you for Christmas vacation. But now we have been told that we will be out of here before Christmas, maybe Thanksgiving, and very likely any day now.

When we go, honey, we go on a train straight to the West Coast, hop on a troop transport, and head for some island to finish our training. The last Draft that went out of here last week was at the camp only about two weeks. They were told, like we were at first, that they would spend several weeks at Camp Lejeune. All of a sudden, they were told to pack, no letter writing, etc., and shoved off. The transport was waiting for them when they got there. By now, they are training in different maneuvers on some island, to get down pat the exact maneuvering to take another Jap occupied island.

I guess that is enough bullshit about our shipping out for now, honey, so I will give you a couple lines on what we have been doing so far. As I told you in my last letter, the first couple days down here we were all mixed up. You see, they took all of us fellows coming back from furlough, put us in alphabetic order, and assigned us to different Companies as we came in order. Naturally, since there were four different Platoons of us, and since our names placed us all throughout the line, our old Parris Island Platoon 504, the best Platoon on the island, was broken up so bad that only 5 or 6 fellows, and mostly less, were placed in the same Company, which is made up of 4 Platoons. The Platoons are made up of 4 Squads. The Squads are made up into 3 Fire teams. I am in Company A, Platoon 1, Squad 4, Fire team 2.

Battalions (we are in Bn. 8)
\
Company (216 men)
\
4 Platoons (54 men apiece)
\
Platoon 1
\

4 Squads (13 men apiece)
\
Squad 4
\
3 Fire teams and 1 Squad leader (4 men to a Fire team)
\
Fire team 1
\
Fire team leader; B.A.R. man; ass't B.A.R. man; rifle man.

11 Nov 1944

You should see the line of fellows waiting in pay line tonight, waiting to get paid. To give you an idea of how many there are, and how long we wait in line around here, I'll tell you about it. At 1750 we fell in company formation; marched over to the pay office and got into alphabetic order. It is now 2005, and they have gotten as far down the alphabet as "K". Since I was way back in the line, I came back to the barracks for awhile to shoot the shit with some of the other fellows. Probably about 2200 I will get my pay. You see, honey, there was the whole Battalion over there. Since there are over 200 men to the Company, and A,B,C,D & E Companies, that totals up to maybe a thousand men, all in line at one time. Some place, huh, honey?

There are so many things to tell you, that I don't know where to start, and I don't feel too much like writing anyway, that is, so that you can read it.

Today we played with dynamite, and I mean played with it. All together, I'll bet there were tons of dynamite expelled today, and every person in our battalion handled, prepared for detonation, and exploded some of it, individually and personally, one at a time. I know, you are wondering how so many men could handle so much TNT without anyone getting hurt. Well, I guess it is all because of the good management of the Marine Corps, and then again it was due partly to the good conduct of the Marines themselves. Of course, there are times when accidents will occur, but not too many. They are always prepared, though, by having ambulances made out of Jeeps, ready at all times and also by taking all precautions known.

We shook the earth until I thought it was going to open up and swallow us up in its depths. We used nearly every kind of high explosive that the Armed Forces has.

Each one of us placed a cap on a fuse, crimped it on (which is dangerous unless done right), reamed out the block of TNT, placed cap in, tapped it on, lighted fuse and tossed it out a few feet from us and, in a few seconds, felt the earth shake under us, were covered with dirt, and left the line with our ears ringing, and our hearts thumping fast. It really is quite a thrill, honey, and we got a great kick out of it.

Yesterday, we threw real hand grenades (fragmentation M K-3), and fired some more practice anti-tank grenades.

Monday, we are falling out with full pack, for a week of bivouacking or staying out in tents and eating "K" and "C" rations for 7 days, and going on maneuvers and through obstacle courses.

It is now 2105 and I just got back from getting my big pay check, a whole, brand new, crisp, bright $5 bill. Aren't I rich? This is the damndest place you ever did see, honey, even if it is the best damned outfit in the world. Some of the fellows got $50, some $25 and some $5. I don't know how they figure it, but they do. Don't worry, we aren't getting rooked out of any of our pay, because we will get it all in turn, eventually.

[Don to Maggie]

25 Dec 1944

Pvt. Donald L. Terrell 983241
42nd Replacement Draft
Co. B; Plt. 14
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, CA

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, honey! I know that by the time you get this letter Christmas and New Year's will have come and gone but I am telling you today, not when you get this letter. Here is hoping you had lots of fun and welcomed the new year in and helped the old year out even if we couldn't be together this year.

Since I don't know exactly yet what the censors will pass and what they won't, don't be too surprised if you find part of this letter cut out. As you had probably guessed, we are now sailing the deep blue seas and if I do say so myself, I am enjoying every minute of it. In fact, this is the most fun that I or any of the rest of us have had since we joined the Marine Corps. Of course, that doesn't include the seven wonderful days I spent with you, darling, on furlough.

The short train ride was hot and uncomfortable as the car we were in was an old one and had no ventilation in it at all. So far, during the past three days I haven't been sea sick -- that is, sick to my stomach. I was dizzy as hell, though, at first and my head throbbed and twisted like I was in a hurricane. I still get dizzy as hell every once in a while and have to go up on deck in the cool breeze to get over it.

I wish you could be with me, honey, you know, just like a pleasure trip until we got to where we are going. It would be nice for our neglected honeymoon but I'm afraid it would be fairly well crowded right now on board. The vast "ink blue" ocean, with it's many mammoth waves splashing up against the sides of the ships is a sight which I stand and watch for hours with interest. The last couple nights I slept up on deck underneath the protecting cover of the big "Higgen's boats" that they use to take us ashore during beach landings. The first night up on deck I was drenched by big waves that were carried on deck by the strong, cool winds. I soon got wise and moved to the other side of the ship last night where wind, waves or rain couldn't get me.

Since they have only 2 meals a day on board ship, we won't have our Christmas dinner until about 1700. I spied turkey in the galley so am expecting a very good meal. Have been entertained by a "pick-up" orchestra which is damned good. Will write later many miles farther away.

[Maggie to Don]

26 Dec 1944 12:15 A.M. Tuesday Morning

Happy 18th Anniversary, honey. Today's the day, you know. [Maggie and I had been married for 1 1/2 years or 18 months as of 26 Dec 1944. Guess what, Grandchildren? Grandpa and Grandma have now been married for 50 1/6th years or 602 months!!! And hopefully we will still have a few more years together.]

Honey, I'm back down here [at our little house by Mother's and Dad's]. I forgot and left Pooch [our dog] up to mom's and I feel so funny. This is the first nite he hasn't been in the house with me. And it's so cold in here my fingers are about freezing off. Some of your smart relatives shook hell out of my fire and then left it. I could kill somebody and if I have to sit around till 3:00 getting it going I will bump off somebody tomorrow. I asked them just to put coal on it, today. It would only need it 2 times at the most. I'm mad, or did you know it? [Now, now, honey. Don't go getting your dander up. I am sorry that I wasn't there to keep the fires going for you, honey. I love you Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell!!!]

Well, honey, today we got --

A Back Brush (for the shower)
A Soap Mitt (for the shower)
Bath Salts (for the shower) [Say, honey, how do you use bath salts in a shower? Do you sprinkle it on your hair or between your toes?]
Set of wastebaskets
Fingernail polish [We got? Does that mean for me too?]
Cologne
Perfume [Where do I put it? Behind my ears? You use it, honey.]

Is that enough, sweetheart, or would you like more? [No, honey. That made a very nice Christmas for us. I love you.] Especially the things for our shower will come in handy. That back brush isn't for you because I always intend to wash your back when you're with me. -- So the back brush is for me while you're gone.

Honey, I love you and I missed you so today. It didn't even seem like Christmas. It still doesn't seem like it was. Probably about next July I'll begin to wonder if Christmas isn't coming soon.

Honey, I'm going to pull one of your tricks and finish this in the A.M. My fingers are so cold I feel like a refrigeration unit.

Goodnite, Sweetheart
Sleep Tight
I'll always love you
Maggie

11:20 A.M. Tuesday Morning [26 Dec 1944]

Here I am again, honey, but the stove is hot and the rooms are getting warmer. It was so cold this morning that I kept waking up 'cause my feet were so cold so I started the fire going and then got up. I think the water pipe is frozen in the kitchen. Not solid but enough so the pressure isn't very good. It's not as cold out as it was in here, I think. I've got wood, dumped ashes and got coal -- which I had to do before writing you because I was all out and the ash pan was full!

My feet are still cold, honey. I wish you were here, then they wouldn't have got cold in the first place.

I don't believe the postman has come yet. Say, honey, the short letter I wrote you Christmas Eve is still up home. I'm going over to your mother's and see if Leon [Terrell] got through all right. [Maggie means: Did my Dad get through the snow drifts to Cortland so that he could open up the gas station for his customers?] My pocketbook is over there, too and it has my stamps in it.

Mr. Abbott [a dairy and chicken farmer just 2 farms above us] just went up by so I guess the road is O.K. If I can get the car started, I think I'll take the car up town [Cortland] about 5:30 tonite, leave it to be fixed and come home with Leon [Terrell].

I forgot to tell you, honey. On the tag on the outside of our pictures for your dad and mom, I put --

Dad and Mother
from
Don and Maggie

O.K.? I thought if you were here that would be the way you'd write it.

Both your folks and my folks were tickled pink with our pictures, honey.. They're really nice -- I told you I framed them before giving them, didn't I? All the rest of the kids were satisfied with their gifts -- Wayne [Lear] and Doug [Terrell] and Dick [Terrell] , Jean [Terrell], Rog [Roger Lear] and Dale [Lear] and all our cousins. I don't think I spent very much, either, honey. I'm broke but it's because I bought our 1945 License plates [for our car]. We are going to have our old CT 1482 again, honey. Isn't that swell?

Well, I'm going to run out and mail this, honey.

[Maggie then wrote: "I love you" in shorthand, then in English, then in Latin: "Ego Amo Te". No, Grandpa can't read shorthand or Latin, so Grandma always wrote below or above the words, in English, what she had told me in shorthand or Latin.]

27 Dec 1944 12:45 A.M. Wednesday Morning

I'll tell you the bad news first, sweetheart, and then I'll proceed on to happier and more intimate conversation -- Bob Lockey [close friend of Bob Terrell] is reported killed in action. They got word today. Honey, I've felt all along that he would be dead. The way I figure it -- guys in airplanes can be missing and turn up later -- safe and sound -- <u>But</u> guys on the ground that are missing haven't got much chance. Almost all the fliers from around here that have been missing have turned up Prisoner of War someplace.

Well, honey, -- now let's --
"Talk of Me and Thee" --
O.K.?

You know, <u>of course</u>, Pvt. Terrell - 983241, that I love you more than it's possible for me to love anyone else -- And I always will.

Honey, it's funny, but I was thinking today (after I saw a piece on wives stepping out on their Service Men) that we're a funny pair of goofs. I didn't even think of stepping out the minute you were gone and I never will think of it! "I'll Walk <u>Alone</u>!" Except for you -- . And I didn't consider, seriously, at least, the possibility of your stepping out the minute you got rid of me. Most people do just the opposite -- They both step out and then they worry and wonder if their partner's doing the same thing back home or at Camp.

Honey, I don't know about you, but when we got married I felt the same

way. Way down, deep inside I knew I'd never love anyone but you and I felt that you'd never love anyone but me. Maybe you'll say -- "Conceited Woman" like you always did but wasn't that the way you felt?[Yes] I'd found the one I was looking for and I didn't have to look any further -- And Didn't! (look any further) and I never will. Maybe we have faith in each other because each of us knows we'll be true to each other, no matter what happens, because I'm sure if I cheated, I'd be watching out for you to cheat, too. So, Darling, you can just be sure, Always, that I'll love you and no one else, and I'll be remembering the same thing about you. Maybe that's another reason we feel so sure of each other -- As long as I know I have your love, I'll give you all of mine and it's probably pretty much the same with you. So we'll just keep on giving each other all our love for the next Billion years or so, [How about 50 years and counting, honey?] -- even after we're dust in the family lot and have great-great-grandchildren. [Hey, wait just one darn minute! I want to see some of those grandchildren (10 to be exact) and possibly some of our great-grandchildren before we're just "dust in the wind", so to speak.]

Well, honey, I imagine you've boiled all my thinking down to one big, unshakable fact --

Building up to	I love you
the	I've always loved you
Big --	And
Unshakable --	I'll always love you
F A C T --	Forever and Ever -- Amen --

Sweetheart, Darling, honey and all the rest just helps me say "I love you", honey, and they always will. When you say "honey" in your letters, I know you mean "I love you" and "I wish I were with you right now -- I'd show you!!" because that's what I mean when I say them. -- The Terrell Method of Shorthand, I guess -- Instead of [Maggie wrote shorthand for I love you here], it's -- honey. Both are I love you --

Jean [Terrell] and I rode up when Leon [Terrell] went bowling and went to the show. We saw "Heavenly Days" (Fibber McGee and Molly) and something like "The Return of Arsene Lujun". It was darned good -- Arsene was a Frenchman who was a sort of Robin Hood -- Stealing so as to give where things were needed. [That sounds just like President Bill "let the rich pay for it" Clinton]

They flashed a news Bulletin at 1:00, honey. Our Super-Forts have just bombed Tokyo again! Isn't that great? They'll really have to pound them in order to soften them up for the Invasion that will come sometime.

Well, Sweetheart, this is ?old? M.E.L.T. signing off for tonite. You will now read her National Anthem --

[Maggie sang to me with written notes all over the page: --]

I love you
I'll be loving you -- Always
Goodnite, My honey --

Here's a great big kiss from me to you! 'Nite -- [Maggie drew her lips]

27 Dec 1944 8:00 P.M. Wednesday Nite

Well, I don't feel too great tonite and I'm just taking it easy, so I thought I'd write you now and then read till I got ready to go to bed.

It's been pretty cold here today and it snowed and "blowed" this afternoon and it's still doing it. They say it will be warmer by morning, and let's hope they're right.

Your folks and the kids have gone up to a Home Bureau supper tonite. They asked me to go, but they were going to square dance and etc. and I knew that I wouldn't feel like it so I said no.

Honey, I moved all the Dining Room furniture into the Living Room and all the Living Room furniture into the Dining Room. I've been cold and had to sit by the stove to get warm every time, and in one of our less comfortable chairs. So -- I moved the more comfortable chairs in by the stove. I've still got to settle it, but it's much warmer all ready.

It's funny, honey, when I don't feel good I can't write good and I'm really scribbling tonite. I don't feel so bad, though, just uncomfortable.

I feel awful mushy tonite, honey. I love you so that it gives me goose pimples and cold shivers when I think about you. (I'm not scared of you, I just love you, as usual.) My other honey, Pooch, [our dog] is laying here on the floor. I measured him last nite, darling, and he's 22" tall. Grampa Ward said if he's 6 months old he has just 1/2 his growth, but I don't think it's possible that he'll be 44 inches tall -- that's from the floor to his backbone. 44 inches is almost 4 ft. tall. If he gets that big he'll take 2 quarts of milk a day, not one. I've got to buy his license right along, now, he's 6 months old I think. Didn't they say he was born June 22? I've also got to find him a collar so he'll look snazzy. Maybe he won't want to wear one, 'cause we didn't have one on while he was a puppy. Honey, he's really getting so he looks exactly like a real German Shepherd. He doesn't look like a mongrel at all! If I can get some film, I'll take some pictures of him and my new coat -- and a few snow drifts, just to make you realize what you're missing.

Leon [Terrell] had Dick [Terrell] drive our car up town this A.M. I'm getting it fixed over Vacation, 'cause I need it so when I'm working that I hate to have it fixed then. I suppose I'll be bankrupt plus when it's all fixed. Leon said about 8 bucks for a new water pump, and the starter has got to be fixed. Maybe it will work, after it's fixed -- anyway! What I mean is -- It better work or I'll go up and tell a couple of garage men exactly what I think of them. They're not too good anymore. If a woman wants a car fixed they just fool around with it and then charge a damned good price for doing nothing. That's why I let Leon talk to them -- they don't try to fool the men so much, 'cause they know the men know about cars. I think by the time I get thru messing with this jalopy I'll know quite a bit about cars -- At least, I'll know all the things that can break and get out of whack on them.

The wind's really howling, honey. It sounds pretty cold out.

Do you realize that it's almost 1945, honey? That's the year all of the fortune-tellers said Hitler would die and the peace would come. [Well, fortune tellers or not, Hitler did die and peace did come to the European War Theater in 1945.] I pray that they're right, 'cause I'd like to not be away from you any longer than <u>necessary</u>! In fact I wouldn't even like to be apart as long as we have been, but I guess we can't do much about it, except hope it isn't too much longer. [Hang in there, honey. I'll be back in a couple years.]

Today is the end of the 2nd month since your furlough started -- (October 27th) and the 2nd day of the 5th month we've been apart. That's almost 1/2 year, honey, and it hasn't gone too slow, has it? I hope the time all goes quickly until you're back with me, 'cause it will seem long enough without the time going slowly.

Well, honey, while I've been talking to you, my tummy's stopped aching. You're just the medicine I needed. I love you, honey, -- So Much! I wish I could write poetry or something to tell you how much, but I guess I'm just not made that way. Goodnite, Dear. Sleep Tight. I love you -- Maggie --

28 Dec 1944 10:20 P.M. Thursday Nite

I understand exactly what you meant, honey, when you said Sundays were hell because they gave you time to think. It's a damned good thing this @#* vacation is about over 'cause I'm about ready for the nut house. All I've done all day is think and I guess I can't take it, 'cause I feel like going to sleep and sleeping 'til you're home again. The radio's got a click on it that sounds like somebody's electric fence running wild and I can't stand it, so all I hear is silence and the stove popping and the be-u-tiful wind howling it's head off. -- And I'm not sleepy but I think I'll go to bed just the same. I don't even feel like crocheting or knitting. I got my mittens finished so I haven't anything to knit. Anyway, I read today and my eyes feel like they're hanging out on my cheeks.

Well, enough bitching. -- I'm not writing to tell you my troubles.

I've been wondering where you're at and where you're going -- Maybe you've been wondering the same thing -- have you? [Maggie meant what Island was I going to in the Pacific War Theater and where am I now in relation to our final destination?] [I missed the Iwo Jima Landings probably because my last name started with "T" when they were filling the previous Drafts. We lost 4,000 Marines taking Iwo Jima from the Japs. I probably would have been killed because I was a B.A.R. (Browning Automatic Rifle) man. The Japs concentrated on the Marine with the most fire power and I had it.] [As to where I was and where was I going, I only knew this much on 28 Dec 1944 when Maggie was writing me: I boarded ship around the 19th or 20th of Dec 1944 with 4,000 other Marines in the 42nd Replacement Draft. We shipped out of Norfolk, Virginia with a large Naval escort all the way to the Panama Canal. The German submarines had torpedoed some of our transport ships in the Atlantic Ocean that were heading for the European War Theater. In fact the ship that we were on, The Florence Nightengale, had been previously badly damaged, broken in two, floated somehow to a dry dock, repaired and put back into service for us. I may have been going through the Panama Canal when Maggie was writing this letter to me, I don't know exactly. As to where we were going, we did not know. We knew that some Marines had gone directly into combat from our training camps. But, because they had taken my B.A.R. away from me before boarding ship and given me back an M-1 rifle, I wasn't sure. We had all the capabilities of making ship to shore landings and they could always give me back my B.A.R. before going into combat. After going through the Panama Canal we were unescorted by any visible Naval ships as far as I could tell, all the way to Pearl Harbor. We were probably escorted, sight unseen, by some of our submarines, I don't know. The Jap's submarines had torpedoed some of our transport ships in the Pacific Ocean going over from the West Coast. Most of the Marines did go over from the West Coast. That is probably why we were going into the Pacific War Theater from a different angle, unescorted, we could sneak in undetected by the Jap submarines. Anyway, I never saw even a sign of another ship all the way to Pearl Harbor. Of course I didn't know we were actually going to a Tent City, Transient Center at Pearl Harbor, but that is where we ended up around 10 Jan 1945. That was where my brother, Bob, who was also a Marine, picked me out of 4,000 other Marines and walked into my tent just as I was sitting down on my helmet.]

Boy, I'm going out and get stewed the day the Japs and Germans call it quits. If I don't I'll blow my top because I'll be so happy. Of course, I don't think anyone else will be happy -- Oh No!

We were snowed in again this morning and so I didn't mail your letter and I haven't got ambition enough (not tonite) to walk over to your folks and ask

Leon to mail it. Just plain lazy! You'll probably get all these letters in a bunch anyway. Gee, what a mess! You'll have to sort them over by dates [I did], or you'll be so mixed up you won't know which letter to start on. If you didn't get mail for 3 weeks, you'd get 21 of them, all at once. You'd really have to read some to be able to read them all. [I read them all, honey, over and over again.]

Honey, I haven't heard anything from you since last Saturday, but I haven't expected to and I don't expect to for the next 2 weeks or so. I know you'll write as soon as you can, 'cause you know I'll be waiting to hear from you.

I feel like I ought to write to Bob [Terrell] tonite. I haven't any 6 cent Air Mail stamps but I guess 2 - 3 cent stamps would do. I haven't got a letter from him yet in answer to my other one, but I thought I'd keep writing just the same. There isn't much he could write about, anyway. I hope you'll still be able to write a little about what you're doing etc. Of course, if you can't, you can just fill you're letters full of love and sweet nothings just for me and the Censor. I hope the Censor isn't a W.R. [Woman Reservist] 'cause if it is, no doubt she'll look you up. I <u>know</u> if I was on the same island as you and I got one of your letters, I'd find you if I had to walk a couple hundred miles (or aren't islands that big?).

Honey, I've been wondering again about what to do next June. I know I can't stay home all the time. I wish the W.A.C.'s [Women's Army Corps I think] didn't have such an awful reputation, I'd join them. They seem to get around more than the other services. The Marines [Women] aren't even sent overseas and I think it's mean! If I do go into something like that, I'll sign up for overseas service 'cause I'd want to get the hell over where something was doing. [Now you know how I felt, Maggie, about passing up the typist job Stateside and getting overseas to help get the damn war over with!] I'd like to take my chances right along with you. One thing I don't like now is sitting here so safe and knowing other guys are out someplace facing hell. I guess I should have been a boy, because I feel like knocking hell out of all of those slant-eyes myself. I get so damned mad, because I can't do anything but live as I have all my life -- Almost 100% safe from danger ("Almost" takes care of slipping on the soap in the shower and breaking my neck.)

I hate to think of leaving here and living someplace else, but I'll be darned if I'll drive back and forth. If I do go work someplace else, I'm going to go farther than Cortland. I don't know why, but I will. The best thing I can even imagine is for the war to be over by June, but I'm positive it's going to take longer than that.

Say, honey, I love you and tonight I'm lonesome as hell, why don't you drop in after I'm asleep. Goodnite, honey I love you

30 Dec 1944 12:35 A.M. Saturday A.M.

Well, I missed the 29th by 35 minutes, so I didn't write you yesterday -- But! I'll be writing 2 letters today. Unless I'm up late tonite, too. Anyway, you'll get a letter for every day, even if they are written early in the morning. [Thank you, dear, and I appreciated every one of them.]

This evening (Friday) I went to the show with your family (except Jean [Terrell], she's staying at Mildred's [LeRoy] tonite). The two features were "Our Hearts were Young and Gay" and "The National Barn Dance". They were both very good pictures and funny! Wow! I laughed till my cheeks ached. Not a word about a war or anything pertaining to it, I really enjoyed them.

It didn't snow here any more today, dear, but they still haven't plowed

us out. They're getting slower and slower as the snow gets deeper. I can't imagine how it will be by March or April. It will probably be terrible.

It cost $13.20 to have the car fixed this time and the mechanic said the starter still didn't satisfy him, that it should be taken all apart. I'm afraid he'll have to wait a while to do it. Out of the next $25 I've got to pay --

Car --	13.20
Rent --	15.00
Dog License --	2.25
	30.45
and maybe Howard Vunk will bring the coal	30.00
	60.45

And you have to have money for between pays, too!

If I could only be a magician. I'd get $60.45 out of $25.00 but I ain't. I'm going to get mad as hell if I have to use that fifty a month that we wanted to save. I was thinking the other day -- I've had $200.00 from the Gov't and you so far, and there isn't a penny of it in the bank. The $40. that's in the bank is left over from our deposits last summer.

Sometimes I wonder what in hell I do with all the money and then I start figuring and I find out.

Say, honey, you know that new brown belt you got last summer? Well, I needed a belt -- Don't just say "uh -uh" and nod your head! And so -- I got it out. I didn't hurt it -- bad, honey. I left it just as long as it was and just drilled one small hole in it with the paring knife so it would hold my overalls up. Am I smart or <u>just like</u> a woman? [Some of both, honey.] Hurry up and come home, honey, or I'll wear it all out before you get another chance at it.

Don't take that "hurry up" serious, honey. I know you're in just as much of a hurry to come home as I am to have you. If they'd only let women have a hand in those Battles, you'd really see Victory accomplished! Yes, sir -- Victory for the Japs and Germans. Really though, honey, if you'd just show me how to work a B.A.R. I'm sure I could manage just fine -- as long as I didn't have to fire it and yet I'd enjoy killing Japs. I know I would. I'd shoot until they looked like my tea strainer -- a little holy. I mean holey or something -- like this:

[Maggie drew me a picture of a Jap full of holes.]

Jap cheese [like Swiss cheese all full of holes]

One right in the middle of the damned slant-eye's forehead! Just like a husband of mine shot woodchucks.

There goes the 1:00 news. They say that Tokyo says there's a convoy headed for the Philippines (a U.S. Convoy). They're speculating on whether it's going to attack Luzon. That's the Island that Chuck Heffron is on [as a Prisoner of War]. I think he's in Camp No. I in Manila. I'm probably as far wrong as ever, but it's just about the right period of days for you to be on it. I hope not. Not for a while (A g.d. long while if I had my way, but I realize you're more apt to go right into Combat, as they call it, than not.)

I'm hoping to hear from you about the end of next week. You've been gone 9 days now and after 14 days I can start hoping for a little enlightenment, I think.

Well, honey, here I go. Signing off for another nite. You know I always feel just like I'm talking to you and when I see that I've been writing and not talking it makes me feel funny. You're close to me all the time I write and when I read your letters I always hate to say --

Goodnite --

But I like to say I love you, honey --

Maggie --

31 Dec 1944 12:20 A.M. Sunday Morning

This is the last letter you'll get from me this year, honey. Positively! Unless I write early tonite (Sunday nite) which I probably won't do. Your mother and father, Mildred [LeRoy] & Brayt [Brayton LeRoy] are going to Uncle Bob's [LeRoy] to watch the new year in and unless something different comes up tomorrow Dick, Doug, Jean [all Terrells] and I [also a Terrell, after first a Lear] are going up and stay with Charles, Carol and Martha [LeRoy].

Honey, it was two years ago tomorrow night that you came up home to see me and I told mom and dad you were going to stay 'til 6:00 [A.M.] and they thought I was kidding. But, do you remember what time you got home? [No, I don't] 6:10, I think it was. Remember I got a pillow for you and you laid on the couch and I sat on the edge because I wouldn't think of laying on the davenport! and we listened to the radio. It seems like that was the nite dad paraded out through in his shorts because he thought sure you'd gone home. We were snowbound so we sort of used it for an excuse -- staying home, I mean. I remember you'd drop off to sleep and then you'd wake up and we'd talk and kiss just a few ha ha times and then you'd drop off again. Remember, we'd always wanted to stay up together all nite and it was fun. I hated to have you go even after you'd stayed all nite and we always talked about how nice it would be if we wouldn't have to say "goodnite" or "Goodbye" -- We never said "Get Married", did we? We just sort of talked all the way around it, 'til that nite down at the Look Out Post [Volunteer Spotters for any "enemy" planes that might fly over the United States of America.] when we went out to get the car warm and you had your arm around me and squeezed me and just said "You know I want to marry you, don't you?" and me, instead of being shy or cute -- I just said "Yes" and for that I got one of those kisses that I still go for when I can get them. I'd even go for them when I can't get them. -- I'd go wayout - - about 4,000 miles just for one -- Even just "Hi, Honey" would be worth quite a trip to me. So if you feel in the mood, just let me know and I'll call Superman and have him do another deed for a "Service Man" -- Mine this time!

[Grandchildren: The Look Out Post in Virgil, New York was just one of thousands of spotting stations all over the United States during World War II that were manned by volunteers 24 hours a day, 7 days a week until the Duration. Every airplane that went over or near the area was reported by telephone to a centrally located headquarters. Many charts showing silhouette outlines of German, Japanese and American planes were used to try to identify these airplanes in case any might be enemy airplanes. Although no enemy airplanes were ever spotted, these type of spotting stations helped save thousands of civilian lives during the Blitz bombings of England and other countries by Germany.]

Don't you ever tell me that you're not mine, honey, 'cause I know I couldn't take it. That's all that's keeping me going now, is knowing that you still love me. I know I'll just go on loving you forever, 'cause I can't stop! And I don't want to stop. So you'd better keep sending all your love home, by the reliable mails. I just can't seem to write what I'm thinking tonite -- My co-ordination has gone flooey, I guess. Everything has too many letters or else they're spelled (wront) -> wrong -- see what I mean?

I went sliding with Martha, Carol, Charles [LeRoy] and Jean [Terrell] today, honey. I think my back's going to be a little stiff -- I pushed and pulled too much on the toboggan and sled. I shouldn't have gone, but I feel 100% O.K. so I went anyway.

Honey, I haven't got my Christmas Eve letter from mom's yet, but I'll get it tomorrow and mail it with this one Monday -- or Sunday nite.

Honey, I love you and I'm going to miss you tomorrow and tomorrow nite and New Year's Day. Last year you drank 2 jiggers of Port Wine with Dwayne [Mespell. He and Doris Mespell are still our friends 50 years later.] at the Victory Restaurant. You didn't like it though, did you? [No] I ought to go out and get pickled to the gills tomorrow nite, but I don't like any of the damned stuff enough to be able to drink enough of it to get "dilly" on. If I could get drunk on Milk Shakes I might manage to get slightly tipsy, but Milk Shakes don't affect me that way.

Goodnite, Sweetheart
I had to refill my pen just so I could write "Maggie" for my honey.

Maggie --
I love you, honey, more than anybody. [Ditto, dear!]

1 Jan 1945 3:55 A.M. Monday Morning

Happy New Year!!! [Maggie wrote short hand for Happy New Year just above this.]

Hello, Honey ->[Maggie wrote short hand for Hello, Honey at end of this.]

Happy New Year and all of my best wishes, this year and all of the rest, forever.

We just got home. Us kids really had fun at Aunt Mildred's [LeRoy]. We played Parchesi and ate a slew of stuff and then Greta [Stevens], Dick [Terrell], Doug [Terrell] and I tried dancing. We had fun. I knitted on my new mitten and read a couple stories. It's raining out and if it freezes it will be hell tomorrow morning.

My eyes are getting droopy, but I'm going to write you before I go to bed so help me! I wore my green slacks, and we did exercises and everything on the kitchen floor. Carol [LeRoy] came downstairs about 1:00 A. M. and sat and watched us dance and monkey around till about 2:00 A. M., then she went back to bed. She's so cute, honey. -- A real little pill -- just like I expect Lynne [our planned for future child] to be. -- Always smiling and finding something good in everything. She giggles cute, too. When we were doing exercises and seeing how high we could kick, she giggled till I got so tickled I thought I'd split.

Honey, I love you and I missed you tonite. I thought about all the fun we'd had the past year. -- I didn't think about the moving and fire and stuff like that. [When Mother's and Dad's house burned in Virgil, they moved in with us at the Hoose dairy farm that Maggie and I were renting at the time. Then later on we all, including Maggie and me, moved back into Mother's and Dad's burned out house.] -- Just the fun.

Everyone's saying -- May this year see Victory [in the war with Germany and the war with Japan] and that's what we all hope in our hearts. May our hopes be fulfilled.

I'm sitting here in my coat and kerchief just as I came in. It's not cold in here, but it's plenty chilly. My hands aren't cold so it's not as cold as it usually is.

Honey, I'm going to sign off for now and hit the sack. I'm so sleepy my eyes just won't stay open.

Goodnite, darling

Don't forget I love you

[Maggie wrote all over the rest of the page in short hand and then in English:]

Happy New Year, honey [also in short hand]

I love you [also in short hand] Maggie [also in short hand]

Don, I love you very much. [also in short hand]

I love you [also in Latin and Spanish]

Maggie Terrell and Don Terrell [also in short hand]

P.S. Honey, Howard [Haskins] has pneumonia and he was awfully sick Christmas day, but I think he's better now. I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you. He and Bob Bays are awfully mad at each other.

2 Jan 1945 12:30 A.M. Tuesday Morning

And what a Tuesday Morning! The wind's howling and piling up the snow like mad. We were going to the show tonite (Monday) and then Leon [Terrell] went up to do inventory work [at the gas station in Cortland] and he just got home at 5:00 so we didn't go to the show -- "Winged Victory". The visibility on the roads are zero and it's supposed to get colder later on this morning. Freezing ruts and snow into one icy mess. We're all wondering whether or not there will be school. They announced 6 schools that were closed for tomorrow at 11:00 tonite -- Scott, Manlius, and 4 others. But Virgil wasn't one of them.

Well, honey, here I've been talking about the weather -- But I'm not cold 'cause when I write you I get warm from the inside-out.

Jean's [Terrell] staying with me tonite. I'm getting spoiled again, honey, 'cause when she isn't here I feel lonely as heck, and I'd just got so I thought I was living alone and having to like it.

Say, Don Darling, I love you. I'm getting so I say "I love you" in my sleep, but I always say it to you -- Even in my sleep! I do love you, honey, so much that you probably never will realize how much, even after we're 100 and 101 years old and are celebrating our 83rd Anniversary. [We are getting there, Maggie.] I love you and every time I even hear Marine, Pacific, MacArthur, Japan or Convoy -- my ears flag out just like Walter Bache's. I feel sort of hungry for a little news from you but you probably aren't getting any of your mail, either. It's a hell of a mess when I'm waiting and you're waiting, too. It seems like they could get you guy's mail to you, at least, even if they didn't get yours to us. The worst part of this war, for everybody in general, I guess, is the waiting. We wait for letters, news, furloughs, and all the rest.

Honey, if you haven't before and you're able to write when you get this, write and tell me about whether you got our miniature picture or not. If you don't get it, I'll get another folder and picture and send it after I hear from you.

As I said before -- I love you. I could write that a thousand-million times and mean it twice as much every time. Those 3 words are the only ones that express what I feel for you, dear. Not the only one, but the ones that have the most meaning. Just -- I love you -- but when a person means it as I do, it has more significance than a 1,000 word essay on the topic. It probably sounds silly, but that's what I say, either out loud or mentally,

when I look at your picture. Sometimes I just say "Hello, Honey" but I mean -- (just like I did on the phone) "I love you, always and always the most." And you sit there and sort of grin at me and I can remember exactly how you looked and sat and felt that day we had the pictures taken.

Honey, could you squeeze my 5 x 7 picture in your sea-bag [I sure did, honey.] or did you have to "can" it in favor of an extra pair of shoes or etc.? [I always carried an extra pair of shoes and extra socks in my backpack or my sea-bag. That was a must for us Marines.] That's why I got the small one, so you could always have me with you and so I could always be with you as much as possible. [You were, Maggie.]

Every day I hope you'll be able to see Bob [Terrell] and maybe have some pictures taken (snapshots, I mean). I'd love to have something like that 'cause it makes you closer, somehow. If hoping has anything at all to do with actual events, you and Bob will get to see each other. We've all been hoping and hoping. Bob's going to be as disappointed as you if he doesn't see you. He's been out there [in the Pacific War Theater] almost a year now, honey, and that's quite a while. I hope he -- or most especially you, won't be out there another year. I hope all the boys will be home to celebrate next New Years. That will really be a celebration! The whole United States will act drunk, they'll be so happy.

Well, honey, I'm going to sign off and hit the S-A-C-K -- Sack!
My eyes are tired -- I've been knitting too much and too late.
Happy New Year, darling --- To Both of Us.
I love you -- Maggie

3 Jan 1945 2:17 A.M. Wednesday Morning

Here I am again, writing to you early in the morning. Tonite (Tuesday nite) we were planning on going to a show -- "Winged Victory". Aydee and Whit [Reynolds] called and wanted me to take them up -- somebody had given them tickets so they rode up with us. -- Aydee, Whit [Reynolds], Jean [Terrell], me, Clara, Leon, Dick, and Doug [Terrell] took Mary Mahar. -- 9 in all. They really sat double in the back seat. It was one of those pictures you always enjoyed, honey, only it wasn't so awful that I hated it. It was the more gentle side of war. Only one guy got killed and one got hit but was O.K., and 2 girls had babies (wives of 2 of the leading men). Ver-r-r-y interesting!

Honey, your little wife just about threw up her heels again this morning. I ate lobster sandwiches and potato salad last nite and about 5 o'clock Tuesday morning I got up and all of it went down the sewer pipe. I drank some water and it came up, then I drank warm soda water so I could either settle it or get the rest up, and the soda water came up all by itself but didn't bring anything else with it. I took my time about getting up 'cause I felt weak after wretching so much. I'm A-1 though now, honey, I guess I recover quick.

They [Mother and Dad] got 2 letters from Bob [Terrell] today and he said he'd got an 8 page letter from you mostly about your furlough. He said he lived through all of it except the nites you spent with "Maggie". He said he thought he ought to let you have them to yourself.

Say, honey, just how much detailed description did you go into about those nites? You'll have Bob in the marrying mood if you do too much describing -- at least if you had as much fun as I did those short 8 nites! I wonder if everyone has as much fun on furlough as we did? Bob also said take care of Maggie for Don and he'll take care of himself! What does he think I am, a helpless scatterbrain??? He may as well get over that idea

'cause I can take just as good care of myself as any woman in the U.S.. So there! [Yes, dear. You still can, dear.] Maybe he just means for them [Mother and Dad] to keep the "wolves" away -- but I'm capable of doing that, too, although I haven't met any wolves as yet, and don't expect to. -- And even if I do meet any, they won't be able to interest me, 'cause I've got the only "wolf" I ever wanted, or will want! -- You!

It's clear and cold out tonite, honey. The half moon is shining bright and the snow is beautiful on the hills and slopes. It's piled up about 10 or 12 foot high on the road side up on the top of the big hill. It's not so bad here, but it's quite solid and packed.

I just got through washing out --

3 blouses
3 slips
2 panties
7 pr. stockings

Some wash, eh? Are you still washing clothes, honey? Maybe you guys will appreciate the washings women do after you've done your own for a while. I'll certainly appreciate having all of me kept warm again, even if you don't like my cold feet. Honey, last winter was the first year I've ever been comfortable all night -- every nite!! I've always woke up every winter with my feet hurting 'cause they were cold and I've woke up this winter from my feet hurting, but last year you always kept me warm and comfy. [You're welcome, dear.]

Well, honey, I'm going to B-e-d - bed and see if I can dream about you and I so I'll maybe get a little loving, even if it's only in a dream.

Goodnite, honey, sleep tight and dream of us, too.

All my love and I do mean all.

I love you, you old farmer, you! [I love you too, dear!]

[Don to Maggie]

3 Jan 1945 Somewhere? Somehow?

How is the world treating my honey bun today? If you feel as good as I do you probably feel fine although I don't cherish the idea of being away from you for any length of time. Instead of getting closer to you as I would like very much, it seems that the distance expands hundreds of miles a day.

It is a bit harder to write letters now, honey, since there isn't anything going on and if there were I couldn't tell you. I guess I won't be able to do what Jean [Terrell] asked me to do over the telephone. It was impossible to call you again from elsewhere so I guess I will have to be content with your picture and your letters for -- God only knows how long.

As I said before, honey, I am having a wonderful time and getting fat as a pig and will soon have a good tan again. Just think, honey, while you are sitting around the stove to keep warm, I am laying out under the nice warm sun, filling my lungs with cool, fresh air and reading a "Wild West" book. Every so often we have seats to a fourth of July show at the expense of Uncle Sam.

They have organized a small orchestra consisting of 1 small portable piano; 1 cornet; 1 piano accordion; 1 trombone; 1 clarinet; 2 saxophones; 2-3 bongos, guitars, etc. and a ukulele. Every evening they organize aft and, led

by the Chaplain, play and sing favorite tunes requested by us. They help to pass the time away although sometimes it makes us rather homesick.

We also read the daily news hot off the press. It is called the "Boom News" and it even had the football scores yesterday. Even, like back home, the scores were announced over the public address system before published. Cups of ice cream are distributed 2-3 times a week, also 5 bars of candy. So you can see, honey, your hubby is pretty well taken care of by Uncle Sam.

Every once in a while I get out your old letters and read them over again which for some unknown reason sends me into long spells of daydreaming. I am looking forward to getting your letters when I get someplace, somehow, sometime. Please don't worry about me, honey, because as long as I can keep my "bread belly" full I get along all right.

I don't know when you will get this letter but I will send it by air mail so it hadn't ought to take too long after it is mailed. Keep writing, honey, they will catch up to me sometime.

[Maggie to Don]

4 Jan 1945 1:20 A.M. Thursday Morning

I just took a shower, washed my hair and set it, filed and "lacquered" my fingernails and read a story while the polish was drying. I didn't mean to stay up this late tonite 'cause tomorrow morning I'm going to take Clara [Terrell], Gert [Matson], Grandma Matson and Mom [Lear] up to Lillian Hutchings' for Home Bureau. I'm going to get the kids (Lear kids) dinner -- at least mom's going to leave stuff and I'm going to put it on the table and see that they get to school O.K. The Home Bureau is an all day meeting 10:30 to about 5:00.

Isabel [Hoose] came out this afternoon. She had a 3 weeks vacation from Syracuse U. [University]. She came over here at noon and ate dinner (unexpectedly) with Clara [Terrell] and I. She really came out to visit school and stay at Dickinson's [Charles, wife and family on their old "underground railroad" farm.] tonite, so she rode up to school with me and popped into the office every so often, between visiting teachers.

It's funny how all the kids like to go back to their old school. I certainly never hankered to go back, and here I am, spending half my time there. [working as a secretary for the Principal]

Say, honey, "Parky" [Harold Parks] is being sent home. Medical Discharge. He has Sugar Diabetes. He said they've done all they can for him over there and he's got to get further treatment here in the States. Isn't that heck? Poor Parky always had the bum breaks as far as I could see. He always lost his girl and everything else. Just behind the 8-Ball, maybe.

Eloise [Hoose] hadn't heard from Bob Hoose [her husband] since Dec. 3rd but your mother says Mrs. Hoose [Bob's mother] got a letter from him today -- It's funny though, Isabel [Hoose, Bob's sister] didn't know it. She was worried and I guess Eloise is too. Or was. I'm still not convinced that they heard from him. Your mother gets the wrong dope, sometimes. Sometimes she [Mother] puts 4 + 4 together and gets 8, I mean 12. (I just can't get over what they taught me in 2nd Grade!)

Do you remember all the good times we had on the Hoose farm? [We were at Alvie Hoose's dairy farm that we had rented from him for a few months just a

few months after we were married.] I guess we got along O.K., honey, 'cause all I ever remember are the good times we had. Riding in the trucks [Howard Haskins' trucks that I drove], taking in oats that December day, Eating pancakes and sausage when I should have been at Cortland Line [Company] (and wasn't), Getting the bed all nice and warm and then dropping off to sleep and waking up and being (not 10,000 miles), not even 10,000th of an inch apart, and being able to kiss each other and start the day out right. Maybe that's why we were never grouchy in the morning, honey, we always kissed each other and gave each other a squeeze or two before we got up and that put us in a good humor. Even if the Milk man had to wait! And the cows, too.

Whenever other women are crabbing about their husbands being grouchy mornings I can always say -- "My husband Isn't! So There! He's always sweet and hugable in the morning -- Even if it's 3:30 in the morning! [No more 3:00 A.M. rises for us, honey.] I'll bet there aren't many women that can say that, hon. Talking about mornings, reminds me of how soft and smooth your un-hairy chest was, and brings a question to my mind ----

Have you got any hair on your chest yet -- !!???? Even One??

If you have, you'd better start shaving it off because I don't hanker for a hairy-chested man!!!!

(Of course, honey, if you've got hair on your chest, even just "fuzzy-wuzzy", ha, ha, you can't help it and I'll still love you. I wonder if it would tickle my nose, 'cause that's about where my nose comes.)

Goodnite, sweetheart. Sleep tite -- (Tight)

All these kisses are just for 983241 U.S.M.C.R. [my serial number]

I love you. X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X [That is a lot of kisses, honey.]

Did you get our pictures and my Christmas Card?

R.S.V.P This means in short "Please Reply".

4 Jan 1945

Dearest Pvt. Terrell--983241

Here it is, Thursday again! And as my employer is temporarily in Homer to help Uncle Sam out in the way of fresh recruits, I have practically nothing to do. So I thought that I would rattle off a little something to the husband I like the best (out of the 500 that I have in my harem). Don't you wish you had that many wives? I don't think you better wish that or I'll have Superman just give me a ride out to your place of business and I'll really talk turkey to you!!!!! Just the thought of having a bunch of women around makes me mad -- SAY -- Who started this conversation, you or me? That's Right! I did, so why should I be getting mad about something that I've concocted in my mind?

Well, honey, Dale [Lear] just came up and so I'm going to quit at 3:30 instead of 5:00 and go over home until time to go after mom and Clara [Terrell] at the Home Bureau.

I'll write more tonite.

5 Jan 1945 12:55 A.M. Friday Morning

I wrote to Bob [Terrell] tonite before midnite. I wrote him 4 pages of Air Mail Paper. I enjoy writing to him because I realize how much he likes to get mail. And, of course, I like to get a letter from him, too, and he writes back pretty prompt.

It's snowing lightly here tonite, dear. In the "porch" light the flakes are all silvery and they just sort of float down. They're beautiful, but if enough of them fall we'll soon be snowed in again. The snow is piled high along all the roads, honey, and they (the County men) spend most of their time pushing it back -- getting ready for another snowfall. LaFayette hasn't opened their school, yet and I don't think they're having school tomorrow, so you can imagine how it is between here and Syracuse. We have more snow now than we usually have at the end of the whole winter and we have the worst 3 months (usually worst) to be snowed on yet. I don't know where they'll put all the snow. There just isn't any place to put it in the city [Cortland], and they will really be tied up if much more "frozen humidity" falls from out the Blue -- I mean gray. It isn't too awfully cold out though, and that helps a lot. The snow kind of banks the house, and windows and really sort of insulates a house against the cold.

Say, Don, I thought about you brushing your teeth with shaving cream yesterday and off and on I've thought of it and giggled about it for two days. It wasn't so funny for you,. but I remember you sort of chuckled about it. It was that "short" (damned short) Sunday morning before Train time, wasn't it? It's funny, honey, but I know that even when I'm 80 years old, I'll be able to remember every part of your furlough, maybe not in order, but every part just the same. Remember how you got in a hurry when you heard the train whistle, scrammed out and knocked your dress hat into the mud? You hated to get on it, [the train] but you were scared to death you'd miss it. It will hit me funny every time I see that hat fall into the slush, not because it was your dress hat, I guess, but because I had to find something to laugh about. Didn't we have fun, honey? Seven and 1/2 days and 8 nites of heaven. I never thought I could be that happy, really, way down deep inside of me, as I was all during that time. For that matter -- I didn't think I could ever feel so awful as I did the Monday morning after you left Sunday. I can see now how people can feel so bad that they commit suicide. I could have jumped in a <u>deep</u> river that morning. It just seemed like I ached all over for you. It sounds silly, but my arms ached every time I thought of holding you close. They actually hurt, just wanting you so bad in them, and I felt sick and hopeless down inside. As soon as I started getting your letters though, I felt better. I'll be O.K., honey, though. -- Those feelings go if I get busy and rustle my bustle like you do every day but Sundays. I don't feel like that now. I guess everyone's common sense finally conquers their emotions, at least the depressing ones. We just sort of talk ourselves out of feeling blue and it's a good thing we can. All I do, though, is talk myself into loving you more each day and nite and I'll never be able to talk myself out of it (as if I'd try). I'll always love you more and more, and I hope you'll be feeling the same, 'cause it's a heck of a feeling when the one you love doesn't love you, as I found out about 6 years ago. (I was a Freshman <u>and</u> so was good old Doris.) [I was going with Doris Wavle then and even though I liked Maggie very much, I did not love her as yet like Maggie already loved me.]

I'm enclosing a piece your dad had put in the paper. They got some of the information he gave them all screwed up, but the picture's the real McCoy. If you'll send it back, I'll save it for your scrapbook. O.K.? If you want to keep it, don't send it and I'll see if I can't find another.

I'm going to sign off and read a wee bit, 'cause I'm not sleepy at all. Here I go. --

Goodnite, honey. I love you, [Maggie wrote short hand for Darling] Darling-- X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

[Maggie then wrote short hand and then English for: Marines, Donald Terrell <u>and Jr.</u>, Maggie Terrell, Lynne Ellen Terrell]

Quite a nice family, don't you think? I know we'll enjoy them.

Honey, I got your allotment today and when I paid you're dad what I owed him, I had exactly $8.00 left out of $50.00.

13.20	garage bill
15.00	January Rent
8.31	Insurance (Car)
5.00	Gas, alcohol [for car radiator]
41.51	Some Total, eh what?

I've got to find out about your insurance that you paid up until December. [life insurance]

6 Jan 1945 12:10 A.M. Saturday Morning

I've got a surprise for you tonite. I'm writing to you in a house <u>almost</u> across the road from Uncle Bob's [LeRoy] house. Whose house?? No --- No --- No!!!! [I give up, honey. Whose house is it?] It's just Hoose's house, you! [Mr. and Mrs. Alvie Hoose] They moved from Summit Ave. and now they live on R.D.#3 Cortland. Isabel [Hoose] called today and asked if I'd like to spend the night with her and I said sure, so here I am. Eloise [Hoose] is staying here tonite and she's writing to Bob [Hoose] over across the room. Eloise, Isabel, Miss Sharpe, Myrtie Ives and I just got back from a show. Your dad and mom and all the kids [Terrells] were there, too. Then we went to the Chocolate Shop and I had one of those Banana splits we love, and now I'm writing to my best boy friend. [Who is he, honey?]

Honey, tomorrow I'm going to the Hospital and see where I have to go and what I have to do to get the free training so I can be a nurse, and be a little help in this mix-up. I don't even like to think of Defense Plants, and if I learn to be a good nurse I'll be a better mother for Lynn and Donnie. [our planned for future children] I promise I <u>won't</u> go into it if there are compulsory nursing periods like 3 years or something like that. I won't get tangled up in something that I can't get out of the minute I hear you're heading for home. I'm going <u>to study</u> every angle of it, honey, and then make up my mind. If I can be of some help to all the boys that need nurses so badly, I'll figure it's the best thing I can do. I think Nurses are far more necessary than Marines [women], WACS or WAVES [women service people]. They have broadcast over the Radio that they've sent 11 Divisions over-seas <u>without</u> any Nurses and that's bad. Nurses are more apt to be in the thick of things, too, and I guess I'm as bad as you are when it comes to wanting to be really in things. You want to consider this proposition, honey, before you turn thumbs down on it. Promise? O.K. Now, don't forget.

I left orders, he he, with Doug [Terrell] to put Pooch [our dog] in the cellar [at their house] so he wouldn't freeze and to look at the fires [in our house] in the morning. I got a big bucket of coal so he'd be sure and put some on the fires. It was starting to blow out home when I left.

Isabel says "Hello" to you. She's writing a letter, too [probably to her brother Bob in the European War Theater who later was killed just as the war was ending].

This house is the second one from Groton Ave. on the left hand side of the road as you go toward South Cortland. It's the big white house with the sun porch on the side and barns out in back. Uncle Bob's [LeRoy] house is kitty corner across the road. -- Here's what I mean --

[Maggie drew a map of the streets, the airport, Uncle Bob's house and Hoose's house and then wrote: "This is where I am." Then Isabel wrote: "I'm here, too."]

[Note to our children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren: Uncle Bob's and Aunt Pauline's house and garage are no longer kitty corner across from the former Hoose house now. Uncle Bob's house and garage were moved over to Groton Ave. by the Airport.]

Well, Izzy's [Isabel Hoose] ready for bed and I just can't seem to think of any more to write so I'm going to bed too.

Bob [Hoose] has sent home a lot of souvenirs. A German Flag, bayonet, knives and other German personal equipment -- a helmet and goggles that they presume belonged to a Motorcycle guy, a pack of German cigarettes and a small magazine just packed full of pictures of the "Paper Hanger -- Schickelgruber" Adolph [Hitler] to you.

Goodnite, Honey. Sleep Tight. I love you.

[Don to Maggie]

6 Jan 1945 South Pacific

I just got through with another rough and tumble free-for-all with a couple of my bunkmates which leaves me rather tired out and sore. After fooling around for quite a spell the two of them got me pinned down and tied both feet and hands spread way apart to the bunks. Then they proceeded to do whatever they wished to me without me being able to stop them. We had a lot of fun, got a good sweat up, a good appetite for supper and all of us were left laying around quiet on our sacks, daydreaming about home.

After reading your letters over again for about the fiftieth time I grabbed my pen and writing paper and, lo and behold, here I am writing to my honey. I have already sent one letter to you and one to Dad, Mother and the kids into the censoring room both of which have probably been censored and are ready to mail by now. When I finish this letter to you, honey, I guess I will write a few lines to your folks. There isn't much to write them but maybe they would like to hear from me anyway.

I have devoured more books on this trip across than all I have ever read or ever will read. Just before we left, the Red Cross sent cases and cases of donated books to us and they have been constantly changing hands ever since. Every place you go you see fellows with their faces stuck in a good novel or a group of fellows deeply involved in a fast card game. Everyday, while waiting in the long, slow line for chow, I take a good murder mystery along and waste no time in solving the problem of "Who killed Jack Robin?".

There are several men who fortunately are gifted with the craft of hair cutting. I don't mind telling you, honey, that they are making a good sum of money at it, too. I will confess that I had my "crop" of hair cut "to the bone" again. I think that you will agree with me that it is the best way to have it in this hot climate. Of course, I intend to let it grow out again before returning to the States.

Did you get my last letter to you from Tent Camp? I mean the one with the $5 money order in it from Uncle Bob and Aunt Pauline [LeRoy]? I nearly didn't get to send that letter but I gave it to a "jeep" driver just before shoving off to mail for me. I got a good leather pocket book from F & AM [Mason's] Cortland Lodge with a "Christmas greetings" card. I didn't get a chance to write them a thank you card but will sometime. Say, honey, please write or telephone the Cortland Standard office and give them my latest

overseas address. They never did get it while I was in Tent Camp and all the papers were going to Parris Island before getting to me.

Gosh, honey, I guess it will be four weeks or more from the time you get my last letters until you get these. That is a long time, honey, but I know you won't be too anxious because you know why. Boy, I can't wait until your letters catch up with me later on for I am going to have a swell time reading them all.

How is Pooch [our dog] coming? I'll bet he is practically a full grown dog by now. Has he killed any more chickens? Well, anyway, it shows that he is a smart dog when he fills his belly with fresh chicken instead of dog food. Has Vunk brought the rest of the coal yet? Don't forget what I told you about always keeping a small supply of wood and kindling in the coal shed so it will be dry when you need it.

Your picture keeps telling me that you love me so all I can say is I love you, too!

[Maggie to Don]

7 Jan 1945 12:15 A.M. Sunday Morning

Yes, I'm staying all nite at Izzy's [Isabel Hoose] and I borrowed her paper so I could write you a little.

Maybe you'd like to hear what we've been doing all day. Last nite we came to bed about 1:30. We turned off the light and started talking and we heard Alvie's [Hoose] alarm go off at 5:00 [A.M.] and we were still talking. We talked about the war (just to be different) and the Bible and different Countries. I don't think we talked about people only once or twice -- as gossip, I mean. We dropped off while we were talking, I guess and we got up about 12 or 12:30. We ate dinner and tried to start Eloise's and our car, as they wouldn't start earlier in the morning for Eloise and Alvie. It was so cold they wouldn't start, so we went up the road and across the road to that new "West End Garage" and got them to tow us. Our car started so Isabel and I went downtown to shop. We went up and saw about Cadet Nursing [at the Cortland Hospital] -- and I don't imagine I'll ever get in. You have to have Chemistry, 2 years of Foreign Language (the only requirement I meet) and Algebra, so I'll never join. About 5:30 we went to the "Vic" [restaurant] and had toasted cheese sandwich and a chocolate milk float (Milk Shake with Ice Cream floating on top). [Now called a "Boston Milk Shake".] Then we went to the Temple [theater] and saw "Hi, Beautiful" and "The Leather Burners" which starred Hopalong Cassidy and Gabby Hayes. Then we went to Marion- Margarets [ice cream store] and had a beautiful Banana Split, and started home. We arrived safely and now I'm in bed writing. We're going to Church in the morning. And we think to the show "Frenchmen's Creek" (a very good picture) tomorrow afternoon. And by tomorrow nite I'll be home in our bed writing you. I think I'll have got my blood rid of all riotous notions by tomorrow nite, and I'll be able to settle into the old routine without a squawk.

Well, hon, I'm going to sign off. --

By the way, Izzy and I are going to write Lawrence Lash a letter tonite. We saw his mother downtown and she said he wasn't getting much mail so we're going to cheer him up a bit -- I think! If I don't go to sleep first.

Goodnite -- I love you --

[Don to Maggie]

7 Jan 1945 South Pacific

Well, here I am writing another letter but I have no idea what to say. How about talking about the weather, Huh? It is a warm day with the sun shining brightly through a clear sky. A light cool breeze goes by every so often, just enough to keep the sun's rays from getting too hot. Back home it is snowing lightly and the sun is fighting desperately to pierce it's way through a few low hanging clouds. There isn't any wind but the air is brisk and cuts into your lungs like ginger ale.

Now that you have heard the latest weather broadcast let's talk about you for awhile. Have you gotten stuck in the snow yet? How is the old car running, has it frozen up any yet? Oh yes, I forgot, honey, we were going to talk about you weren't we? Well, how are you? Yes, I know you are feeling fine but how are you getting along with your secretarial work? I always thought I was a better typist than you but I didn't want to hurt my little lamb's feelings by telling you so.

Say, young lady, you had better have those curtains hung by now instead of fooling around knitting mittens. What do you think I am paying you for anyway? Have you finished the mittens?

When the gong rings it will be exactly 1330 -- Gong! Turn on the radio so we can hear the latest news, honey. Did you say you bought a new radio or had the old one fixed? How about driving down to Timer's [Davis] and getting a couple quarts of ice cream and a couple bottles of ginger ale and we'll make some sodas? What do you mean, you aren't hungry? We haven't eaten for 30 whole minutes -- I'm starved! You know, honey, I never did tell you that I took out a life insurance policy secretly just before I married you, did I? Why? Gosh, gal, do you expect me to put my life in your hands by eating your cooking without life insurance?

If I write much more of this chatterbox talk I'm afraid the censors will be on my neck for inhuman cruelty to dumb animals. Just yesterday they hung a poor fellow at sunset just because he wrote his girl that he loved her and told her a few more things. So you see that I am taking my own life into my hands just to tell you I love you and that you are the best doggone wife this side of Mars.

Don't forget to bank the fire before hitting the sack.

[Maggie to Don]

8 Jan 1945 2:10 A.M. Monday Morning

How's my little lamb pie tonite? I'm going to stay over here with Jean [Terrell], tonite.

I went to Church this morning with Isabel and Mrs. Hoose and then this afternoon we saw "Frenchman's Creek". It was good, honey. In fact, it was so good I almost died because you weren't there. -- Especially to give me a little loving after the show. Boy! What a picture it was.

I'm sending 3 pieces of Dentyne [gum] in this envelope. I hope you get them O.K. They're good 'cause I've had one of them.

It was nice and clear out this afternoon but quite cold. I hope it warms up some tomorrow.

Hayden [Olmstead] fell about 10' out of the silo the other day and hurt his back. He's in bed and his back is swelled up. He can't urinate very much and his bowels don't move at all. Dr. Munson had Dr. Ryan called in because he thought X-Rays should be taken. Ryan says no broken ribs but he's not sure whether his back is movable to the Hospital or not with the road as bumpy and slippery as it is. They're going to leave him where he's at for about 3 days and see what happens. [Before Maggie and I were married, Hayden fell out of the silo and broke his wrist and couldn't milk his cows so I went over and helped him with his chores until he was better. That made two times that I know of that Hayden fell out of his silo. Grandchildren, Grandpa climbed <u>many</u> silos, <u>many</u> times when I worked on farms while I was growing up and luckily didn't fall once. But I was younger then and Hayden was <u>older</u> then. No, Grandchildren, Grandpa is not going to climb any silos now at 68 years old.]

Vernon Bell, I guess you know him (I don't) is Missing in Action over Germany and Carol [Olmstead} had a letter written in pencil from Warren [Nelson Warren who she later married] and he's O.K. She called Wilna [Olmstead, her mother] and told her about it this morning -- She got the letter last nite.

Honey, I love you. I hope I get a letter from you tomorrow, but I'm not <u>counting</u> on it. Probably you'd like to send a letter tomorrow, too and maybe you can't yet. [I was still aboard ship heading overseas.]

That Tarpley [Maggie and I do not remember who he was.] fellow is expecting to go. He's all packed etc. His wife is with him or else just come back from being with him.

I'm going to sign off, honey and go to bed. I'm awfully sleepy, and my head aches something wicked.

Goodnite, Dear Sleep Tite and dream of me -- I love you with all of me -

8 Jan 1945 11:15 P.M. Monday Evening

I still haven't heard from you, dear, but for once in my life, I can really say I'm being patient (there isn't any use being otherwise.) I'm just waiting and hoping, every day, that I'll hear from you. I feel that you're O.K. and not especially in great danger -- But often feelings are far from right. Darling, I'm praying that you're not going right into the thick of it, but I realize you're more apt to, than not to.

I hope you're getting my letters, even though I'm not getting yours. I'm wondering if you got our pictures and my Christmas card -- I hope so, honey, 'cause our pictures are good. I tried to get film for my small camera the other day and the fellow said they hadn't had film for 2 months and they didn't expect <u>any</u> more. I suppose it will not be here, -- but in the War fronts, taking reconnaissance pictures to save our men's lives, and win the War quicker.

The Creek by the Town Garage (by Orrin Pond's) has overflowed and frozen, and Doug and Dick [Terrell] went skating tonite. I wanted to go but I didn't have the ambition. I may go tomorrow sometime, though, if it doesn't thaw and spoil it.

They [Mother and Dad] got 2 letters from Bob [my brother] today, and Dick got one for himself -- so altogether they got 3 from him today.

I haven't told you how much I love you. "Cause I really do love you,

honey, and I miss you all the time. I'll feel much better when I get a letter from you and you tell me you love me. It's just like kissing you -- I can feel that you really love me.

Robert Hoose sent home a little magazine titled "London Humor". It had a cartoon in it -- a woman in a Maternity Ward was holding a very black baby. It shows the Nurse turning and saying to the Dr. -- "She blames it on the Blackout". Of course, anyway you take it, it's good for a little laugh, but taking it at it's worst is funniest. After all, How could she know what color it's pappy was, if it was very, very black in the black-out?

I'm going to knit a little I guess, dear, and then climb into bed and catch myself a snooze. So Goodnite, dear, and don't worry about me not getting any mail, as long as you're getting yours. I'll be O.K. as long as I realize why I'm not getting letters. It's O.K., honey, we'll make up for all this with a little tacked on for a special celebration the minute that 6 months is up. [Maggie means "Duration of War plus 6 months". Actually I was in longer than that.]

Goodnite, Honey --- I love you!

10 Jan 1945 12:05 A.M. Wednesday Morning

It's getting colder and colder here tonite, and it's supposed to be colder yet tomorrow.

I stayed at mom's after school and went over to school to a movie "Gunga Din". Then I heard that Evalyn [McGuiness] and Ned [Hayes] were looking for me, so I tore right out to see what they wanted. They wanted to go up town and watch them bowl so I went. We came home early and as Wayne [Lear] had to take Chub Dalley home, I stopped at mom's and rode home with Wayne. The house was quite chilly but I'm warm. I'm sitting here in your chair by the fire, with my feet up on the coal scuttle because it's quite cold on the floor.

Tonite is one of my bad nights -- I can't think of anything to tell you. -- I didn't get a letter, and they [Mother and Dad] didn't hear from Bob today. And of course I love you. You're still my one and only, and always will be. But that's about all I can think of right now. I'm hoping to get maybe a card tomorrow. I'm going to knit on my mitten just a minute and then hit the sack. I'm quite tired, I've only had about 6 hrs. sleep (apiece) the last 2 nites.

Honey, just keep on loving me, won't you? I'm loving you -- Always!

We'll really have fun -- us and our off-spring, after this blasted thing's over. We'll all be together and happy!! Yeah man!

Goodnite, dearest -- Sleep tight and Hug me tight in Our Dreams!

All my Love --

10 Jan 1945 11:55 P.M. Wednesday Nite

It's been very cold here today, but it hasn't blown or snowed, Thank God! If it had we'd have frozen for sure. The lowest temperature was supposed to have been in Canton, N.Y. (lowest of New York State) 16 degrees below zero. -- But -- Howard [Haskins] claims it was 20 degrees below here when he started out on his milk route, and I believe him 'cause it certainly was cold!

Don, Reports have been on the radio about the American Landing on Luzon. I heard one reporter say there were 3 Marine Detachments aboard his ship. Were you one of the Marines that participated in that landing? Honey, I just think that you're there because just about enough time has passed for you to be there. You'll probably think I'm silly, telling you this, but Charles

(Chuck) Heffron is at Manila in Camp No. 1 -- or at least, he has been. I don't think they'll let those Prisoners of War be freed. I think they'll kill them rather than have them freed. If you're there, and have a chance, see if you can find him. If you're on Luzon, honey, please just write and say "I'm looking for Chuck Heffron". If you don't want me to tell even <u>one person</u> (including your folks and mine) add "alone". If you want me to tell your folks say "with another bunch". O.K.?

I haven't heard from you yet, but maybe I will within a week, I hope so, anyway. It will seem good to talk to you again, honey. It's been 3 weeks next Saturday since I heard from you. We got letters the other day from Bob [Terrell] dated Dec. 28 and 30 and he hadn't seen you yet, so I know you spent Christmas without him. I was sorry that you couldn't be together on Christmas Day. Maybe, though, you got tight together on New Years! [Why, honey, you know Bob and I don't drink.] Who knows? I hope you get to see Bob, anyway, honey. [Grandchildren. By coincidence, while Grandma was writing this letter to me, my brother Bob had spotted me out of 4,000 other Marines coming into Tent City, a Transient Center next to Pearl Harbor on the Island of Oahu. So Bob and I <u>did</u> get to see each other for a few days before Bob was sent out again heading towards other Pacific War Theater islands and finally Japan.] I just hope he doesn't try to give you all the advice he's been saving up for a year!! I'll bet you still don't hanker to have someone tell you what to do and how to do it! [Bob was my <u>older</u> brother.] I'm afraid that before this damned war is over, you'll be able to give Bob more advice about taking care of himself than he'd be able to find out for himself -- ever! These guys that think they know all about the war burn me up! Always shooting off about taking care of somebody, or something. Someday after the war I'll tell them what I think of their "fatherly" advice. I can still take care of myself and I don't like Bob thinking that I can't. You'd think I was only about 10 and didn't know nuts from bolts and I'll bet I could tell him a thing or two! He must think I just couldn't get along without your father and mother and he's crazy! [Now, now, honey, don't go getting your dander up. My brother, Bob, loved you very much and only wanted Mother and Dad to look after you while I was gone.] I've been scorching inside for a while because everyone thinks I'm a poor little helpless thing. I'm afraid I'll show them yet! If things don't change as far as the war goes by next June and July, I'm going to change a few things for myself.

Enough of that bitching! I shouldn't say those things anyway, and I haven't to anyone before and I won't again. [It is too late, honey, you already did. And I just put it into the computer and on paper for <u>all</u> to see 50 years after you wrote it to me. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, honey? However, you <u>did</u> prove to <u>all</u> of us that you <u>could</u> take care of yourself and I love you all the more for that!!!]

Say, Donald Terrell, do you love me? [Yes, dear.] You'd better and you'd better tell your darned old C.O. [Commanding Officer] to let you write just a line or two to me just so I'll know you love me. [Yes, dear.] I'll still be loving you, honey, even if I don't hear from you in two months! Don, have you heard the song "Make-Believe"? It's quite popular and I learned the words because they say just the things I'd like to, to you. I'm going to write them -- below! -- you don't have to read them, but see if they aren't pretty accurate.

I'm making-believe that you're in my arms,
Though I know you're so far away --
Making Believe I'm talking to you --
Wish you could hear what I say!
And here in the gloom,
Of <u>our</u> lonely room,
We're dancing like we used to do,
Making-Believe is just another way of dreaming,
So till my dreams come true,
I'll whisper "Goodnite", turn out the light,
And kiss my Pillow --
Making-Believe it's <u>you!</u>

Don't those words hit the right idea, honey? At least, they do <u>completely</u> for me!
Goodnite, Sweetheart
Be Good!! [I did. I was. <u>And</u> I still will!]
I love you [I love you too, Margaret Ellen Lear Terrell!!!!!!!!!]

[Don to Maggie]

10 Jan 1945

Have met Bob [Terrell, my older brother, who was also in the Marines] and am having a wonderful time. I was very happy to meet him and he was the same. Am feeling good and am looking out for good old Alma Mater. Hope you are getting along okay, honey.

Have got to hurry now as the lights are going out in a few minutes. Bob and I are going to celebrate and have some pictures taken of us. Hope to stay here a while with him. Address is on envelope. Will write a good letter tomorrow. Bob wants to write a few lines to you.

Hi Maggie -- Don is here with me and we are both pretty happy kids. We'll have some good pictures taken for all of you. Don't worry -- he is safe, feeling fine, and I'll look out for him while we are together. Be good, honey!

[Note: Bob was temporarily stationed at Transient Center, next to Pearl Harbor, on the island of Oahu, when he heard that we were coming over. Bob was able to pick me out of 4,000 other Marines as we came into Transient Center from a 21 day boat trip over from the east coast.]

11 Jan 1945

Didn't have much time to write you last night. Went to the show and going again tonight. Sure was glad to be able to meet Bob [Terrell] and we are going to make the best of our time together.

It is warm as heck here during the day and really cold at night. Have a slight cold but getting over it. Am sorry I could not phone you from farther on but you understand.

Bob and I wrote a letter together to Mother and Dad but they will get

theirs before you get this. Aren't arranged enough yet to take my mail. Am looking forward to getting your letters soon. Will write more later, honey. I love you!

[Maggie to Don]

12 Jan 1945 12:40 A.M. Friday Morning

My appointment with your Dr. Howard [my dentist] is for 10:00 this morning and I can't seem to get scared. Maybe I'm growing up or else it's been so long since I've been to the Dentist's that I've forgotten how it hurts. Another thing, Honey! Guess What? On the 'way back end of the right hand side of my lower jaw. -- A Wisdom tooth is just breaking surface. Boy, do I feel aged and Wise!! Imagine -- A Wisdom Tooth! After all these years!

I didn't hear from you today, honey and I've began to worry a little, but I'll be O.K. -- I mean I won't worry myself sick! Not for a day or two anyway.

Tonite Dick [Terrell] went to C.A.P. [The Civil Air Patrol was established in 1941 in the office of Civilian Defense. It organized and directed the activities of volunteer civilian cadets from 13 to 21 years old through workshops and training sessions some of which were held at high schools. It also organized and directed the activities of adult volunteer civilian airmen using their own aircraft and equipment for wartime tasks. The C.A.P. was transferred to the War Department in 1943 as an auxiliary of the Army Air Forces. In 1946, Congress chartered it as a nonprofit private corporation. The C.A.P. became a civilian auxiliary of the U. S. Air Force in 1948.] Clara and Leon [Terrell] took him. Jean [Terrell] went to Choir practice so Doug [Terrell] and I went skating and am I going to be stiff tomorrow! I didn't fall down once, but my legs are pretty tired . I feel so old, honey, that I'm ashamed of myself. I'm going to go skating etc. more often. I'll be damned if I'm going to be a softie just because I'm over sixteen. [Yes, dear. You were all of 19 1/2 years old way back then. How come you and I are still riding bikes 4 miles nearly every day at 68 years?]

I have one of my mittens done except for the thumb. Ain't that something? It won't take me long to get the other one finished you can bet! If you were in Germany where it's cold I'd send you some mittens so you wouldn't freeze.

It's warmed up a little here. It's only about 12 degrees above tonite but that's warm compared with what it has been. It was pretty here today. If the snow hadn't been on the ground it would have been exactly like summer -- Blue Skies and a bright sun and white fleecy clouds.

Darling, do you still love me tonite? If you were here I'd really cuddle tonite. Honey, when I think of all the years we have yet to be able to be together -- eat and have fun and sleep together I feel good all over! [How about 50 years and holding?] I know we can stand depressions, Doctor bills for kids and everything if we're just with each other. It's this being apart that makes everything seem so difficult. People like your Mother and Father -- and mine have had tough going at times but they've always had each other -- Never been apart for more than 3 weeks at a time. They realize (almost) what it means to both of us to be so far apart. Do you know that it's been 5 months the 25th of this month since you went? It would have seemed a long

time if we'd been together and it has been apart, but some how it hasn't had any meaning. I look back on it and it's just a blank space (except for your furlough) with me just existing, not really living. I pray it won't be very much longer but no one knows, for sure. Things look good today, but tomorrow we're apt to get slapped back again. [on the war fronts] It seems like I just hold my breath in between "News-casts" because I'm afraid the tide will shift again and keep hoping that things will keep going our way.

Harold Vunk said he'd bring the coal either this Friday or Saturday for sure. If he doesn't, I'm going to get very, very mad because I'm down to the floor boards in the coal-shed. This cold weather has played hell with everyone's coal supply.

Bobby Snyder was in school today. He's a Sailor now and he's a cute looking Sailor, too. He just finished 10 weeks training at Sampson Naval Base. Kenneth Ticknor [Maggie's old boy friend] is at Camp Meade, waiting for orders to ship out. He fires Mortars and he's going over after about 4 months training, too. (Aug. - Dec.) It just goes to show that with good material the head gazinks can really produce good soldiers and Marines in <u>just</u> 4 months! Look at Tic and you for excellent examples of this statement.!

Well, honey, I've got to get up early so I'm going in our bed and hit the sack. It's now 0012 C.W.T [12:12 A.M. Central War Time] and 0112 E.W.T. [1:12 A.M. Eastern War Time Maggie's time] 2312 Mountain W.T. [11:12 P.M. Mountain War Time] and 2212 [10:12 P.M.] Pacific War Time. [Hey! How about what time it is where your husband is? That is if you knew where he was.] <u>So</u>, I'm going to "turn in" and see if the sandman will serve me up a few dreams about my honey and me. Goodnite, dear -- I love you --- With all My Love

12 Jan 1945 11:40 P.M. Friday Night

This is just a letter from a Brave Marine's <u>Brave</u> wife. At least, Dr. Howard seems to think she's brave. Two fillings and never a squawk!! They didn't hurt much at all, though, honey, or he'd have known what I meant when I told him I was a sissy. I had the big cavity between my front tooth and the side one filled and the one <u>between</u> my front teeth where a filling just came out. It cost $6 for 2 fillings, because they're front ones, I guess. He said if he were me, he'd let that bad back tooth go, as long as it didn't pain me, and fill the cavities in teeth that were better. So I made an appointment for February 2, at 10 A.M. He's a good dentist, honey. I think he's more gentle than others I've gone to. I was thinking today how many Dentists I've gone to. Dr. Ensign at Dryden, Dr. McKean, Dr. Gilfoyle and Dr. Howard. Some bunch, huh?!! I feel brave and fine tonite! I didn't get scared as much as I usually do, this morning, either. I don't even feel afraid about February 2. Maybe I've got more guts than I give myself credit for. I hope so, anyway.

I went up with Leon [Terrell] this morning and we got stuck over here on the flat and Leon and John Matson put the chains on in the snow. It was so bad that I called Prof. [Hagadorn] about 11:00 A.M. and they were just closing school. So I went to the show and tried to help Leon a little by pumping gas. Your mother has a very peculiar idea about my pumping gas. She said to Leon "You won't have any customers left, letting a woman pump gas." Wasn't that encouraging? It makes me feel like wearing my slacks and going up and help <u>all</u> day tomorrow!! Ain't I a stinker?

I wish I could hear from you, dear. Probably by the time you read this I'll be getting mail all right, so don't worry.

I'm going to clean tomorrow. Thoroughly! And Good_ --

Wayne [Lear] just stopped and we've been talking. He just took Emma Lou [Mespell] home from a Game [basketball] and a Mixer [dancing].

Honey, when you come home let's go to Games and Mixers and keep having fun with the kids. We didn't go to them at all last year. What do you say?

Mary Leah Saltsman is engaged to a Tully [New York] Farmer, Robert Haynes -- the same guy she's been going with all the time [and later married].

It's not too much colder out, dear. It isn't blowing or snowing and that's something! I hope it's nice for a while. We have just one Snow Day left [at school] -- Then we start losing days on Easter Vacation. Ain't that hell?

I got an American Magazine today with a story of some of the screwy things the Japs do right in shooting distance of our Marines. Dancing, parading and everything until they're shot down.

They're really raising hell in the South Pacific now, honey. Maybe you know more about it than I do, but I'll tell you just in case you don't.

Mrs. Shenfeld got a letter from her husband in France today. About 8 pages long. -- He only writes once a week. I think I'd rather get a page or two every couple days instead. Remember that if you're in doubt.

Honey, I'm going to look at the American for a few minutes and then hit the sack. O.K.?

So Goodnite, Honey. [Maggie wrote: "I" in shorthand. "love" in shorthand. "you" in short hand. Then shorthand for "I love you" and then said "in other words":] I love you! With All My Love And then some ---

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[Don to Maggie]

12 Jan 1945

Bob and I went to the show again last night. It was a fairly good technicolor Arabian drama called "Kismet". I had him going for an hour or so before that by showing him a few of the card tricks I picked up. He showed me a lot of souvenirs and pictures he has collected. We are going to gather all we can and make a scrapbook after the war.

Some of our mail came in last night and we went down and got it. I had 14 letters so far, the latest letter from you was dated Dec 30. Thanks a lot, honey, for writing me every day and also for the nice Christmas card. The pictures haven't come yet but I expect them in a few days. Don't forget to send your letters airmail, honey. It will cost a little more but it will be worth it for you and me both. (6 cents overseas)

They are filling out pay forms now so we are expecting to get paid tomorrow or the next day. Don't worry about my war bonds because it is apt to be a couple months yet before they come. You see they didn't start taking out until Oct. and it takes 3 months for a bond.

Just as soon as we are out of quarantine and I get liberty, Bob and I are going out and get pictures taken and see the sights. We will order seven pictures, one for each one of the family and Bob and us. I can't tell you how happy and lucky we are to be able to meet and see each other for a while.

I was sorry to hear about Toby [George and Daisy Lear's dog] getting run over. The guy that did it without stopping ought to get a good going over. He [Toby] was getting old though so maybe it was better for him. Glad to hear about Lester M. [McHerron] and Ted H. [Harris]. We, Cortland County, have been fairly lucky so far but Bob Lockey was quite a blow to both Bob T. [Terrell] and me. Keep the home fires burning, darling.

[Maggie to Don]

14 Jan 1945 12:55 A.M. Sunday Morning

Well, how are you this fine Sunday Morning? I wish you were here and we could sleep late this morning -- eat waffles, sausages, maple syrup, coffee, tea for me and just read funnies 'till about 3 or 4 P.M. Then get in the car and visit someplace for awhile, or maybe go walking, swimming or skating. Come home and eat and then go to the show tonite about 8:00. Could we afford to get a couple banana splits at Marion-Margarets? Gee, that's good. I'd like one -- maybe two. I'll bet you could eat 4 of them, couldn't you?

Honey, today your wife rode Joe (the big pony) to the store and back. I only galloped him twice. The stirrups were too low and I didn't feel comfortable at all. I can see why cowboys would be bowlegged. My knees feel like they both point out, not straight ahead.

I got out my Marine application blanks etc. tonite and I think that's what I want to do. I can't till next July and if something different happens before then, I won't enlist. If you're still away and things are much the same as now, I'll be able to enlist without many hold-backs. What fun we'll have, honey, as soon as you come home! It will be like getting married a 3rd time!

Until then, honey, here's all my love for you to keep. In fact you can keep it <u>always</u>! Not just for the Duration plus 6 months.

Goodnite, honey
I love you

[Don to Maggie]

14 Jan 1945

Another day and the world's still going around. One more day and I still love you. The end of another day and the beginning of another letter. Here's hoping these days go by with great speed until we can be together again.

I finally got my other decayed tooth out, honey, but I had to spill a big yarn to do it. Bob and I gave them a big story -- that it was nearly killing me with pain, bothered my training and that I was shoving off any day. Of course, none of this was true but it served the purpose and I got an emergency operation which left me minus one tooth.

Bob and I attended church this morning which was very good. Services were held in the outdoor theater accompanied by a Marine orchestra and choir. We are planning on seeing the picture "Dragon Seed" this evening and going on liberty tomorrow from 0900 to 1800. We are supposed to get liberty every fourth day -- 25% getting liberty every day.

[Maggie to Don]

15 Jan 1945 12:35 A.M. Monday Morning

I just got back from the show "Hollywood Canteen". I went with Wayne [Lear] (1), Emma Lou [Mespell] (2), Chubby [Rolland] Dalley (3), Tyke [Raymond] Dalley (4) , Dorothy Spaulding (5), Dale Lear (6), Roger Lear (7), Mom [Daisy Lear] (8) and I'm number 9. All in Dad's [George Lear's] Chevy. We really made a car full. It was a darn good picture -- maybe you've seen it already.

Well, honey, I've done as you said to in that letter you wrote 4 weeks ago tomorrow. I've kept writing to you, even though I haven't heard from you, and I'll keep right on writing -- just hoping that you'll get them so you won't be quite so lonesome. But I keep hoping, every time I see the mailman, that he will bring me a letter from you. Not necessarily with your new address, but just a letter; something from you to me, bringing me your love, as my letters take you all of my love. It will be 4 weeks tomorrow since you wrote and four weeks Wednesday since you left New River [Camp Lejeune, North Carolina], so it's been time enough so I should hear from you, if they let you write. Maybe tomorrow will bring me a letter or a postcard. I hope so anyway. To get a letter after this long will be better than Christmas. I'll probably be so excited that I'll go around in a screw-loose daze for about a week. Your letters always have made me happier than anything else. It's just like talking to you, to read your swell letters and I always feel just like I'd touched you, or kissed you. Of course, it isn't <u>quite</u> as good as the real McCoy, but since kisses can't be sent Air Mail, a letter's really the nicest thing that can happen.

Honey, Pooch [our dog] has grown so. His teeth are beautiful! Long, pointed and pearl-white. I wish I had them. I'd bite you, sure as heck! He doesn't bark much but has a good loud, ferocious-sounding bark when he thinks it's necessary. He loves to run with the ponies when the boy's [Dick and Doug Terrell] are riding them. He [Pooch], Tig and Gyp [Terrell's dogs] really follow them. Up to Virgil [village about 1 mile away], mostly. That's about the only time Pooch is gone is when he follows them. The rest of the time he just runs and plays right around here. He'll love you when you come home, and you'll enjoy him. He minds better than most dogs, and he can tell whether you like what he's doing or not by the way your voice sounds when you speak to him. Just to show you how smart he is -- when he was small I never let him jump up on me when he was glad to see me and if he did, I slapped his nose until he got down and acted like a nice doggie. Dick and Doug [Terrell], though, slapped their chests when they wanted him to jump up. Well -- now he jumps on them if they just look at him, but he won't jump on me at all. He just shows he's happy by wagging his tail and wiggling. He'll jump on you, too, because he'll know you won't care. If you cuff him a few times (if you don't want him to), though, he'll stay down. He really has an appetite. He eats everything in sight and then some.

It isn't very cold here tonite, honey, about 15 degrees, I guess. It's not blowing or snowing so it seems really warm.

Honey, I'm sleepy. I guess I'll hit the sack. So Goodnite.

Say, Donegie, I love you. In fact -- I love you a lot!! A lot more than I do anyone else. A lot more than I could ever love anyone else. Of

course, I'll love Lynne and Donald Jr. [our planned for future children] because they'll be part of you, but I'll love them different. I'll love them as a mother should, not as a wife.

Goodnite, dear. Dream of us ---- All my Love Maggie ---

15 Jan 1945 11:00 P.M. Monday Nite

I'm up home and I'm going to stay tonite. I'm going down in the morning and fix my fires.

I went up to Aydee's [Reynolds] tonite and traded skates with her. My skates are white and hers are black but I figure if I get a pair that fit me I don't care what color they are. You see, her feet are wider than they were when she bought her skates and my skates are so much bigger than hers that they fit her perfectly. Hers are small enough so they really fit me. I think I'll skate much better now. I'm going to try them first chance I get. I'll probably fall on my behind about the first thing.

This cartoon is just a prophecy for what's in store for us in the future. And don't ask me to open the door!!

It's snowing quite hard tonite, but it isn't too cold out. Mom and I washed and finished just before noon. Then I went to work and I do mean work! Prof. [Hagadorn] tells everyone but me that I'm very Efficient. Isn't that swell? Maybe I'll be a much better secretary when you come back than when you left. Won't that be nice?

Say, honey, if I don't hear from you tomorrow I'm going to call in the F.B.I. on the case of "The Missing Husband", and as an added attraction also "The Case of the Stray Letter". Maybe then I'd get a couple of nice, loving letters. 'Spose so?

Well, I'm going to sign off and go up and sleep for a while.

'Nite, honey -- Pleasant Dreams -- All my love

[Don to Maggie]

16 Jan 1945

Well, honey, I let a day and a half slip by without finishing this letter but I know that you won't care as long as I can make the best of my time with Bob. Yesterday we had 3 poses taken and the proofs won't be ready until Thursday. After we pick out the best proof and order about 20 of them, we won't get them until another week after that. We did have 3 pictures taken together that were finished while you wait. They only cost $2.75 for 3 which we had taken just for the heck of it. Bob is sending them right home. One for Mother and Dad, one for you and me and one for whoever wants it.

I got your six or seven letters last night and night before. Last one dated Jan 8 with Dentyne gum in it. Thanks a lot, honey, I haven't had any gum for over a month and still can't get any. You only need 6 cent airmail stamps, honey, not 15 cents. Ha Ha.

16 Jan 1945

Pvt. Donald L. Terrell 983241
Replacement Battalion USMCR
Transient Center F.M.F. Pacific
c/o F.P.O., San Francisco, CA

I don't think you married such a bad looking egg after all, honey, according to the picture I got of you and me together yesterday. Of course, I can't compete with that beautiful wife of mine but even then I would have three strikes on me before I started. It really turned out good, honey, not a bad looking couple after all, if I do say so myself.

Say, honey, how about putting some of the natural skills of yours to work and baking me a big batch of your delicious chocolate-chip cookies? Mix in a few kisses, plenty of love, a couple hugs and I'm sure your honorable husband would appreciate your efforts greatly.

If the censor disapproves of our mushing, honey, I am sure that he will have a hard time making me change my tactics.

There isn't much to say except that I love you, so don't get your dander up if my little woman doesn't get a letter every day. I think of you every day anyway.

We saw the picture "Frenchman's Creek" last night. I agree with you, it was a very sexy picture. Makes a fellow kind of day dream about his little gal back home.

My address has changed slightly, honey. It is on the envelope. I have not moved but just a few tents up further. I still see Bob every evening and we go to the show or play games down at the Red Cross Club.

Yes, honey, there are 4 women who are at the Red Cross but they are not nearly as good looking or impressive as my dear wife. Please, honey, don't get any ideas about joining any service organization. You know their reputation and I don't want my wife exposed to the poisonous bites of mankind. Ha Ha

You can find a job of reasonably good pay close by to last during summer vacation. Don't go staying in a big city, honey, because it isn't worth it and I know you will have more fun right at home at a small job.

[Maggie to Don]

17 Jan 1945 12:15 A.M. Wednesday morning

Here I am back down home again. It's a hell of a night out. 6" of snow has fallen since Monday night about 8:00 P.M. and it's starting to blow -- But hard! We won't have any school tomorrow, I know. I got stuck here in Thiesen Hollow road tonite. I tried to turn in but the Plymouth kept right on going towards your dad's house so I got off the road a wee bit and did I get stuck! So -- I took my little coal shovel and dug a little 'fore and 'aft and rocked the car a little 'fore and 'aft and then gunned it -- forward, and now the car is in our front yard where I've kept it. I'll bet I don't get back out, though. Your dad just got back from bowling, but he didn't get stuck.

Prof. [Hagadorn] was laying even bets today (Tuesday) that the wind would

start blowing about 1:30 P.M. Wednesday afternoon and we'd let school out early! I said there'd be no school at all Wednesday. That the wind would start blowing by Midnite and we'd be snowed in by 8 this morning and boy, I've hit the nail right on the head, so far. Prof. was just a little too late in the day, that's all.

Honey, WAGE [radio station] announcer tonite said 90 inches of snow had fallen in Syracuse so far this winter, and the worst months are yet to come! It was 20 more inches than they usually have the entire winter. Ain't that sumpin'?

If we don't have any school tomorrow, I'm really going to town here. I'm going to really give things a physic -- A fast one! [cleaning the house].

Darling, I didn't hear from you again today and I just keep hoping that the next-time I'll get some word from you. It's been a month today since you wrote from New River [North Carolina]. I pray I don't have to wait another month 'till I hear from you. That would be about 2 months too long to wait. I'm also hoping that you're getting my letters O.K. 'cause that's why I'm writing -- so you'll get mail and a lot of love every day! Are you getting it? Well, all RIGHT!!!!

If you get all these letters at the same time you're going to have reading enough to last you 2 months! 30 letters all at once! Imagine! Maybe I'll get that many one of these fine, beautiful, snowy, windy, cold days. I hope you've had a chance to write a lot of nice, "love-pitching-woo" letters!!! About 60 of them would just fix what ails me just fine! 'Cause I'm plenty lonesome -- that is -- me and my dog are. And we're only lonesome for one thing -- Our Man! Or, at least, Pooch is lonesome for My Man! I'll bet he'd jump all over you if you walked in that door right now. Of course, I'd sit here, calmly, and say, "Well! Where have you been all this time???" -- Like Hell! I'd probably get to you even before Pooch could -- He's fast but this is one time when I'd be faster! Boy, I'd hug you, till you'd think I was a small edition of Super-Woman! (and so would your ribs).

I've got to go get a pail full of coal and then I'll be about ready for bed. Say, honey, I dreamed about you and Lynne and me last nite. We really had fun! Wow! I'm going to see if we can get a return engagement for tonite -- a double feature with us showing all nite long.

Goodnite Darling
Sleep tight
I love you!

18 Jan 1945 10:05 A.M. Thursday Morning

I'm stealing a piece of Roger's [Lear] paper 'cause I got caught short. I came up to skate [ice skate on the creek in the village of Virgil] last nite and the car didn't work so I'm still here. Probably the g.d. fires will go out but I'm quickly getting to the point where I don't give a damn.

I wish you were around so I could write and hear right away from you, but since you aren't, I'll tell you what I think I'm going to do and you'll just have to write back as soon as possible and tell me what you think. I won't be able to wait that long, though, honey, to do what I plan so here goes.---

I haven't told you before but the water has been frozen since I spent the week-end at Isabel's [Hoose] -- 1 1/2 weeks [ago]. Leon [Terrell] had a man thaw out the pipes (it's frozen under the ground between houses, so it's not my fault it froze. It was below zero almost all the time I was at Isabel's) last Saturday and they were alright from 12:00 noon until 8:00 P.M. that nite and then they froze again. The way I figure it doesn't matter how many times

we have it thawed, it will freeze again as long as it's this awful cold. And that ain't all, I have about 3 buckets of coal left, altogether, and Harold [Vunk] says I'll just have to wait till they bring some up from Scranton [PA], and he doesn't know when that will be. We've had so much snow that I'm snowed in down there more time than not, and I have to get out some way to school [to work as a secretary for Prof. Hagadorn, the principal]. The car has been in the garage 4 times since Christmas and last night it still wouldn't work. Here's the situation in a nutshell:

No coal, no water, no car, and
All snow!!

Darling, I hope you can understand what I'm up against. The coal yards in Cortland won't sell coal to anyone. All they'll sell is "Coke" [soft coal] so I'll just have to wait for Harold [Vunk] whether I want to or not.

I'm going to move our bed and one dresser (just the dresser) up here to mom's [Lear's rented apartment in the center of the village of Virgil]. I'll pay rent down there to your folks [Terrell] just the same, and I'll move back the minute it gets warmer out. You see, honey, we've still got the worst 2 months of winter -- coming!! February and March. And I'm damned sick of having no water, a car that won't work, and a cold house even when the fires have been banked. [Banking a coal fire, grandchildren, means to shovel a ring of new coal around the center of the burning, hot coals. Then, as the fire "burns down" and the burned out coal turns to ashes, the "stock pile" of new coal around the outside edges slowly falls into the center and automatically "feeds" the fire for several more hours before it "burns out". Leaving a small "hot spot" of "hot coals" in the center is very important. If you completely "smother" the hot coals with new coal, then the very volatile "coal gases" will not properly "burn off" and go "up the chimney". If these very deadly coal gases cannot properly burn off, then they are apt to "build up" under the pile of new coal and possibly cause an explosion. This could blow the furnace (usually made out of cast iron) apart, spewing "hot coals" all over the room and possibly setting the house on fire. That it also why it is very important, when "banking a coal fire", to not make the ring of new coal too high or it could "fall in" too soon or too fast and "smoother" the fire. This could also cause the fire to "cool down" so far that the natural upward "chimney draft" would "slow down" and not carry the gases up the chimney. This was known as the "silent killer" in some homes where the "odorless", deadly, unburned "coal gases" have been known to kill sleeping occupants. That is also why more modern "natural gas" has a "man made odor" mixed in so that we can detect any possible natural gas "leak".] The house gets awfully cold while I'm at school and I about freeze until about 1/2 - 1 hour after I get home.

So please don't have kittens about me moving for a while, honey. [I won't, honey. I'll leave that to mother cats.] I'm not doing it because I don't like living in our house but just so I won't have to spend a fortune on the car and so your folks won't have so much trouble. When I get stuck usually, I have to let Leon [Terrell] or someone pull me out. When the car doesn't work Leon tows it uptown and has it fixed. When my water's frozen [water pipes between the two houses] they [Terrell's] pay about $10 to have a man come thaw it out. I haven't told them what I'm going to do yet, but I'm going to tonite if I can get home.

Honey, just remember that as soon as some of this snow goes and the thermometer goes up a ways, I'll be right back in our house. It's only 8 degrees [F] above and it's 10:20 in the morning. Darling, If I'd known this winter was going to be the worst in years I wouldn't have wasted our coal or

been so uncomfortable as long as I have. I've just decided that it will be this bad the rest of the winter and why should I walk to school, build fires, waste coal for just me, and spend 50 or 60 dollars getting the car to go when I can be here [with George and Daisy Lear] -- Walk to school, be near the store, not worry all the time about fires and water pipes, and be able to hitch a ride into Cortland anytime.

You've just got to understand, honey. [I do, Maggie, and I am very sorry that I asked you to wait for me at our little house until I came back from the service. I love you.] I've argued by myself for 2 pages trying to explain and I think I've covered the subject thoroughly. [You did, honey, thank you.] Just write back and give me one big O.K. and say that you understand [I do, honey.] or else write and give me hell. I've just got to move for a while, I can't help it.

So long, honey. I'll write tonite. I'm going to have Mr. Clarke [the mailman] leave my mail here [at Lear's mail box] when I come up.

Say, honey, I love you.

19 Jan 1945 12:30 A.M. Friday Morning

Hello Darling - Honey - Darling - Sweetheart <u>and</u> honey!!!

I received <u>four</u> letters from you today and just a few words can't describe how glad I was to get them! I was relieved, to hear from you. -- I was glad to hear from you, and I was sad because your letters confirmed what I knew, that you were going farther away every minute. I wish that I could be with you and experience the things you are -- the sea, ships with waves slapping at them in vain, sunsets and beautiful tropical days and especially nights under one of those Higgins Landing Boats!!! Or were you with about sixty other fellows, breathing down each other's necks?? That kind of a night would be a disappointment to me. Of course, some girls would be happy. -- Woo! Woo! Oh, darling, I love you so much. Just reading your letters over and over made me realize how much. If they only keep coming through now, I'll be a happy married old maid! Just write when you have a chance, honey, and I'll keep the letters coming regularly to you. You won't have as much you will be able to tell me, but not one piece was cut out [by the censors] of the 4 letters I got today. I think there's a little more than some fellows think there is that you can write about. Besides if you want to make me happy, just write a 4 or 5 page letter telling me how much you love me. That will satisfy me -- and how!!

The 4 letters I got today were the ones dated Dec. 25, Jan 3,6 and 7th. I'm betting 10 - 1 that you participated in the landing on Luzon January 9th. Will you bet with me or have I won before we start?? [You lost, honey.]

I called the Cortland Standard [newspaper distribution office] and changed your address. Ain't that being a prompt Secretary? Speaking of secretaries, I still don't think you can type better than I can!! Want to fight about it? [No way, honey. You win. Weeeellll, maybeeee just as good.]

I went down and talked to your folks tonite. Your father said I was doing the best thing I possibly could until the weather breaks down and thaws. Your mother didn't react too well -- not like your dad -- but she didn't say it wasn't a good idea. <u>But</u> she didn't say it was! I expected it to be like that and so I wasn't surprised. Your father is a <u>very</u> reasonable man and I can safely state, here and now, that I love him and I couldn't have got a better father-in-law had I chosen father-in-laws instead of a husband. (Just married a fellow so I could have had a nice father-in-law.) As it was I married the

guy I love and always will love most and took my chances on a father-in-law.

Tic [Kenneth Ticknor, Maggie's old boyfriend, who went into the service the same time I did, only into the Army instead of the Marines.] has gone overseas, too, darling, but in the other direction -- towards England. [Tic was wounded in action a few weeks later and shipped back Stateside before I ever had a chance to see action.]

Honey, I'm going to bring up enough so I can have a one-room home, radio, pin-up lamp, electric clock and like that. Darling, please don't let it bother you. [I won't, honey. I understand.] I've just got to do this for a while. I've stuck it out longer now than most people would and I'll really enjoy it so, living down there [back to our little house] this spring and summer and fall. Maybe you'll be here to keep my feet warm by next winter. I'm hoping so, anyway! [Sorry, not for another 17 long months, honey.] They're [Terrells] going to thaw the water and drain it all Saturday and it won't hurt anything for it to wait for me 'till spring. Maybe being where it's hot, you can't see how it could be very cold here, but your memory will help you and you'll remember last winter and, honey, it was mild compared to this one. [I believe you, honey.]

I gathered from your letters that you left the Tuesday you mailed my last letter, took a short train ride and shoved off for the South Pacific Dec. 22. [More like Dec. 20th, because we were 21 days on board ship and didn't pull into Pearl Harbor until around Jan 10, 1945.]

Mrs. Abbott, in Cortland, told Leon [Terrell] that her son said your Replacement Draft [42nd Draft] left for overseas at Norfolk, Virginia and you left New River [Camp Lejeune, NC] that Tuesday nite. He [Mrs. Abbott's son] was in the 45th Replacement Draft and he's still in California. [While I was at Tent City, Transient Center in Pearl Harbor waiting to be shipped down under, we heard that the transport ship carrying the 45th Replacement Draft was torpedoed and sunk on the way over to us. We were glad that our ship had taken the long way over and sneaked in without a hitch. We never did hear whether that story was confirmed or not. We all just wished that it wasn't true.]

Goodnite, darling. Sleep tight -- and don't let those mosquitoes bite.

All My Love
And Then some more
Maggie --

[Don to Maggie]

5 Mar 1945

Pvt. Donald L. Terrell 983241
3rd Provisional Military Police Bn.
Co. K., F. M. F. Pac., U.S.M.C.R.
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, CA

Nice Evening isn't it, Darling? The only trouble was that I got rather wet while seeing a rather good show with you. Did you like it? I did. The name of it was "The Hairy Ape", symbolizing the grimy, soot covered men who keep the old ships going by feeding the hungry depths of the ship's furnaces and boilers. You were sitting right beside me, darling, and I had my arm

around you trying to shield you from the rain which brought a heart warming smile from you with an occasional kiss. Thank you, dear.

As you can see by my new address, I have been transferred into the Military Police Battalion. I didn't think I would like it at first and still don't but the old timers have softened me up a bit with a few wise words. They say we are a combat force and probably will land with assault troops at times and also this will not prolong my term of duty overseas. That makes it sound a little better along with other advantages, honey. But I still don't like the idea and would much rather have my B.A.R.[Browning Automatic Rifle] and plenty of ammunition with plenty of Jap cannon fodder in front of me.

I turned in my old M-1 rifle and will probably draw a Carbine or some smaller arms weapon. I am still situated on the same dot on the map but at a different place. How long we stay here or where we go from here is as much your guess as mine, honey. We are still living in tents only they are slightly better furnished.

I wrote and told Dad to have my address changed again at the Cortland Standard. Yes, honey, I think that the Readers Digest would be a very nice book to send to me. I don't believe they sell it here at the P.X. and I like to read that book as well as any. Of course I like best to read the letters from my lovely wife or rather listen to her talk to me [through her letters] though thousands of miles away.

It pleases my humble soul very much indeed, darling, to think that you went so punch drunk at receiving three letters from me in one day. I'm sure it was purely a mistake, dear, and I won't let it happen again --- unless I can help it. You sure are getting in a lot of time at baby tending, honey. What's the matter, getting anxious for one of your own? Time marches on. Someday we'll fool the whole bunch of them, honey.

[Don to Maggie]

29 Apr 1945

And how is my little sugar pie this fine morning with the birds singing and the sun shining? Oh, quit beating your gums! Do you see any crosses on my collar? I am not the Chaplain. Well it's a great day to be alive anyway and besides maybe tomorrow will be much better, who knows.

My, what beautiful legs you have, dear, and that figure. Wow! Say, honey, you look 100% better in a grass skirt than any of these damn black gals over here. I wouldn't swap you for 2 thousand of them. Maybe the pictures were just for me but I thought they were so swell that I showed them to all my buddies. They asked me where I picked up that cute number and when I told them it was my wife they said "Nice catch!". So, you see I am not the only one that thinks you're beautiful -- and amazing.

Now what are you beating your gums about? Why haven't I written you in so long? Well, hon, I have started a letter several times but never had time to finish it. If you'll forgive my humble self I will endeavor to write you every day for a week or more and maybe twice a day. I am getting a short vacation since I was such a good little boy and did my work without beating my gums only every other five minutes. No, I'm not going to Florida to spend my short vacation but I had thought about a little place in the hills called Virgil where the best gal in the world is waiting for me.

Say, honey, I got one hell of a surprise last night while at the movies. Who do you think I saw sitting two rows down from me with his left arm in a sling? Since you couldn't guess, I will tell you -- Lyman Munson. He didn't see me so I walked up behind him and tapped him on his shoulder. Boy, was he surprised! After the movies we went back to the Ward and talked until taps. He is getting along fine and feels swell.

Before you go asking too many questions I had better tell you what I am doing in a hospital. It seems that during my short time overseas I have gotten a fungus infection on my right foot. It isn't bad, honey, and will be healed up shortly. It hasn't bothered me hardly any so I tried to heal it up myself and when it didn't work, well, it's the doctors worry not mine. The main reason for the hospital is to keep me off my feet and to give me better treatment. A mere trifle. Well, I was getting behind on my letter writing anyway.

Getting back to "Lymie", honey, he is in the Ward right next to mine so we will be seeing each other every day for a week or so. They just took the shrapnel out of his shoulder about four days ago so it won't be long before he will be back with his outfit. He is in the 4th Division. The same Division which I am attached to indirectly. If I had known he was in the 4th I would have looked him up before. Please send me the scoop as to what Division and Company the rest of the fellows are in from Virgil that are in the Pacific Theater. Maybe I'll run onto someone else.

I just got a letter from Bob [Terrell] which stated that he had taken a short but swift airplane ride. I take it that they need more anti-aircraft defense against Jap counter air-raids on the island they are securing now. He says everything is all right but it might not be if he gets a Jap goose egg on his head from above. I haven't got Dick's [Terrell] address yet but I'm going to write a letter to him and send it when I get the address. Will write again later in the day.

[Don to Maggie]

20 Jun 1945

Special Services
Headquarters, F.M.F.Pac. [Fleet Marine Force, Pacific]
c\o F.P.O. San. Calif. [Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California]

Moved again but this time not very far. At least I am still on the island of Oahu. From the looks of things I guess I got a darn good deal this time. As you can see by my address, I am in Special Services in the headquarters of the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific.

This is a much better job than the one I refused at Camp Lejeune, N. C. But since I was ordered to do the job I have no other choice. I think I'm going to like it though, honey, because here you live more like civilized people. There is good laundry service and the accommodations are about as good as can be found anywhere overseas.

How I came about getting this kind of job is more of a mystery to me than you. Most of the fellows employed in Headquarters are veterans of hard fought campaigns and long months overseas duty. Since I am physically fit for combat, have never seen combat and also with a short time overseas, I can't

figure it out. Maybe it was just my turn to get a good break and so here I am.

When they called for me at the N.C.O.'s [Non-commissioned Officer's] Club [where I was working part-time mixing drinks and waiting on tables] and told me to be ready for transfer in 45 minutes, I expected to either join my old outfit or a new combat one. I was the only one being transferred at the time which was even more puzzling. But here I am, honey!

Since this will probably be my address for some time, please have the Cortland Standard [newspaper] and Coronet [magazine] changed to this address. As to the Leatherneck magazine, honey, you might just as well keep all my issues there at home. I can get all the copies I want out here right now.

I have an anniversary card here that I bought about three months ago. I'll try to get it off tomorrow if I can, so if it arrives late don't be surprised.

Say, honey, I did a darn foolish thing last Monday. I sent all the money I had ($55) in money orders to you for our 2nd Wedding Anniversary. Since I had been making from $4 to $6 a day at the N.C.O.'s Club on tips, I had expected to have plenty of spending money by the end of the day. The one thing I hadn't figured on though was being transferred that same day. So consequently I find myself broke with pay day a month away. Since I have to have money to pay my laundry bill, I would appreciate it, honey, if you would send me about $5 as soon as possible. That's a heck of a thing to do isn't it, honey? Send your wife a present of money and then write her for some of it. I guess I just didn't look ahead far enough.

[Don to Maggie]

3 Aug 1946 7:05 A.M.

WESTERN
UNION
[telegram]

SY9 NL PD=BT DALLAS TEX AUG 2 1946 Aug 3 AM 7 05
MRS DONA=
D L TERRELL=225 COLUMBIA ST IK=

MY DARLING PLANE TO TEXAS 9 PM 1 AUGUST BUS TO NEW YORK
ARRIVE MONDAY MORNING EVERYTHING OKAY I LOVE YOU ALL MY LOVE=
=DON=

9 PM 1.

[NOTE: My "free" airplane ride from Tucson, Arizona to New York abruptly ended in the southernmost tip of Texas when the military people realized that I was already discharged and therefore had no business on a military plane. I then started out "hitch-hiking" my way home to Maggie. I later became friends with a young fellow that was also hitch-hiking his way up north to his home in Dallas, Texas. He was completely broke so I lent him some money and we both purchased train tickets to Dallas, Texas and his parent's home. He put me up for the night at his house, fed me and the next day took me to the bus station

and helped me buy bus tickets to get me to Ithaca, New York. I don't remember his name but I will always be very grateful to him for helping me get home to Maggie.]

CONCLUSION

Maggie did meet Don at the bus station as planned and they both went happily up to their little apartment at 225 Columbia Street. Maggie and Don did go to 13th Lake Lodge for a wonderful, long delayed, Honeymoon. Don did get into Cornell University for the Fall term, 1946 and Maggie continued to work at Warren Hall. Maggie soon became pregnant for their first child. They moved to their newly purchased and newly moved old house in Mecklenburg, NY the last day of June, 1947, the day before their first child, Mark Clayton Terrell, was born on 1 July, 1947. Don took a leave of absence from Cornell after completing one year.

Later on their second child, Lynn Ellen Terrell, was born. Their third child, Bruce Alan Terrell, was born a few years later. Maggie stayed home in Mecklenburg with their growing family. Don finally gave up on returning to Cornell and having a farm and instead worked several other jobs in the Ithaca area.

In 1954 Don, Maggie and family moved back to Ithaca, sold their house in Mecklenburg and purchased a large, 4-apartment house at 505 Hector Street. Don continued working at full-time jobs while filling in his off hours with several part-time jobs. Maggie continued to stay at home with their family and babysat several of their tenant's babies. In 1957 their fourth child, Dana Lee Terrell, was born.

After the children were all in school, Maggie transcribed Oral History tapes at home for Cornell. Shortly after, Ithaco, a small electronic company close to home and elementary school, needed half-day solderers. This began 14 years of full-time employment at Ithaco, which, after a few months as solderer, became secretarial work in the Ithaco office.

As their family grew older they decided to turn the entire first level of their house into more bedroom/study areas for their high school and college age children leaving only the second floor available for rental. In 1960 Don reached the management level of his now chosen career in Municipal Drinking Water Treatment and Distribution retiring from this profession in 1988.

This brings us to 9 Oct 1995 at 505 Hector Street where Don and Maggie are enjoyably continuing their 52 plus years of marriage together. Maggie continues to say, "I love you, Don". Don continues to say,

"I love you, Maggie".

Chart # 1

(1) 26 Daisy May Ward

B 06 Sep 1897 Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
M 15 Apr 1920 625 Hazelton, Flint,MI
D 07 Apr 1972 Hospital-Cortland,NY
Spouse:
25 George Andrew Lear

(2) 44 Frank Charles Ward Sr.

B 04 Jul 1867 Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
M 15 Apr 1893 Kansas City,MO
D 22 Oct 1952 109 Tompkins,CortlandNY

(3) 45 Florence Elon Faure

B 15 Apr 1875 Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
M 15 Apr 1893 Kansas City,MO
D 19 May 1958 Hospital-Cortland,NY

(4) 95 Charles. . Ward

B 29 Apr 1832 Poughkeepsie,NY
M 24 Oct 1860 (Port Huron,MI ?)
D 31 Oct 1914 Buffalo,NY

(5) 96 Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley

B 12 Mar 1842 Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
M 24 Oct 1860 (Port Huron,MI ?)
D 26 Dec 1916 Buffalo,NY

(6) 107 Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure

B 27 Feb 1818 Lormont,Bordeaux,France
M 23 Mar 1862 Warren Co.,IN
D Oct 1895 Wagon Mound,Mora Co.,NM

(7) 108 Elizabeth Jane Huston

B 17 Dec 1834 Attica, Fountain Co.,IN
M 23 Mar 1862 Warren Co.,IN
D 17 Nov 1877 Alvin, Vermilion Co.,IL

(8) 230 Charles Ward

B c 1799 NJ,USA
M c 1825 NY,USA
D 11 Nov 1859 Hamilton,Ontario,Canada

(9) 231 Ann M. Weisman

B c 1803 Philadelphia,PA,USA
M c 1825 NY,USA
D 05 Jun 1869 Hamilton,Ontario,Canada

(10) 238 George. . Cowley)2

B 06 Jul 1815 Stepney, London,England
M 06 Jul 1839 (Barking,EssexCo.Eng ?)
D 28 Dec 1893 Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US

(11) 239 Susanna/Susan. . Malen)3

B 02 Aug 1818 Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M 06 Jul 1839 (Barking,EssexCo.Eng ?)
D 30 Dec 1886 Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US

(12) 249 Jean Baptiste Faure

B
M
D

(13) 250 Marie Antoinette Malartic

B
M
D

(14) 256 Hamilton. . Huston

B c 1800 . .(MD ?)
M 29 Jan 1824 Clark Co.,OH
D c 1839 . .. .

(15) 257 Jane. . McMillan)4

B c 1803 . .OH
M 29 Jan 1824 Clark Co.,OH
D before 28 Mar 1836 Fountain Co.,IN

Chart # 2
Person number 1 on this chart is
the same as person number 10
on chart number 1

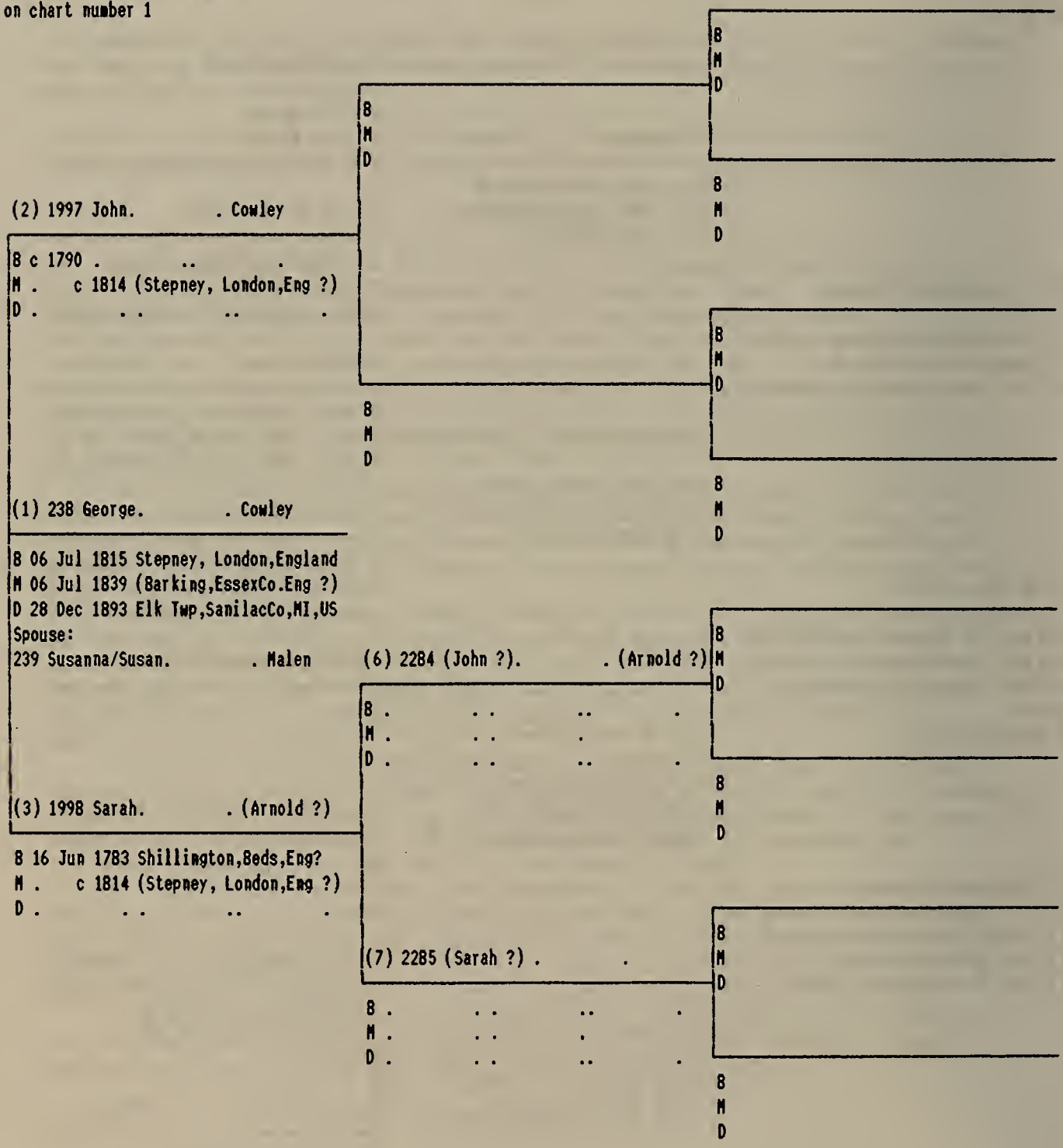


Chart # 3
Person number 1 on this chart is
the same as person number 11
on chart number 1

(4) 2286 . .. . Malen
B . . . .. .
M . . . .
D . . . .. .

(2) 2124 William. . Malen
B . .1796 Middlesex Co.,England
M c 1815 . .
D 09 Apr 1885 Essex Co.,England

(5) 2287 . .. . . .
B . . . .. .
M . . . .
D . . . .. .

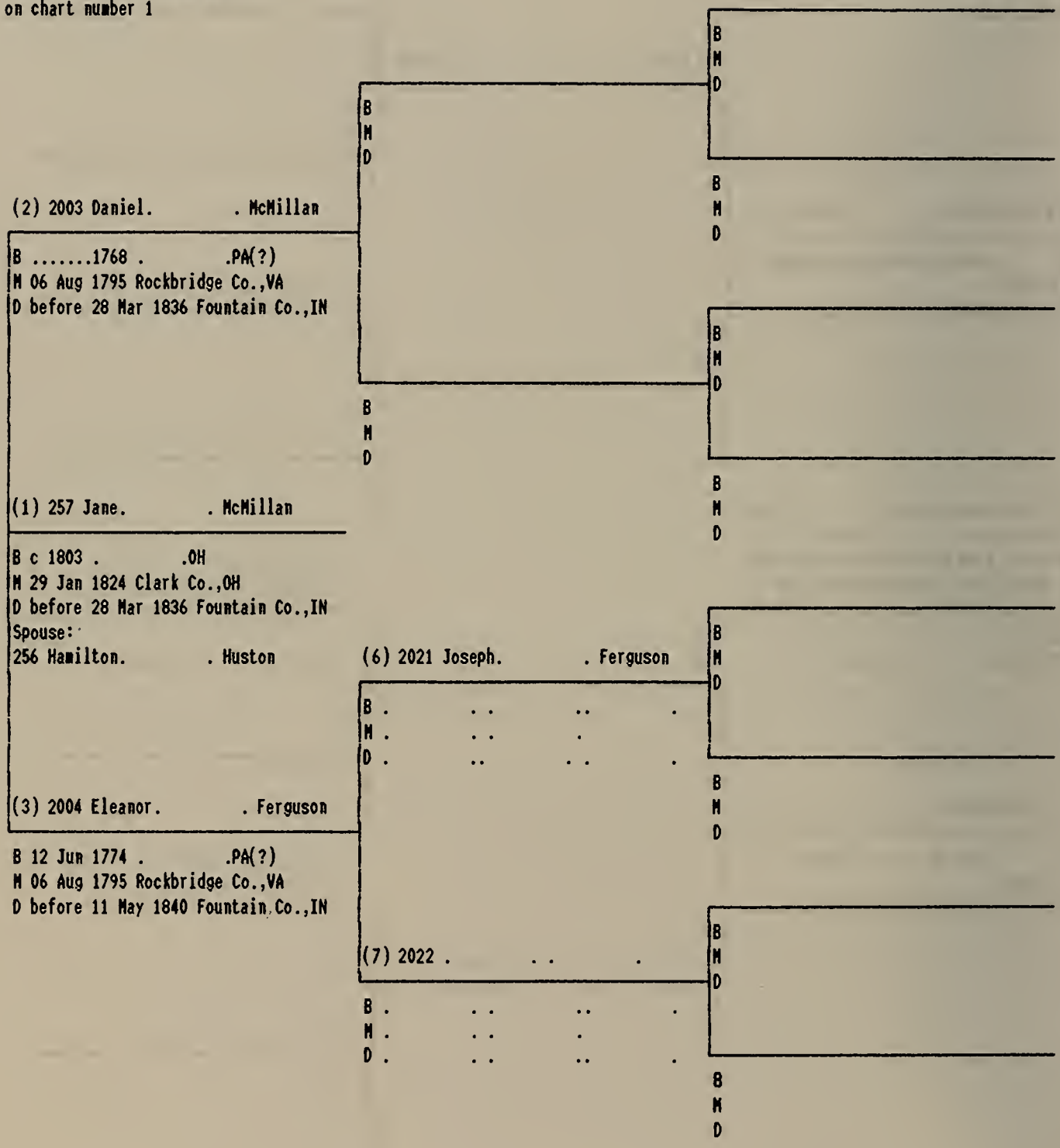
(1) 239 Susanna/Susan. . Malen
B 02 Aug 1818 Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M 06 Jul 1839 (Barking,EssexCo.Eng ?)
D 30 Dec 1886 Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US
Spouse:
238 George. . Cowley

(6) 2288 . .. . . .
B . . . .. .
M . . . .
D . . . .. .

(3) 2125 Martha. . . .
B . .1788 Surrey Co.,England
M c 1815 . .
D 24 May 1879 Essex Co.,England

(7) 2289 . .. . . .
B . . . .. .
M . . . .
D . . . .. .

Chart # 4
Person number 1 on this chart is
the same as person number 15
on chart number 1



DIRECTIONS: Double the number for the person's father.
Double the number and add 1 for the person's mother.

Any further information on these families would be very much appreciated.

ID=Identification number. Number 7. is Daisy May Ward Lear's ID number.
RN=Record number. (RN=26) is Daisy May Ward Lear's RN number.
b=born d=died m=marrried c=circa or about C=Christened or Baptized date
Ahnentafel means a Compressed Pedigree Chart showing all ancestors.

Ahnentafel for Daisy May Ward (RN=26) 25 Oct 1995

7. Daisy May Ward (RN=26), b 06 Sep 1897 at Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY, m to George Andrew Lear (RN=25) 15 Apr 1920 at 625 Hazelton, Flint,MI, d 07 Apr 1972 at Hospital-Cortland,NY.

Generation 3

14. Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44), b 04 Jul 1867 at Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI, m to Florence Elon Faure (RN=45) 15 Apr 1893 at Kansas City,MO, d 22 Oct 1952 at 109 Tompkins,CortlandNY.
15. Florence Elon Faure (RN=45), b 15 Apr 1875 at Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL, m to Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44) 15 Apr 1893 at Kansas City,MO, d 19 May 1958 at Hospital-Cortland,NY.

Generation 4

28. Charles. . Ward (RN=95), b 29 Apr 1832 at Poughkeepsie,NY, m to Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96) 24 Oct 1860 at (Port Huron,MI ?), d 31 Oct 1914 at Buffalo,NY.
29. Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96), b 12 Mar 1842 at Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng, m to Charles. . Ward (RN=95) 24 Oct 1860 at (Port Huron,MI ?), d 26 Dec 1916 at Buffalo,NY.
30. Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107), b 27 Feb 1818 at Lormont,Bordeaux, France, m to Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108) 23 Mar 1862 at Warren Co.,IN, d Oct 1895 at Wagon Mound,Mora Co.,NM.
31. Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108), b 17 Dec 1834 at Attica, Fountain Co.,IN, m to Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107) 23 Mar 1862 at Warren Co.,IN, d 17 Nov 1877 at Alvin, Vermilion Co.,IL.

Generation 5

56. Charles Ward (RN=230), b c 1799 at NJ,USA, m to Ann M. Weisman (RN=231) c 1825 at NY,USA, d 11 Nov 1859 at Hamilton,Ontario,Canada.
57. Ann M. Weisman (RN=231), b c 1803 at Philadelphia,PA,USA, m to Charles Ward (RN=230) c 1825 at NY,USA (Widowed), d 05 Jun 1869 at Hamilton,Ontario, Canada.
58. George. . Cowley (RN=238), b 06 Jul 1815 at Stepney, London,England, m to Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239) 06 Jul 1839 at (Barking,EssexCo. Eng ?), d 28 Dec 1893 at Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US.
59. Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239), b 02 Aug 1818 at Barkingside, EssexCo.Eng, m to George. . Cowley (RN=238) 06 Jul 1839 at (Barking, EssexCo.Eng ?), d 30 Dec 1886 at Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US.
60. Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249), m to Marie Antoinette Malartic (RN=250).
61. Marie Antoinette Malartic (RN=250), m to Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249).
62. Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256), b c 1800 at . .(MD ?), m to Jane. . McMillan (RN=257) 29 Jan 1824 at Clark Co.,OH, d c 1839 at . .. .

63. Jane. . McMillan (RN=257), b c 1803 at . .OH, m to Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256) 29 Jan 1824 at Clark Co.,OH, d before 28 Mar 1836 at Fountain Co.,IN.

Generation 6

116. John. . Cowley (RN=1997), b c 1790 at . .. ., m to Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998) . c 1814 at (Stepney, London,Eng ?), d . . at . .. .

117. Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998), b 16 Jun 1783 at Shillington,Beds, Eng?, m to John. . Cowley (RN=1997) . c 1814 at (Stepney, London, Eng ?), d . . at . .. .

118. William. . Malen (RN=2124), b . .1796 at Middlesex Co.,England, m to Martha. . . . (RN=2125) c 1815 at . ., d 09 Apr 1885 at Essex Co.,England.

119. Martha. . . . (RN=2125), b . .1788 at Surrey Co., England, m to William. . Malen (RN=2124) c 1815 at . ., d 24 May 1879 at Essex Co.,England.

126. Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003), b .....1768 at . .PA(?), m to Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004) 06 Aug 1795 at Rockbridge Co.,VA, d before 28 Mar 1836 at Fountain Co.,IN.

127. Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004), b 12 Jun 1774 at . .PA(?), m to Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003) 06 Aug 1795 at Rockbridge Co.,VA, d before 11 May 1840 at Fountain Co.,IN.

Generation 7

234. (John ?). . (Arnold ?) (RN=2284), b . . at . .. ., m to (Sarah ?) . . (RN=2285) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

235. (Sarah ?) . . (RN=2285), b . . at . .. ., m to (John ?). . (Arnold ?) (RN=2284) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

236. . .. . Malen (RN=2286), b . . at . .. ., m to . .. . . (RN=2287) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

237. . .. . . (RN=2287), b . . at . .. ., m to . .. . Malen (RN=2286) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

238. . .. . . (RN=2288), b . . at . .. ., m to . .. . . (RN=2289) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

239. . .. . . (RN=2289), b . . at . .. ., m to . .. . . (RN=2288) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

254. Joseph. . Ferguson (RN=2021), b . . at . .. ., m to . . . (RN=2022) . . at . ., d . .. . at . .

255. . . . (RN=2022), b . . at . .. ., m to Joseph. . Ferguson (RN=2021) . . at . ., d . . at . .. .

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Mark Clayton Terrell (RN=1)
B: 01 Jul 1947 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 06 Jun 1970 @ Cath.Ch., Burlington,MA
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: M
Father: Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17)
Mother: Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)

Wife: (Irene) Catherine(Cathy) Sevigny (RN=2)
B: 15 Sep 1948 @ U.S.Naval Hosp.,Panama
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: F
Father: Robert Sevigny (RN=2683)
Mother: Barbara Hessian (RN=2684)

CHILDREN

1 Jennifer Ann Terrell (RN=3)
B: 03 Jan 1973 @ Hospital-Winchester,MA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: F

2 Dianna Lynn Terrell (RN=4)
B: 09 Aug 1975 @ Hospital-Winchester,MA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: F

3 Michael Adam Terrell (RN=5)
B: 02 Jan 1977 @ Hospital-Winchester,MA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: M

4 David Andrew Terrell (RN=6)
B: 02 Aug 1979 @ Hospital-Winchester,MA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frederick Grant Scoles (RN=7)
B: 27 Apr 1953 @ Bluffton,OH
M: 01 Oct 1977 @ Meth.Church,Moreland,OH
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: M
Father: Guy Scoles (RN=2685)
Mother: Frances Criblez (RN=2686)

Wife: Lynn Ellen Terrell (RN=8)
B: 19 May 1949 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: F
Father: Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17)
Mother: Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)

CHILDREN

1 Philip Grant Scoles (RN=9)
B: 22 Jan 1979 @ Hospital-Wooster,OH
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: M

2 Lisa Ellen Scoles (RN=10)
B: 15 Jun 1981 @ Univ.Hosp.,Cleveland,OH
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: F

3 Eric Leon Scoles (RN=11)
B: 05 Jul 1984 @ Community Hosp.,Syr.,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: M

4 Ruth Ann Scoles (RN=386)
B: 08 Aug 1987 @ City Hosp.,Oswego,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Bruce Alan Terrell (RN=12)
B: 11 Mar 1952 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 21 May 1977 @ Delanco,NJ
D: 06 Oct 1987 @ AnnaIL-lived@SikestonMO
SEX: M
Father: Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17)
Mother: Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)
Other Marriages 2: Nona Lei Turner (RN=13)

Wife: Holly Stang Senft (RN=2666)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Bruce Alan Terrell (RN=12)
B: 11 Mar 1952 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 14 Jun 1980 @ Rock Island,IL
D: 06 Oct 1987 @ AnnaIL-lived@SikestonMO
SEX: M
Father: Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17)
Mother: Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)
Other Marriages 1: Holly Stang Senft (RN=2666)

Wife: Nona Lei Turner (RN=13)
B: 30 Jul 1957 @ Hialeah Hosp.,Miami,FL
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: F
Father: William Turner (RN=2687)
Mother: Jackie Faust (RN=2688)
Other Marriages 1: Richard Noble (RN=2832), 3: John Thomas Coleman Sr. (RN=1560)

CHILDREN

1 Joshua Alan Terrell (RN=14)
B: 30 Aug 1981 @ Marion,IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Jodi Lei Terrell (RN=15)
B: 04 Apr 1983 @ Sikeston,MO
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Richard Noble (RN=2832)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Nona Lei Turner (RN=13)
B: 30 Jul 1957 @ Hialeah Hosp.,Miami,FL
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: F
Father: William Turner (RN=2687)
Mother: Jackie Faust (RN=2688)
Other Marriages 2: Bruce Alan Terrell (RN=12), 3: John Thomas Coleman Sr. (RN=1560)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Thomas Coleman Sr. (RN=1560)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 13 Feb 1988 @ Sikeston,MO
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 1: _____

Wife: Nona Lei Turner (RN=13)
B: 30 Jul 1957 @ Hialeah Hosp.,Miami,FL
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: F
Father: William Turner (RN=2687)
Mother: Jackie Faust (RN=2688)
Other Marriages 1: Richard Noble (RN=2832), 2: Bruce Alan Terrell (RN=12)

CHILDREN

1 Cody Wayne Coleman (RN=1561)
B: 12 Oct 1988 @ Hospital-Sikeston,MO
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: M

2 John Thomas Coleman Jr. (RN=1562)
B: 22 Nov 1989 @ Barnes Hosp-St.Louis,MO
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Springfield,MO
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17)
B: 11 Jun 1925 @ Wheeler Ave,Cortland,NY
M: 26 Jun 1943 @ M.E.Church,Virgil,NY
Living @ 505 Hector, Ithaca,NY
SEX: M
Father: Leon Keeling Terrell (RN=19)
Mother: Clara Genevieve LeRoy (RN=20)

Wife: Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)
B: 22 Jul 1925 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ 505 Hector, Ithaca,NY
SEX: F
Father: George Andrew Lear (RN=25)
Mother: Daisy May Ward (RN=26)

CHILDREN

1 Mark Clayton Terrell (RN=1)
B: 01 Jul 1947 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 06 Jun 1970 to (Irene) Catherine(Cathy) Sevigny (RN=2) @ Cath.Ch.,
Burlington,MA
Living @ Sudbury,MA
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Lynn Ellen Terrell (RN=8)
B: 19 May 1949 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 01 Oct 1977 to Frederick Grant Scoles (RN=7) @ Meth.Church,Moreland,OH
Living @ Oswego,NY
SEX: F

3 Bruce Alan Terrell (RN=12)
B: 11 Mar 1952 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
M: 21 May 1977 to Holly Stang Senft (RN=2666) @ Delanco,NJ (Divorced)
RM: 14 Jun 1980 to Nona Lei Turner (RN=13) @ Rock Island,IL
D: 06 Oct 1987 @ AnnaIL-lived@SikestonMO
SEX: M

4 Dana Lee Terrell (RN=16)
B: 05 Oct 1957 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
Single
D: 26 Jun 1986 @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text stored under RN18.PWP.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George Andrew Lear (RN=25)
B: 24 Jun 1902 @ near Cooperstown,IL
M: 15 Apr 1920 @ 625 Hazelton, Flint,MI
D: 16 May 1974 @ 16 Squires,Cortland,NY
SEX: M
Father: Edgar("Toby") Lear (RN=37)
Mother: Nellie Ann Brewer (RN=38)

Wife: Daisy May Ward (RN=26)
B: 06 Sep 1897 @ Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
D: 07 Apr 1972 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)

CHILDREN

1 Margaret Ellen Lear (RN=18)
B: 22 Jul 1925 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 26 Jun 1943 to Donald Leon Terrell (RN=17) @ M.E.Church,Virgil,NY
Living @ 505 Hector, Ithaca,NY
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
B: 27 Jun 1928 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 19 Nov 1951 to Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303) @ M.E.Parsonage,Virgil,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: M

3 Roger Edgar Lear (RN=28)
B: 06 Apr 1936 @ home-Virgil,NY
M: 15 Oct 1960 to Ann Louise Severn (RN=331) @ Bapt.Church,Vestal,NY
Living @ Cary, N.C.
SEX: M

4 Dale Everett Lear (RN=29)
B: 14 Nov 1938 @ W.State Rd.,Virgil,NY
M: 28 Nov 1964 to Kathleen "Kathi" Doris Radl (RN=337) @ Lutheran Ch.,Merrick,NY
Living @ Wilmington,NC
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: Text stored under RN18.PWP.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
B: 04 Jul 1867 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
M: 15 Apr 1893 @ Kansas City,MO
D: 22 Oct 1952 @ 109 Tompkins,CortlandNY
SEX: M
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

Wife: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
B: 15 Apr 1875 @ Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
D: 19 May 1958 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
Mother: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

CHILDREN

1 Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
B: 18 Apr 1894 @ Kansas City,MO
M: 25 Dec 1913 to Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267) @ Stewart,AR (Divorced)
RM: 27 Apr 1942 to Alice C. Stolzenburg (RN=1268) @ Clay Center,KS
D: 27 Jan 1968 @ 420 S.Knight/Wichita,KS
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Mabel Florence Ward (RN=47)
B: 30 Jan 1896 @ Kansas City,MO
M: 15 Apr 1915 to Harvey Lloyd Caywood Sr. (RN=1269) @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
D: 03 Jan 1989 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F

3 Daisy May Ward (RN=26)
B: 06 Sep 1897 @ Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
M: 15 Apr 1920 to George Andrew Lear (RN=25) @ 625 Hazelton, Flint,MI
D: 07 Apr 1972 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F

4 Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
B: 03 Jan 1900 @ Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
M: 15 Aug 1923 to Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270) @ Bay's Home,Virgil,NY (Divorced)
RM: 06 Apr 1940 to Helen Jeffers (RN=1271) @ St Petersburg,FL
D: 12 Mar 1985 @ Hospital-Amsterdam,NY
SEX: M

5 Muriel Frances Ward (RN=49)
B: 21 Dec 1902 @ Kansas City,KS
M: 02 Mar 1921 to Melvin LeRoy Trapp (RN=1250) @ Ward Farm, Virgil,NY (Widowed)
Living @ Slaterville Springs,NY
SEX: F

6 Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
B: 19 Sep 1906 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
M: 10 Oct 1928 to Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272) @ McGraw,NY
D: 31 Oct 1980 @ home-Olean,NY
SEX: M

7 Hazel Madeline Ward (RN=51)
B: 24 Aug 1911 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
M: 10 Aug 1935 to Edward(Ted) Foulks Kerr (RN=1273) @ Cortland,NY (Widowed)
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: F

8 Fannie Elizabeth Ward (RN=52)
B: 25 Oct 1915 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
Single
D: 01 Oct 1917 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
SEX: F

9 Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)
B: 14 May 1917 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
M: 08 Aug 1936 to Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274) @ Cortland,NY (Widowed)
RM: 10 May 1980 to Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275) @ Ithaca,NY
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
B: 29 Apr 1832 @ Poughkeepsie,NY
M: c 1855 @ . .
D: 31 Oct 1914 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: M
Father: Charles Ward (RN=230)
Mother: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)
Other Marriages 2: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

Wife: Ellen. . (Lancaster ?) (RN=367)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: before 1860 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: . .. . (Lancaster ?) (RN=2669)
Mother: . .. . . . (RN=2709)

CHILDREN

1 Charles. . Ward (RN=1873)
B: 21 Oct 1856 @ London,Ontario,Canada
Single
D: 10 Sep 1857 @ London,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M

2 . .. . Ward (RN=1874)
B: . . @ . .. .
Single
D: before 1860 @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.

Text for Charles Ward (RN=95)

Information given by Fannie for Death Certificate states that Charles was born in New York City; that his father was Charles Ward, born in New Jersey and his mother was Ann M. Weisman, born in Philadelphia, PA. The plots in the Buffalo,NY Elmlawn Cemetery, Grace Lawn Section, Lot 606, were purchased by Nellie Ward Livingstone on Oct. 5, 1906, one day after her 1 year 2 month old child, Fern,died from being scalded. Interred in Grave #1 are Fern Livingstone (died October 4, 1906) and Nellie Ward Livingstone (died May 7 1945). In Graves #3 and #4 are Charles Ward (died October 31, 1914) and Fannie E. Ward (died December 26, 1916). Don't know who is buried in Grave #2. Sept 17, 1976 letter to Don Ward doesn't say. Could it be Dan Livingstone? Or were Nellie and Fern buried in separate plots and it just isn't stated that way in letter? Charles Ward's marriage to Frances(Fannie) Cowley was his second marriage. Have found no legal record of this first

marriage or of his first wife's name or date of marriage. There were two small sons born. The first wife and the two boys died of TB. There was one snapshot of them and Fannie buried it in Charley's casket with him.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
B: 29 Apr 1832 @ Poughkeepsie,NY
M: 24 Oct 1860 @ (Port Huron,MI ?)
D: 31 Oct 1914 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: M
Father: Charles Ward (RN=230)
Mother: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)
Other Marriages 1: Ellen. . (Lancaster ?) (RN=367)

Wife: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)
B: 12 Mar 1842 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
D: 26 Dec 1916 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

CHILDREN

1 Charles Ward Jr. (RN=97)
B: c Aug 1861 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
Single
D: c 1862 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
SEX: M

2 Frederick George Ward (RN=98)
B: 20 Oct 1862 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
M: Jun 1883 to Ida Barlow (RN=368) @ New York City,NY
D: 1885 @ New York City,NY
SEX: M

3 Walter Benjamin Ward (RN=99)
B: 05 Dec 1864 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
Single
D: . .1914 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: M

4 Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
B: 04 Jul 1867 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
M: 15 Apr 1893 to Florence Elon Faure (RN=45) @ Kansas City,MO
D: 22 Oct 1952 @ 109 Tompkins,CortlandNY
SEX: M

5 Nellie May Ward (RN=101)
B: 10 Sep 1870 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 12 Mar 1895 to Daniel Livingstone (RN=1868) @ Kansas City,MO
D: 07 May 1945 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: F

CHILDREN

6 Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
B: 26 Mar 1873 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 26 Apr 1893 to (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869) @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 07 Jan 1933 @ Centralia,WA
SEX: F

7 Wilbur (Will) Henry Ward (RN=103)
B: 20 Oct 1876 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 24 Dec 1896 to Margaret Rouse (RN=1870) @ _____
D: after 1918 @ TB San/Saskatchewan,Can
SEX: M

8 Maurice Cowley Ward (RN=100)
B: 03 Feb 1879 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
Single
D: 16 Feb 1879 ae 13 das @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M

9 Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
B: 05 Nov 1880 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 31 Aug 1899 to Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871) @ Buffalo(?),NY (Widowed)
D: c 1964 @ Atlanta,GA
SEX: F

10 Ernest Oswald Ward (RN=104)
B: 10 Jun 1883 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
Single
D: 10 Feb 1884 ae 8 mos @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M

11 Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)
B: 23 May 1886 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 26 Apr 1905 to George. . Waite (RN=1872) @ Buffalo,NY (Widowed)
D: 17 Jul 1975 @ Flint, Genesee Co.,MI
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.
(5)-1: Had issue.
(6)-1: Edna doesn't know if Daisy was named after anyone. Daisy died at age 59 with cancer of the tongue. Family was surprised. They had expected Jim to go first. She is buried in Centralia,WA.
(8)-1: Buried Necropolis Cemetery, Toronto, in common ground - no headstone.
(9)-1: Text.
(10)-1: Buried Necropolis Cemetery, Toronto, in common ground - no headstone.
(11)-1: Died @ 89 yrs. Buried Sunset Hills Cemetery, Flushing Road, Flint, MI.

Text for Charles Ward (RN=95)

Information given by Fannie for Death Certificate states that Charles was born in New York City; that his father was Charles Ward, born in New Jersey and his mother was Ann M. Weisman, born in Philadelphia, PA. The plots in the Buffalo,NY Elmlawn Cemetery, Grace Lawn Section, Lot 606, were purchased by

Nellie Ward Livingstone on Oct. 5, 1906, one day after her 1 year 2 month old child, Fern,died from being scalded. Interred in Grave #1 are Fern Livingstone (died October 4, 1906) and Nellie Ward Livingstone (died May 7 1945). In Graves #3 and #4 are Charles Ward (died October 31, 1914) and Fannie E. Ward (died December 26, 1916). Don't know who is buried in Grave #2. Sept 17, 1976 letter to Don Ward doesn't say. Could it be Dan Livingstone? Or were Nellie and Fern buried in separate plots and it just isn't stated that way in letter? Charles Ward's marriage to Frances(Fannie) Cowley was his second marriage. Have found no legal record of this first marriage or of his first wife's name or date of marriage. There were two small sons born. The first wife and the two boys died of TB. There was one snapshot of them and Fannie buried it in Charley's casket with him.

Text for Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

Naturalized American Citizen: 7 Jan 1943, Buffalo,NY. Most of info & dates for Mabel & Leman Woodward, Sr., family from sheet Mabel Ward Woodward sent Frank & Florence Ward 11 Jan 1943; some from 1956 & 1957 letters to Barbara Woodward Wheeler; some from Mabel Woodward Stevenson 2 Jan 1993 letter to Edna Erickson. Much from "The Woodward Family 1501-1947".
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
B: 27 Feb 1818 @ Lormont,Bordeaux,France
M: 23 Mar 1862 @ Warren Co.,IN
D: Oct 1895 @ Wagon Mound,Mora Co.,NM
SEX: M
Father: Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249)
Mother: Marie Antoinette Malartic (RN=250)

Wife: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)
B: 17 Dec 1834 @ Attica, Fountain Co.,IN
D: 17 Nov 1877 @ Alvin, Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F
Father: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
Mother: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
Other Marriages 1: Joseph S. Meek (RN=109)

CHILDREN

1 (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
B: 07 Jan 1862 @ State Line,Warren Co.IN
M: 20 Jul 1882 to Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878) @ Dodge City, KS
D: 1939 @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: F

2 Robert Hamilton Faure (RN=111)
B: 25 Mar 1864 @ State Line,Warren Co.IN
M: 14 Dec 1892 to Ora Angeline Townsend (RN=1879) @ La Plata,NM
D: 14 Sep 1895 @ near Farmington,NM
SEX: M

CHILDREN

3 Mary Matilda Faure (RN=112)
B: 08 Oct 1867 @ Alvin,Vermillion Co.,IL
M: 12 Oct 1887 to Andrew J. Milner (RN=1880) @ Covington,IN
D: 23 Aug 1942 @ Hardy,Sharp Co.,AR
SEX: F

4 Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
B: 15 Apr 1875 @ Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
M: 15 Apr 1893 to Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44) @ Kansas City,MO
D: 19 May 1958 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.
(1)-1: Francois Faure wrote 'Antoinette Aydee Faure' in Elizabeth Jane Huston Meek's Bible list of his children but she was always called Aydee.
(1)-2: Text.

Text for Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)

Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure, Born in Lormont, Bordeaux, Apt Gironde, February 27, 1818, France. Officier of health and md.[M.D.] in Wagon Mound, N.M. 1887 --written on back of a photograph of Francois Faure which he sent "to my daughter Mary" F. Faure.
Possible birth record for our F. Faure in notes of Jean Faure,RN=249.
1850 U.S. Federal Census, Indiana, Jennings Co, Campbell Twp, pg 441.
1493 - Fauar, Francis, age 48, farmer, $200. b. France
Fauar, Sarah, age 23, b. Indiana; Fauar,Molly, age 2, b. Indiana.
Could this be Francois Faure in 1850, just coming into state of Indiana?
Sent to Jennings Circuit Court, Vernon, Indiana for marriage record of Francis Fauar and Sarah. They were married by H. Mundchina, Catholic Priest 21 January 1847. (Sarah was "Sally" - nickname for Sarah.) LDS shows Sarah Jane Pool born to Thomas & Rebecca Rush Pool, 12 Dec 1829 at Butlerville, Jennings Co.,Indiana.

Text for (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)

Sometime after Charley died, Aydee lived in Independence,MO with one of her daughters, Anna Ross, and family. Aydee took care of Ross children while Anna worked. After Aydee had a stroke she went to live in Kansas City,MO with another daughter, Mattie Werthman, and was with that family until she died in spring (April or May) 1939.

Aydee was a Christian Scientist in later years, don't know about earlier years.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Joseph S. Meek (RN=109)
B: 1817 @ IN
M: c 1837 @ IN
D: bef 23 Mar 1862 @ _____
SEX: M
Father: Isaac Meek (RN=1839)
Mother: . . . (RN=1840)
Other Marriages 2: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

Wife: Lidia . . (RN=1832)
B: c 1818 @ Ohio
D: bef 5 Oct 1851 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Mary E. Meek (RN=1833)
B: c 1838 @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

2 Elien A. Meek (RN=1834)
B: c 1840 @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

3 Alonzo Meek (RN=1835)
B: c 1847 @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

4 Jane Meek (RN=1836)
B: Aug 1849 @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.

Text for Joseph S. Meek (RN=109/1832)

Joseph S. Meek, 27 July 1850 Fed Census,Shawnee Twp.,Fountain Co.,IN, Pg.87B:

11/11	Joseph S.	Meek	36	M	Shoemaker 600	IN
	Lidia	Meek	32	F		Ohio
	Mary E.	Meek	12	F		IN
	Elien A.	Meek	10	F		IN
	Alonzo	Meek	3	M		IN
	Jane	Meek	11/12	F		IN
	Isaac	Meek	65	M		PA

Have found no record of this marriage. Presume Isaac is father of Joseph. In 1870, found Isaac and Alonzo living together in home of a washerwoman.

Text for Joseph S. Meek (RN=109/108)

Joseph Meek, 6 July, 1860 Fed Census, Mound Twp.,Warren Co.,IN, pg 657:

561/571	Joseph	Meek	43	M	Shoemaker	IN	Pauper
	Elizabeth	Meek	26	F		IN	Pauper
	Alonzo	Meek	12	M		IN	Pauper
	Melissa	Meek	7	F		IN	Pauper
	Colista	Meek	6	F		IN	Pauper

The 5 Oct 1851 marriage of Joseph S. Meek and Elizabeth Jane Huston was recorded at Vermilion County Courthouse, Danville, Illinois. "J. S. Meek Affidavit" was filed with the license/return: I, Joseph S. Meek do solemnly swear that Harley Greenwood has given his consent to the marriage of myself and Elizabeth Jane Huston his ward and required that I should make the same known to the Clerk that I might obtain Marriage License.

(signed) Joseph S. Meek
dated: 5 October 1851

This affidavit proves that Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108) is the daughter of Hamilton Huston (RN=256). Harley Greenwood of Fountain County, Indiana was "the guardian for the heirs of Hamilton Houston".

Fountain County, Ind. Probate Record B:538 dated 7 July 1855 filed by Harley Greenwood guardian for the heirs of Hamilton Huston is final settlement "his wards have all arrived at full age" and "he prays to be discharged".

Settlements signed for by wards:

Joseph Meek & wife (Elizabeth Jane)
George W. Miller & wife (Matilda)
Samuel H. Brant & wife (Mary Ellen)
Robert Huston

Joseph Meek was dead by 23 Mar 1862(date of Elizabeth Jane's 2nd marriage to J. F. Faure), probably was dying in 1860 which would explain Pauper status. Florence Ward said Meek half-sisters were Melissa and Alice(called Colista in this Census).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Joseph S. Meek (RN=109)
B: 1817 @ IN
M: 05 Oct 1851 @ Danville, IL
D: bef 23 Mar 1862 @ _____
SEX: M
Father: Isaac Meek (RN=1839)
Mother: . . . (RN=1840)
Other Marriages 1: Lidia . . (RN=1832)

Wife: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)
B: 17 Dec 1834 @ Attica, Fountain Co.,IN
D: 17 Nov 1877 @ Alvin, Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F
Father: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
Mother: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
Other Marriages 2: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)

CHILDREN

1 Melissa. . Meek (RN=1837)
B: c 1852 @ . .IN
M: c 1870 to John O. Moore (RN=2011) @ probably IL
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Colista(Alice) Meek (RN=1838)
B: c 1854 @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.

Text for Joseph S. Meek (RN=109/1832)

Joseph S. Meek, 27 July 1850 Fed Census,Shawnee Twp.,Fountain Co.,IN, Pg.87B:

11/11	Joseph S.	Meek	36	M	Shoemaker 600 IN
	Lidia	Meek	32	F	Ohio
	Mary E.	Meek	12	F	IN
	Elien A.	Meek	10	F	IN
	Alonzo	Meek	3	M	IN
	Jane	Meek	11/12	F	IN
	Isaac	Meek	65	M	PA

Have found no record of this marriage. Presume Isaac is father of Joseph. In 1870, found Isaac and Alonzo living together in home of a washerwoman.

Text for Joseph S. Meek (RN=109/108)

Joseph Meek, 6 July, 1860 Fed Census, Mound Twp.,Warren Co.,IN, pg 657:

561/571	Joseph	Meek	43	M	Shoemaker	IN	Pauper
	Elizabeth	Meek	26	F		IN	Pauper
	Alonzo	Meek	12	M		IN	Pauper
	Melissa	Meek	7	F		IN	Pauper
	Colista	Meek	6	F		IN	Pauper

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(signed) Joseph S. Meek
dated: 5 October 1851

This affidavit proves that Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108) is the daughter of Hamilton Huston (RN=256). Harley Greenwood of Fountain County, Indiana was "the guardian for the heirs of Hamilton Houston".

Fountain County, Ind. Probate Record B:538 dated 7 July 1855 filed by Harley Greenwood guardian for the heirs of Hamilton Huston is final settlement "his wards have all arrived at full age" and "he prays to be discharged".

Settlements signed for by wards:

Joseph Meek & wife (Elizabeth Jane)
George W. Miller & wife (Matilda)
Samuel H. Brant & wife (Mary Ellen)
Robert Huston

Joseph Meek was dead by 23 Mar 1862(date of Elizabeth Jane's 2nd marriage to J. F. Faure), probably was dying in 1860 which would explain Pauper status. Florence Ward said Meek half-sisters were Melissa and Alice(called Colista in this Census).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Ward (RN=230)
B: c 1799 @ NJ,USA
M: c 1825 @ NY,USA
D: 11 Nov 1859 @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)
B: c 1803 @ Philadelphia,PA,USA
D: 05 Jun 1869 @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Mary Ellen Ward (RN=232)
B: 25 Jan 1826 @ NY,USA
M: before 1848 to John Trotter (RN=1875) @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 24 Jan 1901 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F

2 Benjamin Ward (RN=233)
B: _____ @ NY,USA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

3 George Washington Ward (RN=234)
B: c 1829 @ USA
M: _____ to Mary . . (RN=1876) @ _____
D: 17 Oct 1896 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M

4 Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
B: 29 Apr 1832 @ Poughkeepsie,NY
M: c 1855 to Ellen. . (Lancaster ?) (RN=367) @ . . (Widowed)
RM: 24 Oct 1860 to Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96) @ (Port Huron,MI ?)
D: 31 Oct 1914 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: M

5 Lucinda G. Ward (RN=235)
B: c 1837 @ NY,USA
M: c 1858 to James Belling (RN=1877) @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
D: 05 Mar 1880 @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F

6 (Possible) Ward (RN=236)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

7 (Possible) Ward (RN=237)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Birthplace New Jersey is from Charles Ward (RN=95) death certificate, Oct. 31, 1914, information was given by Fannie Ward. 1900 U.S. Federal Census: Charles Ward (RN=95) gives father's (RN=230) birthplace as Ireland; mother's (RN=231) as PA..
(H)-2: Birthdate and burial info from Hamilton Cemetery records.
(W)-1: Birthplace from death certificate of Charles Ward (RN=95) Oct. 31, 1914. Information from Fannie Ward.
(W)-2: Birthdate and burial info from Hamilton Cemetery records.
(W)-3: Died at Cathcart Street, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; formerly of Toronto.
(I)-1: Text.

(1)-2: Had issue.
(2)-1: Text.
(3)-1: Text.
(4)-1: Text.
(5)-1: Text.

Text for Mary Ellen Ward (RN=232)

Mary Ellen Ward married to John Trotter, tinsmith. Toronto's Necropolis Cemetery lists the following burials in Section i, Lot 91:
Mary Ellen Trotter, d. Jan 24, 1901
John Trotter, d. Sept 10, 1882
Fanny Trotter 9 days, d. Nov. 25, 1860
Elizabeth Trotter 3 months, d. March 18, 1861
William Ward 13 years, d. Feb 6, 1862 (Son of Benjamin Ward, Mary's bro.)
James Ward 8 years, d. Aug 18, 1862 (may be son of Benjamin Ward)
George Ward 5 years, d. Aug 27, 1862 (may be son of Benjamin Ward)
Wm. Trotter 7 years, d. Jan 6, 1864
George Trotter 2 mths, d. August 16, 1864
Mary E. Trotter 22 years, d. Oct 28, 1873
(2 stillborn children - d. Sept 28, 1878; d. Oct 26, 1881; children of Mrs. J. Trotter. ---Can't be Mary Ward Trotter; must be wife of Mary Ward and John Trotter's son John.)
Have picture of John and Mary's monument:
In memory of John Trotter, born in county Armagh, Nov 10, 1819. Came to Canada in 1838. Died Sept 10, 1882. Erected by his loving wife, Mary E. Trotter ---------Mary Trotter, Wife of John Trotter, Born Jany 25, 1826, Died Jany 24, 1901. God is good.
1871 Canadian Census, Film C-634,St.David's Ward,Toronto, Page 89, 319/325:
Trotter, John, age 51, tinsmith, b. Ireland, Baptist
Mary, age 45, b. U.States, Baptist
John, age 22, jeweller, b. Ontario, Baptist
Anna, age 21, b. Ontario, Baptist
Mary, age 19, b. Ontario, Baptist
Lucinda, age 15, b. Ontario, Baptist
Florence, age 8, b. Ontario, Baptist
Evangeline, age 5, b. Ontario, Baptist
The Evening Telegram, Friday January 25, 1901, Roll #37,Met.Toronto Library:
(Couldn't photocopy, too light print)
Trotter - Thursday morning at her late residence, 65 Clinton Street, formerly 202 Berkeley Street, Mary E., widow of the late John Trotter, aged 76 years. Funeral Saturday 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this invitation.

Text for Benjamin Ward (RN=233)

Benjamin Ward, wife and Ben, Jr. moved to Kansas City,MO to live with their son, Charles, an electroplater during the time that Florence and Frank Ward were going together and working for Charles Ward(1889-1893). Have some of the addresses of places Ben lived in Toronto from directories and one obituary of a small son from newspaper, who was buried in Trotter plot. There are a couple of other Ward children in plot who might be his. Don't know when or where Ben and his wife died --could be Kansas City,MO.

Text for George Washington Ward (RN=234)

Living at 103 Church St. at time of death. Buried Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, Plot E, Section 60. Lot #9 owned by Miss Annie Ward. Also buried in lot: Mary, died 1916 and Mary C. (probably widow of George) died 1897. Residence at 103 Church St. changed owners in 1898 Toronto Directory.
1861 Canadian Census, #C1103, pg.494, St. Davids Ward, Toronto:
Geo Ward, Jeweller, b. United States, Baptist,age next b-day 32.
Mary Ward, b. Lower Canada, Baptist, age next b-day 29.
Almira Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 8.
John Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 7.
Geo Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 4.
Anna M. Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 2.

Text for Charles Ward (RN=95)

Information given by Fannie for Death Certificate states that Charles was born in New York City; that his father was Charles Ward, born in New Jersey and his mother was Ann M. Weisman, born in Philadelphia, PA. The plots in the Buffalo,NY Elmlawn Cemetery, Grace Lawn Section, Lot 606, were purchased by Nellie Ward Livingstone on Oct. 5, 1906, one day after her 1 year 2 month old child, Fern,died from being scalded. Interred in Grave #1 are Fern Livingstone (died October 4, 1906) and Nellie Ward Livingstone (died May 7 1945). In Graves #3 and #4 are Charles Ward (died October 31, 1914) and Fannie E. Ward (died December 26, 1916). Don't know who is buried in Grave #2. Sept 17, 1976 letter to Don Ward doesn't say. Could it be Dan Livingstone? Or were Nellie and Fern buried in separate plots and it just isn't stated that way in letter? Charles Ward's marriage to Frances(Fannie) Cowley was his second marriage. Have found no legal record of this first marriage or of his first wife's name or date of marriage. There were two small sons born. The first wife and the two boys died of TB. There was one snapshot of them and Fannie buried it in Charley's casket with him.

Text for Lucinda G. Ward (RN=235)

Lucinda G. Ward married to James Belling, mfg. jeweller. Lived at 21 Florence St., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Know this is child of Charles and Ann M. Weisman Ward because James Belling was listed as son-in-law in Ann M. Ward's record in the Blachford and Wray Record of Burials, Jan 1, 1857-December 31,1870.
James Belling, husband of Lucinda, died 11 Apr 1889, age 56 [born abt 1833] and is buried with Lucinda and two of their sons in Hamilton Cemetery, Sect.C9,Lot#7:
James Belling, age 18, died 26 Jan 1883 and Bertie M. Belling, age 3, died 15 May 1883. Also 2 males: William Goodfellow, died 7 Mar 1880, and Vernon Clarence Goodfellow, died 24 Feb 1982, relation to Belling family unknown to us.(Note: A Mrs. Goodfellow and her daughter lived next door to Charles and Fannie Ward in Toronto about 1885-1890. Rose spoke about them in her "Memories". May be more than a coincidence.)

The Spectator, Saturday March 6, 1880, Evening Edition (Hamilton,Ontario)
DIED
Yesterday, after a short illness, Lucinda G. Ward, the beloved wife of Jas. Belling, manufg jeweller in the 43rd year of her age. Funeral from her late residence, 21 Florence Street, on Sunday at 3 p.m. Friends and acquaintances will please attend.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
B: 06 Jul 1815 @ Stepney, London,England
M: 06 Jul 1839 @ (Barking,EssexCo.Eng ?)
D: 28 Dec 1893 @ Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US
SEX: M
Father: John. . Cowley (RN=1997)
Mother: Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998)

Wife: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)
B: 02 Aug 1818 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
D: 30 Dec 1886 @ Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US
SEX: F
Father: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
Mother: Martha. . . (RN=2125)

CHILDREN

1 Mary Garratt Cowley (RN=240)
B: 06 Apr 1840 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
M: c 1865 to Thomas Burton (RN=2118) @ Buel Twp,Samilac Co.,MI
D: 24 Oct 1878 @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
SEX: F

2 Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)
B: 12 Mar 1842 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
M: 24 Oct 1860 to Charles. . Ward (RN=95) @ (Port Huron,MI ?)
D: 26 Dec 1916 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: F

3 Sarah Maria Cowley (RN=241)
B: 07 Oct 1844 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
M: c 1864 to George D. . Flack (RN=2119) @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: 17 Jan 1924 @ CA,US
SEX: F

4 Martha (Patsy). . Cowley (RN=242)
B: 11 Sep 1846 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
M: 25 Oct 1868 to Silas. . Hayes (RN=2120) @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: 29 Apr 1919 @ Red Bluff,CA,US
SEX: F

5 Maurice. . Cowley (RN=243)
B: 29 Dec 1848 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
M: 29 Feb 1880 to Sarah A. . Cash (RN=2121) @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: 01 Dec 1934 @ Sanilac Co.,MI,US
SEX: M

CHILDREN

6 Josiah. . Cowley (RN=244)
B: 01 Feb 1851 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
Single
D: 10 Sep 1854 @ England
SEX: M

7 Susan. . Cowley (RN=245)
B: 10 Feb 1854 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
M: 12 Aug 1878 to James. . Purvis (RN=2122) @ Detroit,MI
D: 04 Jun 1943 @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
SEX: F

8 Rose Amelia Cowley (RN=246)
B: 16 Nov 1856 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
Single
D: 19 Jan 1858 @ London,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F

9 Rosella Agnes Cowley (RN=247)
B: 02 Aug 1859 @ London,Ontario,Canada
M: 17 Feb 1878 to James Henry Ball (RN=2123) @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: 27 Dec 1939 @ Dayton,Montgomery Co,OH
SEX: F

10 Frederick George Cowley (RN=248)
B: 18 Jul 1862 @ Plympton Twp.,Lambton Co.,Ontario,Canada
Single
D: 26 Feb 1863 @ Plympton Twp.,Lambton Co.,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M

NOTES:
(8)-1: Text.

Text for Rose Amelia Cowley (RN=246)

Born 1856, England; Died 1858 London, Ontario, Canada.
PROVES Susan migrated with 7 children between Nov 1856 and Jan 1858-no two year interval when Susan was waiting (to hear from George) in Philadelphia. George said he left England June 1857 and if Susan followed soon after on Great Eastern works out right for them to be together in London, Ontario where Rose Amelia's death is recorded in Jan 1858.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Marie Antoinette Malartic (RN=250)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
B: 27 Feb 1818 @ Lormont,Bordeaux,France
M: 23 Mar 1862 to Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108) @ Warren Co.,IN
D: Oct 1895 @ Wagon Mound,Mora Co.,NM
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.
(1)-1: Text.

Text for Jean Baptiste Faure (RN=249)

Names on RN=249 and RN=250 are from Lormont, France birth record obtained by Roger Lear from Michel Launay, a Frenchman Roger worked with in Raleigh,NC. We have birthdate for J.F.Faure, Florence Faure Ward's father, as 27 Feb 1818. Roger gave following for thinking this is our Faure's birth:
1. No Francois Faure was recorded born 27 Feb 1818.
2. Our Francois Faure was born in Lormont and his father was a merchant.
3. First child born to Francois Faure and Elizabeth Jane Huston Meek was named Antoinette Aydee Faure. Mother on birth record: Marie Antoinette Malartic.
Translation by M. Launay of record: January 31, eighteen hundred eighteen
Birth certificate of Francois, born yesterday [30 Jan 1818] at one o'clock p.m., son of Sir Jean Baptiste Faure, merchant, and Marie Antoinette Malartic, married, living in the town of Lormont, province of Gironde.
The sex of the child was recognized as male. First witness Jean Ducom, tailor, aged forty two, living in above mentioned Lormont. Second witness Jean Eyquem, innkeeper, aged fifty five, living in above mentioned Lormont.
On the request presented to me by the father, who signed, rather than the witnesses, for they did not know, after reading, reported according to the law by myself, mayor of the parish of Lormont acting as the public officer.
P. Larrat, Mre
Faure, father

Text for Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)

Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure, Born in Lormont, Bordeaux, Apt Gironde, February 27, 1818, France. Officier of health and md.[M.D.] in Wagon Mound, N.M. 1887 --written on back of a photograph of Francois Faure which he sent "to my daughter Mary" F. Faure.
Possible birth record for our F. Faure in notes of Jean Faure,RN=249.
1850 U.S. Federal Census, Indiana, Jennings Co, Campbell Twp, pg 441.
1493 - Fauar, Francis, age 48, farmer, $200. b. France
Fauar, Sarah, age 23, b. Indiana; Fauar,Molly, age 2, b. Indiana.
Could this be Francois Faure in 1850, just coming into state of Indiana?
Sent to Jennings Circuit Court, Vernon, Indiana for marriage record of Francis Fauar and Sarah. They were married by H. Mundchina, Catholic Priest 21 January 1847. (Sarah was "Sally" - nickname for Sarah.) LDS shows Sarah Jane Pool born to Thomas & Rebecca Rush Pool, 12 Dec 1829 at Butlerville, Jennings Co.,Indiana.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
B: c 1800 @ . .(MD ?)
M: 29 Jan 1824 @ Clark Co.,OH
D: c 1839 @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
B: c 1803 @ . .OH
D: before 28 Mar 1836 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

CHILDREN

1 Mary(Polly) Ellen Huston (RN=258)
B: c 1825 @ OH
M: 30 Jan 1842 to Samuel Brant (RN=2050) @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

2 Matilda Ann Huston (RN=259)
B: 13 Dec 1828 @ Fountain Co.,IN
M: 25 Nov 1844 to George W. Miller (RN=2051) @ Fountain Co.,IN (Widowed)
RM: 14 Mar 1855 to Lewis Songer (RN=2052) @ Fountain Co.,IN (Widowed)
D: 14 Feb 1899 @ Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F

3 Robert (F.?) Huston (RN=260)
B: (9 May 1831 ?) @ IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: (April 1878 ?) @ (Shelby Twp,Tippecanoe Co.,IN ?)
SEX: M

CHILDREN

4 Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)
B: 17 Dec 1834 @ Attica, Fountain Co.,IN
M: 05 Oct 1851 to Joseph S. Meek (RN=109) @ Danville, IL (Widowed)
RM: 23 Mar 1862 to Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107) @ Warren Co.,IN
D: 17 Nov 1877 @ Alvin, Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: 1880 IL Census: Matilda Huston Songer (daughter) gives Father Place of Birth as Maryland.
(W)-1: 1880 IL Census: Matilda Huston Songer (daughter) gives Mother Place of Birth as Ohio.
(2)-1: Buried Bethel Cemetery, near Alvin, IL.
(2)-2: Had issue.
(3)-1: Text.

Text for Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260) and
(William H. Huston ?) (RN=2045)

Poor Children's Indenture Book, Tippecanoe County, Indiana 27 1848:

This Indenture witnesseth that Robert Huston of the County of Fountain and State of Indiana hath put and placed and by these Presence doth put and bind out his sons William Huston and Robert F. Huston as apprentices they the said William Huston and Robert F. Huston giving their consent to the same to Hannah Emerson to learn the art and mistery of Farming which she the said Hannah Emerson now useth. The said William Huston and Robert F. Huston to dwell with and serve the said Hannah Emerson after the manner of an apprentice from the date hereof, William Huston until the twenty sixth of October in the year of our Lord one Thousand eight hundred and fifty and Robert F. Huston from the date hereof until the ninth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty two at which time the said apprentices if they shall be living will be twenty one years of age during all which time the said apprentices shall well and faithfully serve their said Mistress, keep her secrets and everywhere and all times readily obey her lawful commands. They shall do no damage to their said Mistress nor willfully suffer any to be done by others, and if any to their knowledge be intended they shall give their said Mistress reasonable notice theirof. They shall not waste the goods of their said Mistress nor lend them unlawfully to any. They shall not play at cards, dice or any other unlawfull game. They shall not haunt or frequent taverns, tipling houses or places of gaming. They shall not contract Matrimony during the said term. They shall not absent themselves from the service of their said Mistress but shall in all things, and at all times, carry and behave themselves as good and faithful apprentices ought during the whole time aforesaid. And that said Hannah Emerson on her part doth hereby covenant, promise and agree to have them taught and instructed to read and write and cypher as far as the rule of simple interest if the said apprentices be capable to learn and also to teach and instruct or cause it to be done the said apprentices in the art and mystery of Farming in the best way and manner she can and will and faithfully to find and provide for these apprentices good and sufficient meet and drink and cloathing and lodging and the other necessaries fit and convenient for such apprentices during the term aforesaid and at the expiration thereof shall give unto the said apprentices each a good horse, saddle and bridle worth

ninety dollars and a good suit of wearing apparrel worth thirty dollars each. In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeable set their hands and seal the twenty seventh of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

Robert Huston
William Huston
Robert F. Huston
Hannah Emerson

Signed sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Robert Heath

We have not proved that Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260) is the same person as Robert F. Huston who was apprenticed.

We have not found in Fountain Co.,IN records that Robert Huston (RN=2034) had a son, William H. Huston (RN=2045).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John. . Cowley (RN=1997)
B: c 1790 @ . .. .
M: . c 1814 @ (Stepney, London,Eng ?)
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998)
B: 16 Jun 1783 @ Shillington,Beds,Eng?
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: (John ?). . (Arnold ?) (RN=2284)
Mother: (Sarah ?) . . (RN=2285)

CHILDREN

1 George. . Cowley (RN=238)
B: 06 Jul 1815 @ Stepney, London,England
M: 06 Jul 1839 to Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239) @ (Barking,EssexCo. Eng ?)
D: 28 Dec 1893 @ Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US
SEX: M

2 Mary Ann Cowley (RN=1999)
B: C 10 Aug 1817 @ Surrey Co.,England
M: 28 May 1849 to Maurice. . Ballard (RN=2989) @ St. Dunstan in the East, London, London, England.
D: c 1883 @ (Sydenham,Kent Co.Eng?)
SEX: F

CHILDREN

3 Elizabeth. . Cowley (RN=2000)
B: C 15 Sep 1819 @ Surrey Co.,England
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Maria. . Cowley (RN=2001)
B: C 23 Mar 1823 @ Surrey Co.,England
Single
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

5 Sarah. . Cowley (RN=2002)
B: C 01 Feb 1826 @ Surrey Co.,England
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Child 2.,3.,4., and 5. born at Camberwell, Surrey Co., London, England.
(H)-2: Text.
(2)-1: Had issue.

Text for John. .Cowley (RN=1997)

Information from 1841 England Census:
John Cowley, 51, Tide Waiter [A customs officer who boards vessels entering Port, to enforce customs regulations.] and Sarah Cowley, 57, Commercial Road, Hamlet of Peckham, Surrey Co., District 8, pg 20A.

Child #1 Christened 30 July 1815, St. Dunstan, Stepney, London, England. In 1841 Census living with his wife and child with John & Sarah Cowley, his mother and father.
Child #2 had daughter, Emily Ballard, who wrote letters to George Cowley("Dear Uncle") from England. Emily was living with her brother, Maurice Ballard (Jr.), in 1891 in Balham. Had moved from Sydenham in 1883. Very probable her mother, Mary Ann, died in Sydenham c. 1883.
Child #4 wrote letters to George Cowley("Dear Brother") from England; age 68 in 1891.
Child #3 and #5 are not proved correct. They were chosen from LDS-Ancestral File because they had John & Sarah Cowley for parents, fit nicely with known birth years of other children and were Christened at Camberwell, Surrey County, England.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
B: . .1796 @ Middlesex Co.,England
M: c 1815 @ . .
D: 09 Apr 1885 @ Essex Co.,England
SEX: M
Father: . .. . Malen (RN=2286)
Mother: . .. . . . (RN=2287)

Wife: Martha. . . . (RN=2125)
B: . .1788 @ Surrey Co.,England
D: 24 May 1879 @ Essex Co.,England
SEX: F
Father: . .. . . . (RN=2288)
Mother: . .. . . . (RN=2289)

CHILDREN

1 Eliza. . Malen (RN=2290)
B: 12 Jul 1816 @ Chertsey,Surrey Co.,Eng
M: . . to John. . Keene (RN=2291) @ . .
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F

2 Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)
B: 02 Aug 1818 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M: 06 Jul 1839 to George. . Cowley (RN=238) @ (Barking,EssexCo.Eng ?)
D: 30 Dec 1886 @ Elk Twp,SanilacCo,MI,US
SEX: F

3 Catherine. . Malen (RN=2292)
B: . c 1821 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M: . . to James. . Pawsey (RN=2293) @ . .
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F

4 Martha. . Malen (RN=2294)
B: . c 1823 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M: . . to George. . Floyd (RN=2295) @ . .
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F

5 Frances('Fanny'). . Malen (RN=2296)
B: . c 1826 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
M: . . to Samuel. . Wright (RN=2297) @ . .
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: William born at Bow, Middlesex Co.,England and died at Ley Street,

Barkingside, Essex Co.,England.
(H)-2: Text.
(W)-1: Martha born at Chertsey/Thorp, Surrey Co.,England and died at Ley Street, Barkingside, Essex Co.,England.
(1)-1: Christening date/place from Surrey Co. records (LDS).
(3)-1: Catherine wrote Oct 1892 letter to Geo Cowley, naming sisters and giving death dates for James Pawsey and Samuel Wright.

Text for William. .Malen (RN=2124)

Have a copy of will with death date and place. Buried in Barkingside Churchyard.

England Census:

1841-Ley St.-Market Gardener
1851-Horns Road-Landholder 5 cottages
1861-Hersom Cottage, Horns Road-Dealer.
1871-Horns Road-Jobber
1881-Rose Cottage, Horn's Road (with Pawsey family)-Gardener (formerly).
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
B: .....1768 @ . .PA(?)
M: 06 Aug 1795 @ Rockbridge Co.,VA
D: before 28 Mar 1836 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)
B: 12 Jun 1774 @ . .PA(?)
D: before 11 May 1840 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Joseph. . Ferguson (RN=2021)
Mother: . . . (RN=2022)

CHILDREN

1 Sampson McMillan (RN=2023)
B: .....1796 @ . .KY
M: . . to Susannah. . . (RN=2032) @ . .OH
D: .....1876 @ Taylor Co.,IA
SEX: M

2 Maximiliander McMillan (RN=2024)
B: c 1798 @ . .. .
M: . . to David. . Prutsman (RN=2033) @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

3 Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)
B: c 1800 @ . .KY
M: 27 Jan 1820 to Robert. . Huston (RN=2034) @ Clark Co.,OH
D: before 28 Mar 1836 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

4 Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
B: c 1803 @ . .OH
M: 29 Jan 1824 to Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256) @ Clark Co.,OH
D: before 28 Mar 1836 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

5 Mary. . McMillan (RN=2026)
B: c 1805 @ . .OH
M: 21 Dec 1826 to Tilghman. . Rogers (RN=2035) @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: . . @ Montgomery Co.,IN
SEX: F

6 Rachel. . McMillan (RN=2027)
B: c 1807 @ . .OH
M: 10 Jun 1825 to Samuel. . Inlow (RN=2036) @ Clark Co.,OH
D: before 1835 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

7 Elizabeth. . McMillan (RN=2028)
B: 18 Apr 1811 @ . .OH
M: . . to Theophilus. . Stone (RN=2037) @ . .
D: 25 Jan 1834 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

8 Anna. . McMillan (RN=2029)
B: c 1812 @ . .OH
M: 20 Dec 1832 to Jesse. . Vancleave (RN=2038) @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: before 23 Mar 1836 @ Montgomery Co.,IN
SEX: F

9 .Elijah. . McMillan (RN=2030)
B: .....1813 @ . .OH
M: 08 Dec 1835 to Mary Elizabeth Kilgore (RN=2039) @ Fountain Co.,IN (Widowed)
RM: 10 Sep 1850 to Eleanor J. . Evans (RN=2040) @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

10 Ellen. . McMillan (RN=2031)
B: 16 Mar 1815 @ Clark Co.,OH
M: 08 Dec 1835 to William S. . Breinig (RN=2041) @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: 28 Jan 1881 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Daughter, Ellen McMillan Breinig (RN=2041), gave PA as place of birth for father (RN=2003).
(W)-1: Daughter, Ellen McMillan Breinig (RN=2041), gave PA as place of birth of

mother (RN=2004).
(4)-1: 1880 IL Census: Matilda Huston Songer (daughter) gives Mother Place of Birth as Ohio.
(6)-1: Had issue.
(10)-1: Text.
(10)-2: Had issue.

Text for Ellen McMillan (RN=2031)

Ellen McMillan was "youngest of 12 children" according to a county history article when she was old. That should mean there are 2 more children in this family we haven't found.

Possibilities:

1. Almedia McMillen who married Ross Romine, 12 May 1828, Clark Co.,OH (LDS Extracted Marriage Records, Clark Co.,Ohio).
2. James McMillan who married Hannah Romaine, 29 Dec 1831, Parke Co.,IN (LDS-member submitted).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: (John ?). . (Arnold ?) (RN=2284)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: (Sarah ?) . . (RN=2285)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998)
B: 16 Jun 1783 @ Shillington,Beds,Eng?
M: . c 1814 to John. . Cowley (RN=1997) @ (Stepney, London,Eng ?)
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Malen (RN=2286)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2287)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 William. . Malen (RN=2124)
B: . .1796 @ Middlesex Co.,England
M: c 1815 to Martha. . . . (RN=2125) @ . .
D: 09 Apr 1885 @ Essex Co.,England
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: William born at Bow, Middlesex Co.,England and died at Ley Street, Barkingside, Essex Co.,England.
(1)-2: Text.

Text for William. .Malen (RN=2124)

Have a copy of will with death date and place. Buried in Barkingside Churchyard.

England Census:

1841-Ley St.-Market Gardener
1851-Horns Road-Landholder 5 cottages
1861-Hersom Cottage, Horns Road-Dealer.
1871-Horns Road-Jobber
1881-Rose Cottage, Horn's Road (with Pawsey family)-Gardener (formerly).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . (RN=2288)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: . .. . . (RN=2289)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Martha. . . . (RN=2125)
B: . .1788 @ Surrey Co.,England
M: c 1815 to William. . Malen (RN=2124) @ . .
D: 24 May 1879 @ Essex Co.,England
SEX: F

NOTES:
(1)-1: Martha born at Chertsey/Thorp, Surrey Co.,England and died at Ley Street, Barkingside, Essex Co.,England.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Joseph. . Ferguson (RN=2021)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . .. . @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: . . . . (RN=2022)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)
B: 12 Jun 1774 @ . .PA(?)
M: 06 Aug 1795 to Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003) @ Rockbridge Co.,VA
D: before 11 May 1840 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

NOTES:
(1)-1: Daughter, Ellen McMillan Breinig (RN=2041), gave PA as place of birth of mother (RN=2004).
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Mark Owen Lamon (RN=308)
B: 19 May 1956 @ Hospital-Watertown,NY
M: 17 Mar 1979 @ Thousand Is. Park,NY
Living @ Killingworth,CT
SEX: M
Father: Gilbert Roger Lamon (RN=2872)
Mother: Marion. . Walwrath (RN=2873)

Wife: June Ellen Lear (RN=304)
B: 20 Jun 1952 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F
Father: Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
Mother: Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303)

CHILDREN

1 Kristen Marie Lamon (RN=310)
B: 16 Jan 1985 @ Crouse Hosp,Syracuse,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Byron Dale III (RN=311)
B: 13 May 1956 @ Buffalo,NY
M: 16 Nov 1984 @ St.Mary's,SkaneatelesNY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: M
Father: James Byron Dale Jr. (RN=2859)
Mother: Phyllis. . Stanton (RN=2860)

Wife: April Elaine Lear (RN=305)
B: 01 May 1956 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F
Father: Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
Mother: Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leslie James Milne Jr. (RN=312)
B: 10 Oct 1951 @ Hospital-Plymouth,MA
M: 04 Apr 1981 @ St.Joseph Ch,CamillusNY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: M
Father: Leslie James Milne Sr. (RN=2874)
Mother: Kristi. . Leppanne (RN=2875)

Wife: Lori Ann Lear (RN=306)
B: 05 Oct 1958 @ Hospital-Auburn,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F
Father: Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
Mother: Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303)

CHILDREN

1 Adam James Milne (RN=329)
B: 21 Feb 1983 @ Hospital-Abington,PA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Claire Elizabeth Milne (RN=330)
B: 08 May 1987 @ Crouse Hosp,Syracuse,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Otto. . Meier (RN=313)
B: 13 Jan 1962 @ Utica,NY
M: 03 May 1986 @ St.Mary's,SkaneatelesNY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M
Father: Otto H. . Meier (RN=2861)
Mother: Shirley. . Lyons (RN=2862)

Wife: Mary Jane Lear (RN=307)
B: 03 Apr 1962 @ Hospital-Auburn,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F
Father: Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
Mother: Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Kirk Alan Lear (RN=332)
B: 11 Jul 1964 @ Ideal Hosp.,Endwell,NY
M: 16 Sep 1989 @ Sacramento,CA
Living @ Jacksonville, AR
SEX: M
Father: Roger Edgar Lear (RN=28)
Mother: Ann Louise Severn (RN=331)

Wife: Susan Dianna Peterson (RN=336)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ Jacksonville, AR
SEX: F
Father: Arnold Goldberg (RN=3386)
Mother: Frances. . . (RN=2864)

CHILDREN

1 Trevor Ryan Lear (RN=440)
B: 01 Sep 1993 @ Fayetteville, NC
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Jacksonville, AR
SEX: M

NOTES:
(W)-1: Susan's biological father is Arnold Goldberg (RN=3386). Susan was adopted by her mother's (RN=2864) second husband, . . Peterson (RN=2863).
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . . Post (RN=2856)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Linda Mahan (RN=1547)
B: 20 Mar 1949 @ . . .
Living @ Middleton,MA
SEX: F
Father: George E. . Mahan (RN=1546)
Mother: Mary Florance Ward (RN=1280)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Living at 64 Mill Street, Middleton, MA 01949 12/92.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Seiler (RN=1553)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Lockport,NY
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Susan Marie Caywood (RN=1285)
B: 29 Jul 1948 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Lockport,NY
SEX: F
Father: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Jr. (RN=1282)
Mother: Mary(Betty) Elizabeth Wilkes (RN=1284)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Seiler (RN=2282)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 . .. . Seiler (RN=2283)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Harvey(Jay) Lloyd Caywood III (RN=1286)
B: 27 Feb 1953 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M
Father: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Jr. (RN=1282)
Mother: Mary(Betty) Elizabeth Wilkes (RN=1284)

Wife: Missy. . . . (RN=1554)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 David. . Caywood (RN=2279)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

2 Robert. . Caywood (RN=2280)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

3 John. . Caywood (RN=2281)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Jeffery. . Lamberton (RN=3427)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 10 Jul 1993 @ DeRuyter, NY
Living @ Plattsburg/Malone, NY area
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Kim Marie Caywood (RN=1288)
B: 06 Feb 1969 @ . . .
Living @ Plattsburg/Malone, NY area
SEX: F
Father: Paul Edward Caywood Sr. (RN=1283)
Mother: Margery Lee Diehl (RN=1287)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Paul Robbins (RN=1558)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . @ .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Kristine Adair Ward (RN=1296)
B: 25 May 1953 @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: Donald Gilbert Ward (RN=1292)
Mother: Marian Pearl Frederickson (RN=1294)

CHILDREN

1 Mark. . Robbins (RN=2277)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: M

2 . . Robbins (RN=2278)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Daniel Kevin VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1261)
B: 18 Oct 1955 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 14 May 1977 @ . .OR
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)
Other Marriages 2: Anne . . (RN=1266)

Wife: Marolyn . . (RN=2878)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:
(H)-1: As of 4 Nov 1993 Daniel and Anne expecting their 4th child per Muriel Trapp.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Daniel Kevin VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1261)
B: 18 Oct 1955 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 03 Mar 1983 @ Salem,Or
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)
Other Marriages 1: Marolyn . . (RN=2878)

Wife: Anne . . (RN=1266)
B: . . @ Morocco
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Erich Daniel VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1527)
B: 13 Nov 1983 @ Salem,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M

2 Rebekah Anne VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1528)
B: 04 Feb 1986 @ Salem,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: F

3 Suzannah Marie VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1529)
B: Apr 1990 @ Salem,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: As of 4 Nov 1993 Daniel and Anne expecting their 4th child per Muriel Trapp.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Joel Mathew Trapp (RN=1262)
B: 14 Feb 1957 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 28 May 1985(?) @ . .NM(?)
Living @ Kent,WA
SEX: M
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)

Wife: Kathleen. . O'Brien (RN=1530)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Kent,WA
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Ryan Mathew Trapp (RN=3430)
B: about 1991 @ _____
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Kent, WA
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: Per Muriel Trapp on 4 Nov 1993: Joel has a 2 yr. old boy (Ryan Mathew WTrapp).
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Brian Ward Trapp (RN=1263)
B: 14 Feb 1957 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 18 May 1985 @ NYCity,NY
Living @ Newport, RI
SEX: M
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)

Wife: Tam. . Hatch (RN=1531)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Donald. . Reeder (RN=1532)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 10 Jan 1980 @ Salem,OR
Living @ Madras,OR
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Cynthia Dawn Trapp (RN=1264)
B: 27 Jun 1959 @ Binghamton,NY
Living @ Madras,OR
SEX: F
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)

CHILDREN

1 Steven Jonathan Reeder (RN=1533)
B: 07 Sep 1980 @ Salem,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Madras,OR
SEX: M

2 Shelbi Elise Reeder (RN=1534)
B: 31 Dec 1984 @ Madras,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Madras,OR
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Ritch. . Seifert (RN=1535)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 19 Sep 1981 @ Salem,OR
Living @ Portland,OR
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Laurie Dianne Trapp (RN=1265)
B: 27 Jun 1959 @ Binghamton,NY
Living @ Portland,OR
SEX: F
Father: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
Mother: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)

CHILDREN

1 Jessica Leigh Seifert (RN=1536)
B: 13 Apr 1985 @ Portland,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Portland,OR
SEX: F

2 Kristen Michelle Seifert (RN=1537)
B: 07 Feb 1988 @ Portland,OR
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Portland,OR
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John. . Natoli (RN=1382)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Theresa Marie Reynolds (RN=1378)
B: 16 Jan 1960 @ Holyoke,MA
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: David Lee Reynolds (RN=1374)
Mother: Rosemarie Ann Valentino (RN=1377)

CHILDREN

1 Anthony. . Natoli (RN=1383)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: M

2 Kimberly Amy Natoli (RN=1384)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2191)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Linda Burmester Bamford (RN=2190)
B: 20 May 1956 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: John Cody Bamford (RN=2188)
Mother: Joan Eleanor Muir Burmester (RN=2189)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David Burmester Bamford (RN=2192)
B: 17 Aug 1960 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: John Cody Bamford (RN=2188)
Mother: Joan Eleanor Muir Burmester (RN=2189)

Wife: . . . (RN=2193)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Michael Bamford (RN=2194)
B: 27 Dec 1963 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: John Cody Bamford (RN=2188)
Mother: Joan Eleanor Muir Burmester (RN=2189)

Wife: . . . (RN=2195)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . (RN=2203)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Laurie Kay Goodman (RN=2202)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Tom. . Goodman (RN=2197)
Mother: Sarah Lucile Bamford (RN=2196)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2205)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Melissa. . Goodman (RN=2204)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Tom. . Goodman (RN=2197)
Mother: Sarah Lucile Bamford (RN=2196)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2207)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Stephanie Gail Graves (RN=2206)
B: 09 Dec 1949 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Clarence. . Graves (RN=2199)
Mother: Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2198)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David. . Graves (RN=2208)
B: Nov 1950 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Clarence. . Graves (RN=2199)
Mother: Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2198)

Wife: . . . (RN=2209)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Gregory. . Forsyth (RN=2210)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Libby Alison Whitcomb (RN=2096)
B: 12 Sep 1961 @ . .. .
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F
Father: Paul Samuel Whitcomb (RN=2093)
Mother: Janet Elizabeth Erickson (RN=2091)

CHILDREN

1 Alison Louise Forsyth (RN=2211)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Ian James Forsyth (RN=2450)
B: 08 Dec 1992 @ Spokane, WA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Spokane, WA
SEX: M

NOTES:
(W)-1: Works with her husband and her father. Has a little girl and boy - Edna's great-grandchildren.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Patrick Nicholas Rust (RN=2218)
B: 26 Mar 1951 @ San Diego,CA
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: James Nicholas Rust (RN=2212)
Mother: Camilla Ernestine Rankin (RN=2213)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2219)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2221)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rena Carol Rust (RN=2220)
B: 12 Jan 1953 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: James Nicholas Rust (RN=2212)
Mother: Camilla Ernestine Rankin (RN=2213)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2223)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Tami Lee Rust (RN=2222)
B: 24 Nov 1957 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: James Nicholas Rust (RN=2212)
Mother: Camilla Ernestine Rankin (RN=2213)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Michael John Viereck (RN=2224)
B: 05 Mar 1948 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Clifford. . Viereck (RN=2215)
Mother: Sheila Kate Rust (RN=2214)

Wife: . . . (RN=2225)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . . . (RN=2227)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Lin Viereck (RN=2226)
B: 22 Dec 1954 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: Clifford. . Viereck (RN=2215)
Mother: Sheila Kate Rust (RN=2214)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . . . (RN=2229)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Molly Luana Rust (RN=2228)
B: 27 Oct 1955 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Samuel Philip Rust Jr. (RN=2216)
Mother: Diane Lucille Hardy (RN=2217)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2231)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Maureen Lucille Rust (RN=2230)
B: 16 Jul 1958 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Samuel Philip Rust Jr. (RN=2216)
Mother: Diane Lucille Hardy (RN=2217)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Antony Scott King (RN=2235)
B: 13 Aug 1965 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Robert Gates Page King (RN=2232)
Mother: Lucy. . Amarando (RN=2233)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2236)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Eric Barnhart King (RN=2237)
B: 24 Oct 1965? @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Robert Gates Page King (RN=2232)
Mother: Shelley Otley Barnhart (RN=2234)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2238)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(H)-1: Probably error in birth year. Parents married 23 Aug 1966 - birth year may be 1967.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Earl Eastwood (RN=2246)
B: 26 Aug 1956 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
Mother: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)

Wife: . . . (RN=2247)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David George Eastwood (RN=2248)
B: 23 Jan 1958 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . @ .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
Mother: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)

Wife: . . . (RN=2249)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert John Eastwood (RN=2250)
B: 18 Sep 1959 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . @ .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
Mother: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)

Wife: . . . (RN=2251)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Stephen Eric Eastwood (RN=2252)
B: 12 Feb 1964 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . @ .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
Mother: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)

Wife: . . . (RN=2253)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . . . . (RN=2255)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . @ .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Anne Elizabeth Eastwood (RN=2254)
B: 26 Nov 1965 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
Mother: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Craig. . Wheeler (RN=2338)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: M
Father: Robert. . Wheeler (RN=2337)
Mother: Barbara Jean Woodward (RN=2336)

Wife: Lori. . . . (RN=2339)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Joanna. . Wheeler (RN=2342)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: F

2 Leigh Anne Wheeler (RN=2343)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: F

3 Michael. . Wheeler (RN=2344)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: M

4 Jason. . Wheeler (RN=2345)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David. . Wheeler (RN=2340)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Robert. . Wheeler (RN=2337)
Mother: Barbara Jean Woodward (RN=2336)

Wife: . . . . (RN=2341)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Kyle. . Wheeler (RN=2346)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Alesha. . Wheeler (RN=2347)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Jodi. . Wheeler (RN=2348)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Chadd. . Wheeler (RN=2349)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Engaged in 1992 to Linda Brown.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2375)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Catherine Ann Craig (RN=2374)
B: 25 Apr 1952 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Fred J. . Craig (RN=2370)
Mother: Ann Catherine Russell (RN=2369)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David Howard Craig (RN=2376)
B: 20 Mar 1953 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Fred J. . Craig (RN=2370)
Mother: Ann Catherine Russell (RN=2369)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2377)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Dan. .E. . Craig (RN=2378)
B: 02 Sep 1954 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Fred J. . Craig (RN=2370)
Mother: Ann Catherine Russell (RN=2369)

Wife: . . . (RN=2379)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: R. .Peter Blackmore (RN=2403)
B: . . @ . .. .Co.,England
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Munich, Germany
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Deborah Kay Howard (RN=2402)
B: 07 Mar 1953 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Munich, Germany
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)

CHILDREN

1 Richard Andrew Blackmore (RN=2416)
B: 05 Aug 1986 @ Beaconsfield, England
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Munich, Germany
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Robert Miles Blackmore (RN=2417)
B: 16 Jul 1989 @ Beaconsfield, England
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Munich, Germany
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: R. .Peter Blackmore is a British subject.
(1)-1: Born in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire Co., England.
(2)-1: Born in Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire Co., England.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Wybengs (RN=2405)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .TX
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rebecca Lee Howard (RN=2404)
B: 17 Aug 1955 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
Other Marriages 2: Mark. . Hill (RN=2406)

CHILDREN

1 John Howard Wybengs (RN=2418)
B: 14 Jul 1984 @ Plano, TX
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Mark. . Hill (RN=2406)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rebecca Lee Howard (RN=2404)
B: 17 Aug 1955 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
Other Marriages 1: . .. . Wybengs (RN=2405)

CHILDREN

1 Cameron Ward Hill (RN=2419)
B: ...May 1992 @ Cupertino, CA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Broadhurst (RN=2408)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Lizabeth Ann Howard (RN=2407)
B: 07 Jun 1957 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
Other Marriages 2: Bernard. . Deneau (RN=2409)

CHILDREN

1 Sean Howard Broadhurst (RN=2420)
B: 11 Oct 1982 @ Basalt, CO
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Bernard. . Deneau (RN=2409)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 04 Mar 1987 @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Lizabeth Ann Howard (RN=2407)
B: 07 Jun 1957 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
Other Marriages 1: . .. . Broadhurst (RN=2408)

CHILDREN

1 Timothy. . Deneau (RN=2421)
B: 26 May 1988 @ Morrison, CO
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: J. .J. . Capella (RN=2411)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Jennifer Lyn Howard (RN=2410)
B: 27 Sep 1958 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Stamford, CT
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)

No Children

NOTES:
(W)-1: Divorced 1985
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Murph Drewry (RN=2413)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ Richardson, TX
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Martha Ellen Howard (RN=2412)
B: 09 Oct 1959 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)

CHILDREN

1 William Murph Drewry III (RN=2422)
B: 17 Jun 1985 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

CHILDREN

2 Justin Price Drewry (RN=2423)
B: 05 Feb 1988 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Anna Leigh Drewry (RN=2424)
B: 24 Jun 1991 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Cary A. . Paulus (RN=2415)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 01 Oct 1983 @ South Haven, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Stephanie Gay Howard (RN=2414)
B: 21 Jun 1961 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
Mother: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Scott. . Hamilton (RN=2426)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Catherine Anna Anderson (RN=2425)
B: 22 Feb 1961 @ Tucson, AZ
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Duane Anderson (RN=2397)
Mother: Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)

CHILDREN

1 Charles Russell Hamilton (RN=2433)
B: 19 Aug 1983 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Anna Catherine Hamilton Hamilton (RN=2434)
B: 01 Jun 1987 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Andrew Scott Hamilton (RN=2435)
B: 06 Jun 1989 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William Duane Anderson Jr. (RN=2427)
B: 24 Nov 1962 @ Tucson, AZ
M: 04 Mar 1987 @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: William Duane Anderson (RN=2397)
Mother: Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)

Wife: Lea. . Sturdevant (RN=2428)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Anderson (RN=2436)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . Anderson (RN=2437)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2430)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Regina Beth Anderson (RN=2429)
B: 21 Aug 1966 @ Tucson, AZ
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Duane Anderson (RN=2397)
Mother: Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . . . (RN=2438)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . . . (RN=2439)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2432)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Kirsten Marie Anderson (RN=2431)
B: 08 Oct 1968 @ Tucson, AZ
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: William Duane Anderson (RN=2397)
Mother: Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . . . (RN=2440)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . . . (RN=2441)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Conrad Sauvage III (RN=2442)
B: 24 Jan 1969 @ Redford, MI
M: 03 Nov 1990 @ Cheyenne, WY
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
Mother: Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399)

Wife: Michelle. . Bettenyoun (RN=2443)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Charles Conrad Sauvage IV (RN=2446)
B: 25 Sep 1991 @ . .. .Japan
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 . .. . Sauvage (RN=2447)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:
(1)-1: Born in Japan while parents were stationed there (Air Force).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Jason Edward Sauvage (RN=2444)
B: 05 Sep 1971 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
Mother: Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399)

Wife: . . . (RN=2445)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Sauvage (RN=2448)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . Sauvage (RN=2449)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Wayne Arden Lear (RN=27)
B: 27 Jun 1928 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 19 Nov 1951 @ M.E.Parsonage,Virgil,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: M
Father: George Andrew Lear (RN=25)
Mother: Daisy May Ward (RN=26)

Wife: Marion Dabley Ferris (RN=303)
B: 23 May 1929 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F
Father: Salem (Sam) Ferris (RN=2256)
Mother: Mazera. . Abdallah (RN=2257)

CHILDREN

1 June Ellen Lear (RN=304)
B: 20 Jun 1952 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 17 Mar 1979 to Mark Owen Lamon (RN=308) @ Thousand Is. Park,NY (Divorced)
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F

2 April Elaine Lear (RN=305)
B: 01 May 1956 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 16 Nov 1984 to James Byron Dale III (RN=311) @ St.Mary's,SkaneatelesNY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F

3 Lori Ann Lear (RN=306)
B: 05 Oct 1958 @ Hospital-Auburn,NY
M: 04 Apr 1981 to Leslie James Milne Jr. (RN=312) @ St.Joseph Ch,CamillusNY
Living @ Skaneateles,NY
SEX: F

4 Mary Jane Lear (RN=307)
B: 03 Apr 1962 @ Hospital-Auburn,NY
M: 03 May 1986 to Otto. . Meier (RN=313) @ St.Mary's,SkaneatelesNY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Roger Edgar Lear (RN=28)
B: 06 Apr 1936 @ home-Virgil,NY
M: 15 Oct 1960 @ Bapt.Church,Vestal,NY
Living @ Cary, N.C.
SEX: M
Father: George Andrew Lear (RN=25)
Mother: Daisy May Ward (RN=26)

Wife: Ann Louise Severn (RN=331)
B: 21 Jul 1938 @ Seneca Falls,NY
Living @ Cary,NC
SEX: F
Father: Harold Hartwell Severn (RN=2264)
Mother: Helen. . Freeman (RN=2265)

CHILDREN

1 Kirk Alan Lear (RN=332)
B: 11 Jul 1964 @ Ideal Hosp.,Endwell,NY
M: 16 Sep 1989 to Susan Dianna Peterson (RN=336) @ Sacramento,CA
Living @ Jacksonville, AR
SEX: M

2 Kyle Eric Lear (RN=335)
B: 09 Apr 1967 @ Raleigh,NC
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Cary,NC
SEX: M

NOTES:
(2)-1: Kyle is in the U.S. Army and won't have a permanent address so will leave him living in Cary,NC with Roger & Ann until he's longer at one location.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Dale Everett Lear (RN=29)
B: 14 Nov 1938 @ W.State Rd.,Virgil,NY
M: 28 Nov 1964 @ Lutheran Ch.,Merrick,NY
Living @ Wilmington,NC
SEX: M
Father: George Andrew Lear (RN=25)
Mother: Daisy May Ward (RN=26)

Wife: Kathleen "Kathi" Doris Radl (RN=337)
B: 13 Nov 1939 @ . .. .
Living @ Wilmington,NC
SEX: F
Father: Rudolph. . Radl (RN=2268)
Mother: Anna. . . . (RN=2269)

CHILDREN

1 Dianna Lynn Lear (RN=338)
B: 08 Apr 1967 @ Falls Church,VA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Portland,ME
SEX: F

2 Pamela Jean Lear (RN=341)
B: 13 Apr 1968 @ Bowie,MD
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Portland,ME
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Homer LeRoy Ward (RN=1276)
B: 22 Sep 1914 @ Hardy/Stewart,AR
M: 02 Jun 1944 @ Eastport/Baltimore,MD
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

Wife: Cora Stanton (RN=1539)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Mary Elizabeth Ward (RN=1540)
B: Oct 1949/50 @ Eastport/Annapolis,MD
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:
(1)-1: Adopted

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Louis Frederick Ward (RN=1277)
B: 14 Dec 1916 @ Caney,KS
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=1541)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Wayne Lee Ward (RN=1542)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Raymond Ernest Ward (RN=1278)
B: 06 Jul 1918 @ Yates Center,KS
M: Mar 1938 @ Olathe,KS
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

Wife: Margie Dillon (RN=1543)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Linda Mae Ward (RN=1544)
B: 14 Dec 1938 @ Lawrence,KS
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Lawrence Marion Ward (RN=1279)
B: 20 Jan 1920 @ Yates Center,KS
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

Wife: Arlene (?). . . . (RN=1545)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George E. . Mahan (RN=1546)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .MA
SEX: M
Father: Lloyd. . Mahan (RN=2854)
Mother: Bessie. . . . (RN=2855)

Wife: Mary Florance Ward (RN=1280)
B: 21 Dec 1930 @ Overbrook,KS
Living @ . .MA
SEX: F
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

CHILDREN

1 Mary Linda Mahan (RN=1547)
B: 20 Mar 1949 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . Post (RN=2856) @ . .
Living @ Middleton,MA
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Alan Lloyd Mahan (RN=1548)
B: 18 Oct 1951 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Bradley Everett Mahan (RN=1549)
B: 13 Jun 1956 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: Living at 64 Mill Street, Middleton, MA 01949 12/92.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Rhoads (RN=1550)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Lucille Ann Ward (RN=1281)
B: 10 Aug 1933 @ Overbrook,KS
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
Mother: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

CHILDREN

1 Brenda. . Rhoads (RN=1551)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Vickie. . Rhoads (RN=1552)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Jr. (RN=1282)
B: 19 Feb 1921 @ Ward Farm,Virgil,NY
M: 16 Sep 1944 @ Syracuse,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M
Father: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Sr. (RN=1269)
Mother: Mabel Florence Ward (RN=47)

Wife: Mary(Betty) Elizabeth Wilkes (RN=1284)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F
Father: Samuel F. . Wilkes (RN=2857)
Mother: Mary H. . . . (RN=2858)

CHILDREN

1 Susan Marie Caywood (RN=1285)
B: 29 Jul 1948 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: . . to . .. . Seiler (RN=1553) @ . .
Living @ Lockport,NY
SEX: F

2 Harvey(Jay) Lloyd Caywood III (RN=1286)
B: 27 Feb 1953 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: . . to Missy. . . . (RN=1554) @ . .
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Paul Edward Caywood Sr. (RN=1283)
B: 30 Oct 1932 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 05 Jul 1958 @ Marathon,NY
D: 23 Sep 1990 @ . .NY
SEX: M
Father: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Sr. (RN=1269)
Mother: Mabel Florence Ward (RN=47)

Wife: Margery Lee Diehl (RN=1287)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ DeRuyter (Lake),NY
SEX: F
Father: Robert K. . Diehl (RN=3423)
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Margaret Elizabeth Caywood (RN=1555)
B: 29 Nov 1967 @ . .
Single
D: 02 Dec 1967 @ . .
SEX: F

2 Kim Marie Caywood (RN=1288)
B: 06 Feb 1969 @ . .
M: 10 Jul 1993 to Jeffery. . Lamberton (RN=3427) @ DeRuyter, NY
Living @ Plattsburg/Malone, NY area
SEX: F

3 Shelly Ann Caywood (RN=1289)
B: 13 Jun 1970 @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ DeRuyter (Lake),NY
SEX: F

4 Paul(Eddie) Edward Caywood Jr. (RN=1290)
B: 28 Jun 1972 @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ DeRuyter (Lake),NY
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Harold James Ward (RN=1291)
B: 29 Jun 1924 @ Buffalo,NY
M: 16 Jun 1956 @ Syracuse,NY
Living @ . .FL
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
Mother: Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270)

Wife: Kathleen. . Carroll (RN=1556)
B: . . @ Co. Waterford,Ireland
Living @ . .FL
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Beth. . Ward (RN=1557)
B: adopted @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Donald Gilbert Ward (RN=1292)
B: 26 Jun 1928 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 16 Apr 1949 @ Casadaga,NY
Living @ Hamburg,NY
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
Mother: Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270)

Wife: Marian Pearl Frederickson (RN=1294)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Hamburg,NY
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Thomas Lyle Ward (RN=1295)
B: 04 Sep 1950 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Kristine Adair Ward (RN=1296)
B: 25 May 1953 @ . .. .
M: . . to James Paul Robbins (RN=1558) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 David Glen Ward (RN=1297)
B: 10 Jul 1960 @ Hamburg,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Bruce Wagner (RN=1559)
B: . . @ . .
M: 16 Oct 1948 @ Jamestown,NY
D: . . @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Barbara Jean Ward (RN=1293)
B: 16 Jun 1931 @ . .
Living @ Fayetteville, NY
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
Mother: Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270)

CHILDREN

1 Deborah Ann Wagner (RN=1298)
B: 24 Mar 1951 @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: F

2 Brenda Helen Wagner (RN=1299)
B: 07 Aug 1952 @ Syracuse,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: F

3 Paul Burnham Wagner (RN=1300)
B: 28 Jul 1954 @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Joseph Vincent Barrile Sr. (RN=1255)
B: 09 May 1925 @ . .. .
M: 03 Apr 1948 @ . .
Living @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M
Father: Vincent. . Barrile (RN=3347)
Mother: . . . . (RN=3348)

Wife: Jean Marie Trapp (RN=1251)
B: 05 Jul 1928 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Slaterville Springs,NY
SEX: F
Father: Melvin LeRoy Trapp (RN=1250)
Mother: Muriel Frances Ward (RN=49)

CHILDREN

1 Joseph Vincent Barrile Jr. (RN=1256)
B: 01 Sep 1961 @ Huntington Station,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M

2 John Vincent Barrile (RN=1257)
B: 16 Jan 1964 @ Huntington Station,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M

3 James Vincent Barrile (RN=1258)
B: 12 Apr 1965 @ Huntington Station,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M

4 Jeffrey Vincent Barrile (RN=1259)
B: 07 Oct 1966 @ Huntington Station,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Ithaca,NY
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
B: 02 Jul 1930 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 18 Aug 1953 @ Bapt.Church,Cortland,NY
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M
Father: Melvin LeRoy Trapp (RN=1250)
Mother: Muriel Frances Ward (RN=49)

Wife: Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260)
B: 18 Aug 1933 @ . .OH
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Daniel Kevin VonTrapp(Trapp) (RN=1261)
B: 18 Oct 1955 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 14 May 1977 to Marolyn . . (RN=2878) @ . .OR (Divorced)
RM: 03 Mar 1983 to Anne . . (RN=1266) @ Salem,Or
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M

2 Joel Mathew Trapp (RN=1262)
B: 14 Feb 1957 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 28 May 1985(?) to Kathleen. . O'Brien (RN=1530) @ . .NM(?)
Living @ Kent,WA
SEX: M

3 Brian Ward Trapp (RN=1263)
B: 14 Feb 1957 @ Syracuse,NY
M: 18 May 1985 to Tam. . Hatch (RN=1531) @ NYCity,NY (Divorced)
Living @ Newport, RI
SEX: M

4 Cynthia Dawn Trapp (RN=1264)
B: 27 Jun 1959 @ Binghamton,NY
M: 10 Jan 1980 to Donald. . Reeder (RN=1532) @ Salem,OR
Living @ Madras,OR
SEX: F

5 Laurie Dianne Trapp (RN=1265)
B: 27 Jun 1959 @ Binghamton,NY
M: 19 Sep 1981 to Ritch. . Seifert (RN=1535) @ Salem,OR
Living @ Portland,OR
SEX: F

NOTES:
(1)-1: As of 4 Nov 1993 Daniel and Anne expecting their 4th child per Muriel Trapp.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Richard Charles Ward (RN=1348)
B: 27 Apr 1930 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 03 Mar 1950 @ Olean,NY
Living @ Silver Creek,NY
SEX: M
Father: Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
Mother: Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272)

Wife: Marlene Joy Ensell (RN=1352)
B: . . @ . . .
Living @ Silver Creek,NY
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Richard Ensell Ward (RN=1353)
B: 21 May 1951 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

2 Robert Reginald Ward (RN=1354)
B: 12 Apr 1952 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

3 Ellen Dianne Ward (RN=1355)
B: 16 Nov 1953 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: F

4 Ronald Wayne Ward (RN=1356)
B: 09 Nov 1954 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Raymond Gerald Ward (RN=1349)
B: 18 Jul 1931 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 01 Mar 1952 @ Olean,NY
Living @ Olean,NY
SEX: M
Father: Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
Mother: Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272)

Wife: Mary Jane Patterson (RN=1357)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ Olean,NY
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Randall Lee Ward (RN=1358)
B: 09 Sep 1955 @ Olean,NY
M: . . to Karen. . . . (RN=2865) @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

2 Renee Elizabeth Ward (RN=1359)
B: 28 Feb 1957 @ Olean,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: F

3 Roy. . Ward (RN=1360)
B: . . @ Olean,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

4 Risa. . Ward (RN=1361)
B: . . @ Olean,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . . .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Howard Earnest Ward (RN=1350)
B: 30 Aug 1931 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 04 Sep 1954 @ Olean,NY
Living @ Phoenix,AZ
SEX: M
Father: Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
Mother: Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272)

Wife: Beverly Ann Crocker (RN=1362)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Phoenix,AZ
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Timothy Lee Ward (RN=1363)
B: 30 Dec 1955 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Lynne Christine Ward (RN=1364)
B: 03 Jan 1957 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Craig Edward Ward (RN=1365)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

4 David Dennis Ward (RN=1366)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Donald. . Seaward (RN=1367)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 22 Sep 1962 @ Olean,NY
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Susan Emma Ward (RN=1351)
B: 12 Jun 1944 @ Olean,NY
Living @ Saranac Lake, NY 6/92
SEX: F
Father: Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
Mother: Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272)

CHILDREN

1 Judith Elaine Seaward (RN=1368)
B: 11 Jul 1963 @ Olean,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Kenneth Philip Seaward (RN=1369)
B: 11 Apr 1966 @ Olean,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2845)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Judith Robena Kerr (RN=1370)
B: 30 Mar 1946 @ Cortland,NY
Living @ Rochester,NY
SEX: F
Father: Edward(Ted) Foulks Kerr (RN=1273)
Mother: Hazel Madeline Ward (RN=51)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Norman Kerr (RN=1371)
B: 10 Oct 1948 @ Cortland,NY
M: 02 Apr 1967 @ Ithaca,NY
Living @ Milwaukee(?),WI
SEX: M
Father: Edward(Ted) Foulks Kerr (RN=1273)
Mother: Hazel Madeline Ward (RN=51)

Wife: Linda Viola Brown (RN=1372)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Jessica. . Kerr (RN=1373)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David Lee Reynolds (RN=1374)
B: 05 Feb 1939 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 11 Apr 1959 @ Cortland,NY
Living @ Homer,NY
SEX: M
Father: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)
Mother: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)
Other Marriages 2: Linda Margaret Williams (RN=1379)

Wife: Rosemarie Ann Valentino (RN=1377)
B: 02 Apr 1940 @ Cortland,NY
D: 21 Jul 1960 @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: Michael. . Valentino (RN=2866)
Mother: Theresa. . Pondossi (RN=2867)

CHILDREN

1 Theresa Marie Reynolds (RN=1378)
B: 16 Jan 1960 @ Holyoke,MA
M: . . to John. . Natoli (RN=1382) @ . .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David Lee Reynolds (RN=1374)
B: 05 Feb 1939 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 27 May 1961 @ Cortland,NY
Living @ Homer,NY
SEX: M
Father: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)
Mother: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)
Other Marriages 1: Rosemarie Ann Valentino (RN=1377)

Wife: Linda Margaret Williams (RN=1379)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Homer,NY
SEX: F
Father: Clarence. . Williams (RN=2868)
Mother: . .. . . . (RN=2869)

CHILDREN

1 Susan. . Reynolds (RN=1380)
B: 01 May 1962 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Mark. . Reynolds (RN=1381)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Michael Steven Fitzgerald (RN=1385)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 22 Apr 1960 @ Groton City,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M
Father: Charles. . Fitzgerald (RN=2870)
Mother: . . . (RN=2871)

Wife: Bonnie Ann Reynolds (RN=1375)
B: 20 Nov 1941 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F
Father: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)
Mother: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)

CHILDREN

1 Scott Griggs Fitzgerald (RN=1386)
B: 07 Dec 1960 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Pamela June Fitzgerald (RN=1387)
B: 06 Feb 1962 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Timothy Mark Fitzgerald (RN=1388)
B: 04 Feb 1963 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Jeffry Allen Reynolds (RN=1376)
B: 29 Mar 1958 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 12 Apr @ . .
Living @ Rabon Gap, GA
SEX: M
Father: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)
Mother: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)

Wife: Jeannie. . . . (RN=1389)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Rabon Gap, GA
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Casey. . Reynolds (RN=1390)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Rabon Gap, GA
SEX: M

2 Coretta Lynn Reynolds (RN=3422)
B: 13 Nov 1993 @ Decatur, GA
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Rabon Gap, GA
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Julian. . Elliott (RN=3001)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Barbara. . Reynolds (RN=2273)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)
Mother: Edie. . Boronkay (RN=2271)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Neil. . Reynolds (RN=2274)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: M
Father: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)
Mother: Edie. . Boronkay (RN=2271)

Wife: Margaret. . Holler (RN=3002)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Gary. . Davis (RN=3003)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Judith. . Reynolds (RN=2275)
B: . . @ . .
Living @ Winter Haven,FL
SEX: F
Father: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)
Mother: Edie. . Boronkay (RN=2271)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Michael. . Bamford (RN=2184)
B: 09 Jan 1926 @ . . .
M: 22 Jul 1946 @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2081)
Mother: Mary Isabelle Williams (RN=2176)

Wife: . . . (RN=2185)
B: _____ @ . . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2186)
B: 04 Oct 1930 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2081)
Mother: Mary Isabelle Williams (RN=2176)

Wife: . . . (RN=2187)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Cody Bamford (RN=2188)
B: 19 Jul 1933 @ . .. .
M: 25 Mar 1963 @ Portland,OR
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2081)
Mother: Mary Isabelle Williams (RN=2176)

Wife: Joan Eleanor Muir Burmester (RN=2189)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Linda Burmester Bamford (RN=2190)
B: 20 May 1956 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2191) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 David Burmester Bamford (RN=2192)
B: 17 Aug 1960 @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2193) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 John Michael Bamford (RN=2194)
B: 27 Dec 1963 @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2195) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(W)-1: Joan and John Bamford were married on 25 Mar 1963 and then got married again on 27 Jul 1963.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Tom. . Goodman (RN=2197)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Sarah Lucile Bamford (RN=2196)
B: 26 Aug 1926 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Glyn Albert Bamford (RN=2084)
Mother: Helen Lucile Went (RN=2177)

CHILDREN

1 Laurie Kay Goodman (RN=2202)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2203) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Melissa. . Goodman (RN=2204)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2205) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Clarence. . Graves (RN=2199)
B: . . @ . .
M: 04 Oct 1948 @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2198)
B: 10 Oct 1932 @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: F
Father: Glyn Albert Bamford (RN=2084)
Mother: Helen Lucile Went (RN=2177)

CHILDREN

1 Stephanie Gail Graves (RN=2206)
B: 09 Dec 1949 @ . .
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2207) @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: F

2 David. . Graves (RN=2208)
B: Nov 1950 @ . .
M: . . to . . . (RN=2209) @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Glyn. . Bamford (RN=2200)
B: 22 Jul 1935 @ . .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: M
Father: Glyn Albert Bamford (RN=2084)
Mother: Helen Lucile Went (RN=2177)

Wife: . . . (RN=2201)
B: . . @ . . .
Living @ . . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Paul Samuel Whitcomb (RN=2093)
B: . . @ . . .
M: 06 Jun 1953 @ Tacoma,WA
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Janet Elizabeth Erickson (RN=2091)
B: 11 Apr 1931 @ Sumner,WA
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F
Father: John Alvyn "Al" (Kaulunen) Erickson (RN=2090)
Mother: Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)

CHILDREN

1 Hollis ('Holly') Elizabeth Whitcomb (RN=2094)
B: 20 Mar 1955 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____
RM: _____ to _____ @ _____
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: F

2 Susan Melissa Whitcomb (RN=2095)
B: 16 Nov 1956 @ . . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____
RM: _____ to _____ @ _____
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: F

3 Libby Alison Whitcomb (RN=2096)
B: 12 Sep 1961 @ . . .
M: . . to Gregory. . Forsyth (RN=2210) @ . .
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F

NOTES:

(1)-1: Pharmacist.
(3)-1: Works with her husband and her father. Has a little girl and boy - Edna's great-grandchildren.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Bamford Erickson (RN=2092)
B: 30 Mar 1935 @ Sumner,WA
M: 28 Dec 1968 @ Lakewood Center,WA
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: M
Father: John Alvyn "Al" (Kaulunen) Erickson (RN=2090)
Mother: Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)

Wife: JoAnn. . McCord (RN=2097)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Erickson (RN=2098)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: .

2 . .. . Erickson (RN=2099)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: .

3 . .. . Erickson (RN=2100)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: .

NOTES:
(H)-1: Engineer.
(1)-1: Attending Washington State University.
(2)-1: Attending Washington State University.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Nicholas Rust (RN=2212)
B: 12 Mar 1928 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 03 Sep 1949 @ . .HI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Samuel Philip Rust Sr. (RN=2180)
Mother: Merrill Ward Bamford (RN=2087)

Wife: Camilla Ernestine Rankin (RN=2213)
B: 05 Apr 1930 @ . .TN
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Patrick Nicholas Rust (RN=2218)
B: 26 Mar 1951 @ San Diego,CA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2219) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Rena Carol Rust (RN=2220)
B: 12 Jan 1953 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2221) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Tami Lee Rust (RN=2222)
B: 24 Nov 1957 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2223) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Clifford. . Viereck (RN=2215)
B: 07 May 1926 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 11 Apr 1947 @ Superior,MT
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Sheila Kate Rust (RN=2214)
B: 16 May 1929 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Samuel Philip Rust Sr. (RN=2180)
Mother: Merrill Ward Bamford (RN=2087)

CHILDREN

1 Michael John Viereck (RN=2224)
B: 05 Mar 1948 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2225) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Mary Lin Viereck (RN=2226)
B: 22 Dec 1954 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2227) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Samuel Philip Rust Jr. (RN=2216)
B: 03 Aug 1930 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 20 Mar 1953 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Samuel Philip Rust Sr. (RN=2180)
Mother: Merrill Ward Bamford (RN=2087)

Wife: Diane Lucille Hardy (RN=2217)
B: 27 May 1930 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Molly Luana Rust (RN=2228)
B: 27 Oct 1955 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2229) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Maureen Lucille Rust (RN=2230)
B: 16 Jul 1958 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2231) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert Gates Page King (RN=2232)
B: 14 Nov 1942 @ . .. .
M: 27 Jun 1963 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Robert Warren Page (RN=2181)
Mother: Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)
Other Marriages 2: Shelley Otley Barnhart (RN=2234)

Wife: Lucy. . Amarando (RN=2233)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Antony Scott King (RN=2235)
B: 13 Aug 1965 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2236) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert Gates Page King (RN=2232)
B: 14 Nov 1942 @ . .. .
M: 23 Aug 1966 @ Coeur d'Alene,ID
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Robert Warren Page (RN=2181)
Mother: Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)
Other Marriages 1: Lucy. . Amarando (RN=2233)

Wife: Shelley Otley Barnhart (RN=2234)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Eric Barnhart King (RN=2237)
B: 24 Oct 1965? @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2238) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: Probably error in birth year. Parents married 23 Aug 1966 - birth year may be 1967.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . . . (RN=2240)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Glyn Ann King (RN=2239)
B: 23 Mar 1952 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Charles Kenneth King (RN=2182)
Mother: Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

OTES:

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amily Group Sheet

usband: George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243)
: . . @ . .. .
1: 28 Nov 1953 @ . .
iving @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)
B: 14 Apr 1935? @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Jr. (RN=2089)
Mother: Jean Frances Curtiss (RN=2183)

CHILDREN

1 James Earl Eastwood (RN=2246)
B: 26 Aug 1956 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2247) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 David George Eastwood (RN=2248)
B: 23 Jan 1958 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2249) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Robert John Eastwood (RN=2250)
B: 18 Sep 1959 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2251) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

4 Stephen Eric Eastwood (RN=2252)
B: 12 Feb 1964 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2253) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

5 Mary Anne Elizabeth Eastwood (RN=2254)
B: 26 Nov 1965 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2255) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert Wendall Crouch Bamford (RN=2244)
B: 13 Jul 1935? @ . .. .
M: 23 Nov 1966 @ Burien,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Jr. (RN=2089)
Mother: Jean Frances Curtiss (RN=2183)

Wife: Marilyn. . Frese (RN=2245)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Stanley. . Sherwood (RN=2335)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 27 Jun .... @ . .
Living @ Endwell,NY 1/93
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Shirley Lee Woodward (RN=2334)
B: 10 Jun 1929 @ . .. .
Living @ Endwell,NY 1/93
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
Mother: Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert. . Wheeler (RN=2337)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Barbara Jean Woodward (RN=2336)
B: 16 Apr 1932 @ Ithaca, NY
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
Mother: Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318)

CHILDREN

1 Craig. . Wheeler (RN=2338)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to Lori. . . . (RN=2339) @ . .
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: M

2 David. . Wheeler (RN=2340)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . (RN=2341) @ . . (Divorced)
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(2)-1: Engaged in 1992 to Linda Brown.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Douglas. . Miller (RN=2452)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Linda. . Woodward (RN=2451)
B: c 1942 @ Onondaga Co.,NY
Living @ Maui, Hawaii 5/92
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
Mother: Helen. . Janowski (RN=2319)
Other Marriages 2: _____

CHILDREN

1 Scarlet Irene Miller (RN=2453)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: F

2 Travis. . Miller (RN=2454)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: M

3 Christine Danielle Miller (RN=2455)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Fred J. . Craig (RN=2370)
B: 28 Jan 1930 @ . . .
M: 15 Dec 1950 @ . .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO.
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Ann Catherine Russell (RN=2369)
B: 26 Jan 1929 @ . . .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO.
SEX: F
Father: David W. . Russell (RN=2362)
Mother: Grace Pearl Waite (RN=2361)

CHILDREN

1 Catherine Ann Craig (RN=2374)
B: 25 Apr 1952 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2375) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 David Howard Craig (RN=2376)
B: 20 Mar 1953 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2377) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Dan. .E. . Craig (RN=2378)
B: 02 Sep 1954 @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . (RN=2379) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . (RN=2372)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 04 Jun 1956 @ . .
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Joy Lynn Russell (RN=2371)
B: 05 May 1935 @ . .. .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO
SEX: F
Father: David W. . Russell (RN=2362)
Mother: Grace Pearl Waite (RN=2361)
Other Marriages 2: Nat W. . Sojourner (RN=2373)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: June 4, 1956 marriage ended 10 Dec 1956 by divorce.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Nat W. . Sojourner (RN=2373)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Joy Lynn Russell (RN=2371)
B: 05 May 1935 @ . .. .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO
SEX: F
Father: David W. . Russell (RN=2362)
Mother: Grace Pearl Waite (RN=2361)
Other Marriages 1: . .. . . . (RN=2372)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Sojourner (RN=2380)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . Sojourner (RN=2381)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

3 . .. . Sojourner (RN=2382)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:
(W)-1: June 4, 1956 marriage ended 10 Dec 1956 by divorce.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William Andrew Howard (RN=2395)
B: 11 Jul 1918 @ Pontiac, MI
M: 10 May 1952 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Kerrville, TX
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
B: 02 Oct 1932 @ Flint, MI
Living @ Kerrville, TX
SEX: F
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
Mother: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)

CHILDREN

1 Deborah Kay Howard (RN=2402)
B: 07 Mar 1953 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to R. .Peter Blackmore (RN=2403) @ . .
Living @ Munich, Germany
SEX: F

2 Rebecca Lee Howard (RN=2404)
B: 17 Aug 1955 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to . .. . Wybengs (RN=2405) @ . .TX
RM: . . to Mark. . Hill (RN=2406) @ . .
Living @ Cupertino, CA
SEX: F

3 Lizabeth Ann Howard (RN=2407)
B: 07 Jun 1957 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to . .. . Broadhurst (RN=2408) @ . .
RM: 04 Mar 1987 to Bernard. . Deneau (RN=2409) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Jennifer Lyn Howard (RN=2410)
B: 27 Sep 1958 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to J. .J. . Capella (RN=2411) @ . . (Divo
rced)
Living @ Stamford, CT
SEX: F

5 Martha Ellen Howard (RN=2412)
B: 09 Oct 1959 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to James Murph Drewry (RN=2413) @ Richardson, TX
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

6 Stephanie Gay Howard (RN=2414)
B: 21 Jun 1961 @ Detroit, MI
M: 01 Oct 1983 to Cary A. . Paulus (RN=2415) @ South Haven, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:
(4)-1: Divorced 1985

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William Duane Anderson (RN=2397)
B: 24 Sep 1936 @ Denver, CO
M: 29 Apr 1960 @ Ventura, CA
Living @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)
B: 09 Mar 1937 @ Flint, MI
Living @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: F
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
Mother: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)

CHILDREN

1 Catherine Anna Anderson (RN=2425)
B: 22 Feb 1961 @ Tucson, AZ
M: . . to Scott. . Hamilton (RN=2426) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 William Duane Anderson Jr. (RN=2427)
B: 24 Nov 1962 @ Tucson, AZ
M: 04 Mar 1987 to Lea. . Sturdevant (RN=2428) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Regina Beth Anderson (RN=2429)
B: 21 Aug 1966 @ Tucson, AZ
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2430) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Kirsten Marie Anderson (RN=2431)
B: 08 Oct 1968 @ Tucson, AZ
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2432) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
B: 19 Feb 1947 @ Highland Park, MI
M: 10 May 1968 @ Redford, MI
Living @ . .Florida
SEX: M
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
Mother: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)
Other Marriages 2: . . . (RN=2400), 3: Marlaine. .
Keehn (RN=2401)

Wife: Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399)
B: 03 Jun 1949 @ Detroit, MI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Charles Conrad Sauvage III (RN=2442)
B: 24 Jan 1969 @ Redford, MI
M: 03 Nov 1990 to Michelle. . Bettenyoun (RN=2443) @ Cheyenne, WY
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Jason Edward Sauvage (RN=2444)
B: 05 Sep 1971 @ Detroit, MI
M: . . to . . . (RN=2445) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Born Highland Park, Detroit, Wayne Co., MI.
(H)-2: Divorced Cheryl. .Turkowski (RN=2399) @ Cincinnati, Ohio in 1977.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
B: 19 Feb 1947 @ Highland Park, MI
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .Florida
SEX: M
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
Mother: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)
Other Marriages 1: Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399), 3: Marlaine. .
Keehn (RN=2401)

Wife: . . . . (RN=2400)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:
(H)-1: Born Highland Park, Detroit, Wayne Co., MI.
(H)-2: Divorced Cheryl. .Turkowski (RN=2399) @ Cincinnati, Ohio in 1977.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
B: 19 Feb 1947 @ Highland Park, MI
M: 23 Feb 1992 @ Pompano Beach, FL
Living @ . .Florida
SEX: M
Father: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
Mother: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)
Other Marriages 1: Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399), 2: . . .
. (RN=2400)

Wife: Marlaine. . Keehn (RN=2401)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

No Children

NOTES:
(H)-1: Born Highland Park, Detroit, Wayne Co., MI.
(H)-2: Divorced Cheryl. .Turkowski (RN=2399) @ Cincinnati, Ohio in 1977.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John 'Jack'. . Werthman Jr. (RN=2146)
B: 14 Dec 1913 @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: Mar 1983 @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: M
Father: John 'Jack'. . Werthman Sr. (RN=2127)
Mother: Mattie Ellen Bach (RN=2006)
Other Marriages 1: _____

Wife: Valora H. . . . (RN=2147)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: 05 Jul 1992 @ Kansas City, MO
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 John Peter 'Jack' Werthman (RN=2150)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Valora Lynn Werthman (RN=2151)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Sheri Gaye Werthman (RN=2152)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Leslie Anne Werthman (RN=2153)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.

Text for John "Jack". .Werthman, Jr. (RN=2146)

Valora H. Werthman (RN=2147)
411 E. 80th Street
Kansas City,MO 64131
Tel: 1-(816) 523-6070 (18 Jan 1992)

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Kenneth. . Jenkins (RN=2149)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Torrance,CA (Jan 1992)
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Anna Gertrude Werthman (RN=2148)
B: . . @ Kansas City,MO
Living @ Torrance,CA (Jan 1992)
SEX: F
Father: John 'Jack'. . Werthman Sr. (RN=2127)
Mother: Mattie Ellen Bach (RN=2006)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Jenkins (RN=2154)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

2 . .. . Jenkins (RN=2155)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

3 . .. . Jenkins (RN=2156)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

4 . .. . Jenkins (RN=2157)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

CHILDREN

5 . .. . Jenkins (RN=2158)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text.

Text for Anna Gertrude Werthman (RN=2148)

Anna Gertrude Werthman (Mrs. Kenneth) Jenkins (rn=2148)
4029 W. 183rd Street
Torrance,CA 90504
Tel: 1-(310) 371-8596 (12 Jan 1992)
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Richard. . Hamby (RN=2159)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . @ . .
D: . .1981 @ . .CA
SEX: M
Father: (Richard ?). . Hamby (RN=2128)
Mother: Stella M. . Bach (RN=2007)

Wife: Bernice. . . . (RN=2160)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Hemet,CA (Jan 1992)
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Brian. . Hamby (RN=2163)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Bruce. . Hamby (RN=2164)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text.

Text for Bernice . .. . (RN=2160)

Bernice Hamby (RN=2160)
45654 E. Florida Ave.
Hemet,CA 92344
Tel: 1-(714) 927-2334 (Jan 1992)
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
B: 18 Apr 1894 @ Kansas City,MO
M: 25 Dec 1913 @ Stewart,AR
D: 27 Jan 1968 @ 420 S.Knight/Wichita,KS
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 2: Alice C. Stolzenburg (RN=1268)

Wife: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)
B: 17 May 1894 @ Bird,IL
D: 22 Nov 1964 @ Hospital-Lawrence,KS
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Homer LeRoy Ward (RN=1276)
B: 22 Sep 1914 @ Hardy/Stewart,AR
M: 02 Jun 1944 to Cora Stanton (RN=1539) @ Eastport/Baltimore,MD
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Louis Frederick Ward (RN=1277)
B: 14 Dec 1916 @ Caney,KS
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=1541) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Raymond Ernest Ward (RN=1278)
B: 06 Jul 1918 @ Yates Center,KS
M: Mar 1938 to Margie Dillon (RN=1543) @ Olathe,KS
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

4 Lawrence Marion Ward (RN=1279)
B: 20 Jan 1920 @ Yates Center,KS
M: . . to Arlene (?). . . . (RN=1545) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

CHILDREN

5 Opal Irene Ward (RN=1538)
B: 22 May 1925 @ . .. .
Single
D: May 1935 @ . .. .
SEX: F

6 Mary Florance Ward (RN=1280)
B: 21 Dec 1930 @ Overbrook,KS
M: . . to George E. . Mahan (RN=1546) @ . . (Widowed)
Living @ . .MA
SEX: F

7 Lucille Ann Ward (RN=1281)
B: 10 Aug 1933 @ Overbrook,KS
M: . . to . .. . Rhoads (RN=1550) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frederick Earnest Ward (RN=46)
B: 18 Apr 1894 @ Kansas City,MO
M: 27 Apr 1942 @ Clay Center,KS
D: 27 Jan 1968 @ 420 S.Knight/Wichita,KS
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 1: Ada Inez Bird (RN=1267)

Wife: Alice C. Stolzenburg (RN=1268)
B: 11 Aug 1914 @ Clyde,KS
D: 19 Apr 1980 @ 420 S.Knight/Wichita,KS
SEX: F
Father: Ernest Stolzenburg (RN=2767)
Mother: Louise Rupe (RN=2770)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Harvey Lloyd Caywood Sr. (RN=1269)
B: 04 Mar 1894 @ Stewart,AR
M: 15 Apr 1915 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
D: 26 Mar 1944 @ 57 Floral, Cortland,NY
SEX: M
Father: Clarence Auburn Caywood (RN=2791)
Mother: Grace Marsh (RN=2797)

Wife: Mabel Florence Ward (RN=47)
B: 30 Jan 1896 @ Kansas City,MO
D: 03 Jan 1989 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)

CHILDREN

1 Harvey Lloyd Caywood Jr. (RN=1282)
B: 19 Feb 1921 @ Ward Farm,Virgil,NY
M: 16 Sep 1944 to Mary(Betty) Elizabeth Wilkes (RN=1284) @ Syracuse,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M

2 Paul Edward Caywood Sr. (RN=1283)
B: 30 Oct 1932 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 05 Jul 1958 to Margery Lee Diehl (RN=1287) @ Marathon,NY
D: 23 Sep 1990 @ . .NY
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
B: 03 Jan 1900 @ Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
M: 15 Aug 1923 @ Bay's Home,Virgil,NY
D: 12 Mar 1985 @ Hospital-Amsterdam,NY
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 2: Helen Jeffers (RN=1271)

Wife: Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270)
B: 09 May 1903 @ Virgil,NY
D: 02 Jul 1988 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Orrie. . Bays (RN=2798)
Mother: Mattie. . Stillman (RN=2838)
Other Marriages 2: Ford. . Hitchcock (RN=2960)

CHILDREN

1 Harold James Ward (RN=1291)
B: 29 Jun 1924 @ Buffalo,NY
M: 16 Jun 1956 to Kathleen. . Carroll (RN=1556) @ Syracuse,NY
Living @ . .FL
SEX: M

2 Donald Gilbert Ward (RN=1292)
B: 26 Jun 1928 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 16 Apr 1949 to Marian Pearl Frederickson (RN=1294) @ Casadaga,NY
Living @ Hamburg,NY
SEX: M

3 Barbara Jean Ward (RN=1293)
B: 16 Jun 1931 @ . .. .
M: 16 Oct 1948 to Bruce Wagner (RN=1559) @ Jamestown,NY (Widowed)
Living @ Fayetteville, NY
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frank Charles Ward Jr. (RN=48)
B: 03 Jan 1900 @ Charlotte St,Buffalo,NY
M: 06 Apr 1940 @ St Petersburg,FL
D: 12 Mar 1985 @ Hospital-Amsterdam,NY
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 1: Mary Alice Bays (RN=1270)

Wife: Helen Jeffers (RN=1271)
B: . .1898 @ . .. .
Living @ Pattersonville,NY
SEX: F
Father: William D. Jeffers (RN=2839)
Mother: Alma Walker (RN=2840)
Other Marriages 1: _____

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Melvin LeRoy Trapp (RN=1250)
B: 17 Jul 1890 @ Gee Hill,Cortland,NY
M: 02 Mar 1921 @ Ward Farm, Virgil,NY
D: 17 Apr 1970 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
SEX: M
Father: Fred LeRoy Trapp (RN=1253)
Mother: Jessie Ruth Joyner (RN=1254)

Wife: Muriel Frances Ward (RN=49)
B: 21 Dec 1902 @ Kansas City,KS
Living @ Slaterville Springs,NY
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)

CHILDREN

1 Jean Marie Trapp (RN=1251)
B: 05 Jul 1928 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 03 Apr 1948 to Joseph Vincent Barrile Sr. (RN=1255) @ . . (Divorced)
Living @ Slaterville Springs,NY
SEX: F

2 Ward Melvin Trapp (RN=1252)
B: 02 Jul 1930 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 18 Aug 1953 to Dianne Adele Miller (RN=1260) @ Bapt.Church,Cortland,NY
Living @ Salem,OR
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Reginald(Rex) Cowley Ward (RN=50)
B: 19 Sep 1906 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
M: 10 Oct 1928 @ McGraw,NY
D: 31 Oct 1980 @ home-Olean,NY
SEX: M
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)

Wife: Emma Elizabeth Lash (RN=1272)
B: 29 Jul 1911 @ Cestos, Oklahoma
Living @ Olean,NY
SEX: F
Father: Cleveland George Lash (RN=2841)
Mother: Effie Viola Sander (RN=2842)

CHILDREN

1 Richard Charles Ward (RN=1348)
B: 27 Apr 1930 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 03 Mar 1950 to Marlene Joy Ensell (RN=1352) @ Olean,NY
Living @ Silver Creek,NY
SEX: M

2 Raymond Gerald Ward (RN=1349)
B: 18 Jul 1931 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 01 Mar 1952 to Mary Jane Patterson (RN=1357) @ Olean,NY
Living @ Olean,NY
SEX: M

3 Howard Earnest Ward (RN=1350)
B: 30 Aug 1931 @ Jamestown,NY
M: 04 Sep 1954 to Beverly Ann Crocker (RN=1362) @ Olean,NY
Living @ Phoenix,AZ
SEX: M

4 Susan Emma Ward (RN=1351)
B: 12 Jun 1944 @ Olean,NY
M: 22 Sep 1962 to Donald. . Seaward (RN=1367) @ Olean,NY (Divorced)
Living @ Saranac Lake, NY 6/92
SEX: F

NOTES:
(W)-1: Cleveland George Lash born 1884, died . . Effie Viola Sander
born Sept 1887, died Sept 1911.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Edward(Ted) Foulks Kerr (RN=1273)
B: _____ @ Liverpool,England
M: 10 Aug 1935 @ Cortland,NY
D: 30 Nov 1988 @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: M
Father: . .. . Kerr (RN=2843)
Mother: Mary. . Foulks(?) (RN=2844)

Wife: Hazel Madeline Ward (RN=51)
B: 24 Aug 1911 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)

CHILDREN

1 Judith Robena Kerr (RN=1370)
B: 30 Mar 1946 @ Cortland,NY
M: . . to . .. . . (RN=2845) @ . .
Living @ Rochester,NY
SEX: F

2 James Norman Kerr (RN=1371)
B: 10 Oct 1948 @ Cortland,NY
M: 02 Apr 1967 to Linda Viola Brown (RN=1372) @ Ithaca,NY (Divorced)
Living @ Milwaukee(?),WI
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)
B: 26 Apr 1913 @ South Otselic,NY
M: 08 Aug 1936 @ Cortland,NY
D: 5or6 Feb 1979 @ Hospital-Ithaca,NY
SEX: M
Father: Layton Reynolds (RN=2876)
Mother: Sarah. . Bolger (RN=2847)

Wife: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)
B: 14 May 1917 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 2: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)

CHILDREN

1 David Lee Reynolds (RN=1374)
B: 05 Feb 1939 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 11 Apr 1959 to Rosemarie Ann Valentino (RN=1377) @ Cortland,NY (Widowed)
RM: 27 May 1961 to Linda Margaret Williams (RN=1379) @ Cortland,NY
Living @ Homer,NY
SEX: M

2 Bonnie Ann Reynolds (RN=1375)
B: 20 Nov 1941 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 22 Apr 1960 to Michael Steven Fitzgerald (RN=1385) @ Groton City,NY
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: F

CHILDREN

3 Jeffry Allen Reynolds (RN=1376)
B: 29 Mar 1958 @ Hospital-Cortland,NY
M: 12 Apr to Jeannie. . . (RN=1389) @ . .
Living @ Rabon Gap, GA
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)
B: 05 Jan 1915 @ South Otselic,NY
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: M
Father: Layton Reynolds (RN=2876)
Mother: Sarah. . Bolger (RN=2847)
Other Marriages 2: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)

Wife: Edie. . Boronkay (RN=2271)
B: . . @ . .
D: Jul or Sep(?) 1993 @ . .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Edward. . Reynolds (RN=2272)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Syracuse,NY
SEX: M

2 Barbara. . Reynolds (RN=2273)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . to Julian. . Elliott (RN=3001) @ . .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: F

3 Neil. . Reynolds (RN=2274)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . to Margaret. . Holler (RN=3002) @ . .
Living @ Cortland,NY
SEX: M

CHILDREN

4 Judith. . Reynolds (RN=2275)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to Gary. . Davis (RN=3003) @ . .
Living @ Winter Haven,FL
SEX: F

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Hugh Anthony Reynolds (RN=1275)
B: 05 Jan 1915 @ South Otselic,NY
M: 10 May 1980 @ Ithaca,NY
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: M
Father: Layton Reynolds (RN=2876)
Mother: Sarah. . Bolger (RN=2847)
Other Marriages 1: Edie. . Boronkay (RN=2271)

Wife: Aydee Marie Ward (RN=53)
B: 14 May 1917 @ King Mills,Sharp Co.,AR
Living @ Fort Myers,FL
SEX: F
Father: Frank Charles Ward Sr. (RN=44)
Mother: Florence Elon Faure (RN=45)
Other Marriages 1: Whitford Lynch Reynolds (RN=1274)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2081)
B: 04 Feb 1894 @ . .. .
M: 28 Nov 1929 @ Portland,OR
D: Feb 1972 @ Portland,OR
SEX: M
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)

Wife: Mary Isabelle Williams (RN=2176)
B: 03 Jul 1897 @ . .. .
D: 25 Jan 1961 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Michael. . Bamford (RN=2184)
B: 09 Jan 1926 @ . .. .
M: 22 Jul 1946 to . . . (RN=2185) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2186)
B: 04 Oct 1930 @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . (RN=2187) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 John Cody Bamford (RN=2188)
B: 19 Jul 1933 @ . .. .
M: 25 Mar 1963 to Joan Eleanor Muir Burmester (RN=2189) @ Portland,OR
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Birthdate from Mabel Ward Woodward.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Glyn Albert Bamford (RN=2084)
B: 05 Aug 1901 @ Merrill,WI
M: 29 Nov 1928 @ Portland,OR
D: 06 Jan 1935 @ Portland,OR
SEX: M
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)

Wife: Helen Lucile Went (RN=2177)
B: 08 Apr 1906 @ Portland,OR
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Sarah Lucile Bamford (RN=2196)
B: 26 Aug 1926 @ . .. .
M: . . to Tom. . Goodman (RN=2197) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2198)
B: 10 Oct 1932 @ . .. .
M: 04 Oct 1948 to Clarence. . Graves (RN=2199) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Glyn. . Bamford (RN=2200)
B: 22 Jul 1935 @ . .. .
M: . . to . . . . (RN=2201) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Died early adult years, left 3 young children: Sally Lucile Bamford,
Rilda Virginia Bamford, Glyn. .Bamford.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Alvyn "Al" (Kaulunen) Erickson (RN=2090)
B: 27 Sep 1904 @ Carbonado,WA
M: 26 Apr 1930 @ Centralia,WA
D: 16 Dec 1967 @ Lakewood Center,WA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)
B: 15 Jun 1903 @ Merrill,WI
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)

CHILDREN

1 Janet Elizabeth Erickson (RN=2091)
B: 11 Apr 1931 @ Sumner,WA
M: 06 Jun 1953 to Paul Samuel Whitcomb (RN=2093) @ Tacoma,WA
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F

2 . .. . Erickson (RN=2101)
B: . . @ . .. .
Single
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 John Bamford Erickson (RN=2092)
B: 30 Mar 1935 @ Sumner,WA
M: 28 Dec 1968 to JoAnn. . McCord (RN=2097) @ Lakewood Center,WA
Living @ Seattle,WA
SEX: M

Text for Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)

Edna had to go to Seattle,WA and live in order to attend high school. When she finished she worked as a stenographer in Seattle for awhile. Married Al Erickson who was an accountant for large paper mills. Lived 23 years in Tacoma (1963-1986). Came to Spokane,WA in 1986 to be near daughter, Janet Erickson Whitcomb.

29 Feb 1992 address:

Mrs. Edna Erickson
Riverview Terrace
E. 1801 Upriver Drive #353
Spokane,WA 99207
Tel: 1-509-482-8353

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leonard John Pettet (RN=2178)
B: 22 Jul 1905 @ Oak Harbor,WA
M: 16 Sep 1926 @ Centralia,WA
D: Nov 1956 @ Enumclaw,WA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2086)
B: 23 Aug 1906 @ Merrill,WI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
Other Marriages 2: Louis John Daul (RN=2179)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Louis John Daul (RN=2179)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 07 Dec 1957 @ Superior,MT
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2086)
B: 23 Aug 1906 @ Merrill,WI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
Other Marriages 1: Leonard John Pettet (RN=2178)

No Children

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Samuel Philip Rust Sr. (RN=2180)
B: 09 Oct 1903 @ . .. .
M: 28 Apr 1927 @ Centralia,WA
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Merrill Ward Bamford (RN=2087)
B: 12 Jun 1908 @ Merrill,WI
D: 29 Dec 1966 @ Diyarbakir,Turkey
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)

CHILDREN

1 James Nicholas Rust (RN=2212)
B: 12 Mar 1928 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 03 Sep 1949 to Camilla Ernestine Rankin (RN=2213) @ . .HI
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Sheila Kate Rust (RN=2214)
B: 16 May 1929 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 11 Apr 1947 to Clifford. . Viereck (RN=2215) @ Superior,MT
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Samuel Philip Rust Jr. (RN=2216)
B: 03 Aug 1930 @ Bellingham,WA
M: 20 Mar 1953 to Diane Lucille Hardy (RN=2217) @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert Warren Page (RN=2181)
B: . . @ . .
M: 12 Nov 1938 @ Portland,OR
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)
B: 25 Dec 1910 @ Everett,WA
D: 29 Mar 1994 @ . .
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
Other Marriages 2: Charles Kenneth King (RN=2182)

CHILDREN

1 Robert Gates Page King (RN=2232)
B: 14 Nov 1942 @ . .
M: 27 Jun 1963 to Lucy. . Amarando (RN=2233) @ Bellingham,WA (Divorced)
RM: 23 Aug 1966 to Shelley Otley Barnhart (RN=2234) @ Coeur d'Alene,ID
Living @ . .
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Kenneth King (RN=2182)
B: . . @ . .
M: 23 Apr 1947 @ Bellingham,WA
Living @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)
B: 25 Dec 1910 @ Everett,WA
D: 29 Mar 1994 @ . .
SEX: F
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
Other Marriages 1: Robert Warren Page (RN=2181)

CHILDREN

1 Glyn Ann King (RN=2239)
B: 23 Mar 1952 @ Bellingham,WA
M: . . to . . . (RN=2240) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: (Thomas) James Bamford Jr. (RN=2089)
B: 27 Mar 1915 @ Whidbey Island,WA
M: 22 Sep 1945 @ San Francisco,CA
D: 1990 @ . . WA
SEX: M
Father: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
Mother: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)

Wife: Jean Frances Curtiss (RN=2183)
B: 01 Jan 1914 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 1: . .. . Crouch (RN=2241)

CHILDREN

1 Mary Jean Crouch Bamford (RN=2242)
B: 14 Apr 1935? @ . .
M: 28 Nov 1953 to George Earl Eastwood (RN=2243) @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Robert Wendall Crouch Bamford (RN=2244)
B: 13 Jul 1935? @ . .. .
M: 23 Nov 1966 to Marilyn. . Frese (RN=2245) @ Burien,WA
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Crouch (RN=2241)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Jean Frances Curtiss (RN=2183)
B: 01 Jan 1914 @ . .. .
Living @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 2: (Thomas) James Bamford Jr. (RN=2089)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Harold George Kenyon (RN=2315)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 05 Jan 1929 @ Ithaca, NY
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Cora Elizabeth Woodward (RN=2314)
B: 13 Feb 1901 @ LeRoy, NY
Living @ Wilmington,DE 1/95
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
B: 17 Jun 1905 @ San Francisco, CA
M: . . @ Ithaca,NY
D: before 1985 @ Meza,AZ
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
Other Marriages 2: Helen. . Janowski (RN=2319), 3: Marie. .
Hembert (RN=2320)

Wife: Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318)
B: 23 Feb 1906 @ Auburn,NY
D: 19 Jan 1993 @ Herkimer,NY
SEX: F
Father: Perle. . Greenfield (RN=2850)
Mother: Gertrude June . . (RN=2851)

CHILDREN

1 Shirley Lee Woodward (RN=2334)
B: 10 Jun 1929 @ . .. .
M: 27 Jun .... to Stanley. . Sherwood (RN=2335) @ . .
Living @ Endwell,NY 1/93
SEX: F

2 Barbara Jean Woodward (RN=2336)
B: 16 Apr 1932 @ Ithaca, NY
M: . . to Robert. . Wheeler (RN=2337) @ . .
Living @ Newport,NY
SEX: F

NOTES:
(1)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
B: 17 Jun 1905 @ San Francisco, CA
M: Nov 1940 @ Weedsport, NY
D: before 1985 @ Meza,AZ
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
Other Marriages 1: Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318), 3: Marie. . Hembert (RN=2320)

Wife: Helen. . Janowski (RN=2319)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Linda. . Woodward (RN=2451)
B: c 1942 @ Onondaga Co.,NY
M: _____ to Douglas. . Miller (RN=2452) @ _____ (Divorced)
RM: _____ to _____ @ _____
Living @ Maui, Hawaii 5/92
SEX: F

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
B: 17 Jun 1905 @ San Francisco, CA
M: 23 Feb 1945 @ Oneida, NY
D: before 1985 @ Meza,AZ
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
Other Marriages 1: Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318), 2: Helen. . Janowski (RN=2319)

Wife: Marie. . Hembert (RN=2320)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: E. Willis Jones (RN=2322)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 15 Nov 1925 @ Chicago, IL
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Ruth Gratton Woodward (RN=2321)
B: 26 Jan 1907 @ Buffalo, NY
D: . 1985 @ Carefree,AZ(?)
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Paul Adelbert Jerome (RN=2324)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 08 Nov 1930 @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Florence Mabel Woodward (RN=2323)
B: 18 Jan 1908(?) @ Buffalo, NY
D: 1975/1976 @ Atlanta,GA
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William Eugene Stevenson (RN=2328)
B: . . @ . .
M: 28 Dec 1940 @ Portland, OR
Living @ San Marcos,CA 2/93
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mabel Grace Woodward (RN=2327)
B: 04 Feb 1916 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
Living @ San Marcos,CA 2/93
SEX: F
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Kenneth. . Woodward Sr. (RN=2329)
B: 12 Apr 1920 @ Buffalo, NY
M: 19 Sep 1941 @ Arcadia, FL
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
Other Marriages 2: . . . (RN=2331)

Wife: Dorothy. . Wolf (RN=2330)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . Jul 1952 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Kenneth. . Woodward Jr. (RN=3425)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

2 Donald Leman Woodward (RN=3426)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Kenneth. . Woodward Sr. (RN=2329)
B: 12 Apr 1920 @ Buffalo, NY
M: . . @ . .
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
Other Marriages 1: Dorothy. . Wolf (RN=2330)

Wife: . . . (RN=2331)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Paul Malen Woodward (RN=2332)
B: 25 Aug 1926 @ Buffalo, NY
M: 24 Mar 1945 @ Memphis, TN
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: M
Father: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
Mother: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

Wife: Margaret Iltha Miller (RN=2333)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2359)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Edna May Waite (RN=2358)
B: 29 Mar 1906 @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)
Other Marriages 2: . .. . . . (RN=2360)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Died of heart problems.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . . . (RN=2360)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Edna May Waite (RN=2358)
B: 29 Mar 1906 @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)
Other Marriages 1: . .. . . . (RN=2359)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . . . (RN=2389)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . . . (RN=2390)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:
(W)-1: Died of heart problems.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David W. . Russell (RN=2362)
B: 22 Apr 1906 @ . .. .
M: 22 Apr 1928 @ Flint, MI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Grace Pearl Waite (RN=2361)
B: 20 Nov 1907 @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)

CHILDREN

1 Ann Catherine Russell (RN=2369)
B: 26 Jan 1929 @ . .. .
M: 15 Dec 1950 to Fred J. . Craig (RN=2370) @ . .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO.
SEX: F

2 Joy Lynn Russell (RN=2371)
B: 05 May 1935 @ . .. .
M: 04 Jun 1956 to . .. . . . (RN=2372) @ . . (Divorced)
RM: . . to Nat W. . Sojourner (RN=2373) @ . .
Living @ Colorado Springs, CO
SEX: F

NOTES:
(W)-1: Died of heart problems.
(2)-1: June 4, 1956 marriage ended 10 Dec 1956 by divorce.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364)
B: 22 Jan 1911 @ Bay City, MI
M: 13 Nov 1930 @ Flint, MI
D: .....1988 @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: M
Father: Floyd Thurman Sauvage (RN=2391)
Mother: Mildred Myrtle Luce (RN=2392)

Wife: Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)
B: 31 Jan 1912 @ Flint, MI
Living @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: F
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)

CHILDREN

1 Sheila Virginia Sauvage (RN=2394)
B: 02 Oct 1932 @ Flint, MI
M: 10 May 1952 to William Andrew Howard (RN=2395) @ Detroit, MI
Living @ Kerrville, TX
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Kay Lee Sauvage (RN=2396)
B: 09 Mar 1937 @ Flint, MI
M: 29 Apr 1960 to William Duane Anderson (RN=2397) @ Ventura, CA
Living @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: F

3 Charles Conrad Sauvage Jr. (RN=2398)
B: 19 Feb 1947 @ Highland Park, MI
M: 10 May 1968 to Cheryl. . Turkowski (RN=2399) @ Redford, MI (Divorced)
RM: . . to . . . (RN=2400) @ . .
RM: 23 Feb 1992 to Marlaine. . Keehn (RN=2401) @ Pompano Beach, FL
Living @ . .Florida
SEX: M

NOTES:
(3)-1: Born Highland Park, Detroit, Wayne Co., MI.
(3)-2: Divorced Cheryl. .Turkowski (RN=2399) @ Cincinnati, Ohio in 1977.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George(Richard?) Waite Jr.(?) (RN=2365)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
Living @ Canton, OH
SEX: M
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)

Wife: Stella. . . (RN=2366)
B: . . @ . .. .
Living @ Canton, OH
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Waite (RN=2383)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

2 . .. . Waite (RN=2384)
B: . . @ . .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

CHILDREN

3 . .. . Waite (RN=2385)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

4 . .. . Waite (RN=2386)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:
(H)-1: Died at age 50 of heart problems.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Ward McDermond Waite (RN=2367)
B: .....1915 @ Flint, MI
M: 26 Sep..... @ Flint, MI
D: .....1982 @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
Mother: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)

Wife: Constance Sophronia Lewis (RN=2368)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: 06 Mar 1986 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Lynn H. . Lewis (RN=2852)
Mother: . .. . . . (RN=2853)

CHILDREN

1 Lynn Lewis Waite (RN=2387)
B: 23 Jul 1937 @ Fenton, MI
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ Burke, VA
SEX: M

2 . .. . Waite (RN=2388)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: ?

NOTES:
(H)-1: Died of heart problems.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Walter. . Ross (RN=2126)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Anna J. . Bach (RN=2005)
B: 15 Sep 1889 @ Kansas City,MO
D: Sep 1967 @ Independence,MO
SEX: F
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Ross (RN=2141)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

2 . .. . Ross (RN=2142)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

3 . .. . Ross (RN=2143)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

4 . .. . Ross (RN=2144)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

5 . .. . Ross (RN=2145)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

NOTES:
(H)-1: Do you have addresses/phone numbers for Mattie or other children? Could you list them here? Thank you.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John 'Jack'. . Werthman Sr. (RN=2127)
B: . . @ . .NY
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mattie Ellen Bach (RN=2006)
B: 17 Oct 1891 @ Kansas City,MO
D: Jun 1971 @ . .TX
SEX: F
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
Other Marriages 2: Obe. . Hall (RN=2990)

CHILDREN

1 John 'Jack'. . Werthman Jr. (RN=2146)
B: 14 Dec 1913 @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ (Widowed)
RM: . . to Valora H. . . . (RN=2147) @ . .
D: Mar 1983 @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: M

2 Anna Gertrude Werthman (RN=2148)
B: . . @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to Kenneth. . Jenkins (RN=2149) @ . .
Living @ Torrance,CA (Jan 1992)
SEX: F

NOTES:
(H)-1: Jack Werthman was from NY State. Worked for Phone Company. Mattie worked for Phone Company in MO. They met in Kansas City,MO, married & stayed there.
(W)-1: Obe Hall & Mattie both died after bad car accident, June 1971.
(1)-1: Text.
(2)-1: Text.

Text for John "Jack". .Werthman, Jr. (RN=2146)

Valora H. Werthman (RN=2147)
411 E. 80th Street
Kansas City,MO 64131
Tel: 1-(816) 523-6070 (18 Jan 1992)

Text for Anna Gertrude Werthman (RN=2148)

Anna Gertrude Werthman (Mrs. Kenneth) Jenkins (rn=2148)

4029 W. 183rd Street
Torrance,CA 90504
Tel: 1-(310) 371-8596 (12 Jan 1992)
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Obe. . Hall (RN=2990)
B: _____ @ _____
M: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mattie Ellen Bach (RN=2006)
B: 17 Oct 1891 @ Kansas City,MO
D: Jun 1971 @ . .TX
SEX: F
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
Other Marriages 1: John 'Jack'. . Werthman Sr. (RN=2127)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Obe Hall & Mattie both died after bad car accident, June 1971.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: (Richard ?). . Hamby (RN=2128)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Stella M. . Bach (RN=2007)
B: Dec 1892 @ Kansas City,MO
D: . . @ . .CA
SEX: F
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
Other Marriages 2: . .. . Davis (RN=2129)

CHILDREN

1 Richard. . Hamby (RN=2159)
B: . . @ . .
M: . . to Bernice. . . . (RN=2160) @ . .
D: . .1981 @ . .CA
SEX: M

2 George. . Hamby (RN=2161)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Arthur. . Hamby (RN=2162)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: . .. . Davis (RN=2129)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Stella M. . Bach (RN=2007)
B: Dec 1892 @ Kansas City,MO
D: . . @ . .CA
SEX: F
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
Other Marriages 1: (Richard ?). . Hamby (RN=2128)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Albert F. . Bach (RN=2008)
B: Oct 1894 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2165)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 . .. . Bach (RN=2166)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

2 . .. . Bach (RN=2167)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

3 . .. . Bach (RN=2168)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

4 . .. . Bach (RN=2169)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

5 . .. . Bach (RN=2170)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Henry C. . Bach Sr. (RN=2009)
B: Jan 1896 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
Mother: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)

Wife: . .. . . . (RN=2171)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Henry C. . Bach Jr. (RN=2172)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . .1991 @ . .. .
SEX: M

2 Cora Belle Bach (RN=2173)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ (Divorced)
RM: _____ to _____ @ _____
Living @ . .CA (1992)
SEX: F

3 . .. . Bach (RN=2174)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

4 . .. . Bach (RN=2175)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
Living @ . .. .
SEX: .

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Frederick George Ward (RN=98)
B: 20 Oct 1862 @ Detroit, Wayne Co.,MI
M: Jun 1883 @ New York City,NY
D: 1885 @ New York City,NY
SEX: M
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

Wife: Ida Barlow (RN=368)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Daniel Livingstone (RN=1868)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 12 Mar 1895 @ Kansas City,MO
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Nellie May Ward (RN=101)
B: 10 Sep 1870 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 07 May 1945 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: F
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: (Thomas) James Bamford Sr. (RN=1869)
B: 17 Jun 1864 @ Grey Co.,Ontario,Canada
M: 26 Apr 1893 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 12 Jan 1943 @ Steilacoom,WA
SEX: M
Father: John Bamford (RN=2130)
Mother: Sarah Jane Earl (RN=2131)

Wife: Daisy Kate Ward (RN=102)
B: 26 Mar 1873 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 07 Jan 1933 @ Centralia,WA
SEX: F
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

CHILDREN

1 Charles Frank Bamford (RN=2081)
B: 04 Feb 1894 @ . .. .
M: 28 Nov 1929 to Mary Isabelle Williams (RN=2176) @ Portland,OR
D: Feb 1972 @ Portland,OR
SEX: M

2 John Earl Bamford (RN=2082)
B: 29 Jan 1898 @ . .. .
Single
D: 07 Mar 1898 @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 Sarah May Bamford (RN=2083)
B: 29 Apr 1899 @ . .. .
Single
D: 28 Dec 1901 @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Glyn Albert Bamford (RN=2084)
B: 05 Aug 1901 @ Merrill,WI
M: 29 Nov 1928 to Helen Lucile Went (RN=2177) @ Portland,OR
D: 06 Jan 1935 @ Portland,OR
SEX: M

5 Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)
B: 15 Jun 1903 @ Merrill,WI
M: 26 Apr 1930 to John Alvyn "Al" (Kaulunen) Erickson (RN=2090) @ Centralia,WA (
Widowed)
Living @ Spokane,WA
SEX: F

CHILDREN

6 Rilda Virginia Bamford (RN=2086)
B: 23 Aug 1906 @ Merrill,WI
M: 16 Sep 1926 to Leonard John Pettet (RN=2178) @ Centralia,WA (Widowed)
RM: 07 Dec 1957 to Louis John Daul (RN=2179) @ Superior,MT
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

7 Merrill Ward Bamford (RN=2087)
B: 12 Jun 1908 @ Merrill,WI
M: 28 Apr 1927 to Samuel Philip Rust Sr. (RN=2180) @ Centralia,WA
D: 29 Dec 1966 @ Diyarbakir,Turkey
SEX: F

8 Carol Estelle Bamford (RN=2088)
B: 25 Dec 1910 @ Everett,WA
M: 12 Nov 1938 to Robert Warren Page (RN=2181) @ Portland,OR (Divorced)
RM: 23 Apr 1947 to Charles Kenneth King (RN=2182) @ Bellingham,WA
D: 29 Mar 1994 @ . .. .
SEX: F

9 (Thomas) James Bamford Jr. (RN=2089)
B: 27 Mar 1915 @ Whidbey Island,WA
M: 22 Sep 1945 to Jean Frances Curtiss (RN=2183) @ San Francisco,CA
D: 1990 @ . . WA
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Name was Thomas James Bamford. Was called James or Jim.
(H)-2: Text.
(W)-1: Edna doesn't know if Daisy was named after anyone. Daisy died at age 59 with cancer of the tongue. Family was surprised. They had expected Jim to go first. She is buried in Centralia,WA.
(1)-1: Birthdate from Mabel Ward Woodward.
(2)-1: Names and dates from Mabel Ward Woodward.
(3)-1: Names and dates from Mabel Ward Woodward.
(4)-1: Died early adult years, left 3 young children: Sally Lucile Bamford, Rilda Virginia Bamford, Glyn. .Bamford.
(5)-1: Text.

Text for (Thomas) James Bamford (RN=1869)

James was a saw filer - sharpened saws for lumber mills. Went from Toronto to Merrill,WI. Moved to Everett,WA about 1909, about time of Atlantic-Pacific Fair. Built home in Everett 1910. Home is in good shape still and the area is very nice (1992). In 1912 Depression hit - mills closed - no jobs. Traded Everett house for place on Whidbey Island,WA. Finally got saw filing job back, lived in various mill towns. When Daisy died he had retired and they were living on about an acre - garden, chickens etc.

Text for Edna Elizabeth Bamford (RN=2085)

Edna had to go to Seattle,WA and live in order to attend high school. When she finished she worked as a stenographer in Seattle for awhile. Married

Al Erickson who was an accountant for large paper mills. Lived 23 years in Tacoma (1963-1986). Came to Spokane,WA in 1986 to be near daughter, Janet Erickson Whitcomb.

29 Feb 1992 address:
Mrs. Edna Erickson
Riverview Terrace
E. 1801 Upriver Drive #353
Spokane,WA 99207
Tel: 1-509-482-8353

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Wilbur (Will) Henry Ward (RN=103)
B: 20 Oct 1876 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
M: 24 Dec 1896 @ _____
D: after 1918 @ TB San/Saskatchewan,Can
SEX: M
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

Wife: Margaret Rouse (RN=1870)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Leman Abner Woodward Sr. (RN=1871)
B: 22 Dec 1876 @ Jamestown, NY
M: 31 Aug 1899 @ Buffalo(?),NY
D: 21 Nov 1937 @ Buffalo,NY
SEX: M
Father: Lyman Jones Woodward (RN=2763)
Mother: Jane. . Gratton (RN=2766)

Wife: Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)
B: 05 Nov 1880 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: c 1964 @ Atlanta,GA
SEX: F
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

CHILDREN

1 Cora Elizabeth Woodward (RN=2314)
B: 13 Feb 1901 @ LeRoy, NY
M: 05 Jan 1929 to Harold George Kenyon (RN=2315) @ Ithaca, NY (Widowed)
Living @ Wilmington,DE 1/95
SEX: F

2 . .. . Woodward (RN=2316)
B: 08 Dec 1903 @ . .. .
Single
D: 08 Dec 1903 @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Leman Abner Woodward Jr. (RN=2317)
B: 17 Jun 1905 @ San Francisco, CA
M: . . to Beatrice L. Greenfield (RN=2318) @ Ithaca,NY (Divorced)
RM: Nov 1940 to Helen. . Janowski (RN=2319) @ Weedsport, NY (Widowed)
RM: 23 Feb 1945 to Marie. . Hembert (RN=2320) @ Oneida, NY
D: before 1985 @ Meza,AZ
SEX: M

4 Ruth Gratton Woodward (RN=2321)
B: 26 Jan 1907 @ Buffalo, NY
M: 15 Nov 1925 to E. Willis Jones (RN=2322) @ Chicago, IL
D: . 1985 @ Carefree,AZ(?)
SEX: F

5 Florence Mabel Woodward (RN=2323)
B: 18 Jan 1908(?) @ Buffalo, NY
M: 08 Nov 1930 to Paul Adelbert Jerome (RN=2324) @ . .
D: 1975/1976 @ Atlanta,GA
SEX: F

6 Dorothy Janette Woodward (RN=2325)
B: 08 Dec 1912 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
Single
D: 17 Aug 1914 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
SEX: F

7 LeRoy. . Woodward (RN=3424)
B: 10 Dec 1914 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
Single
D: 10 Dec 1914 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
SEX: M

8 Mabel Grace Woodward (RN=2327)
B: 04 Feb 1916 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
M: 28 Dec 1940 to William Eugene Stevenson (RN=2328) @ Portland, OR
Living @ San Marcos,CA 2/93
SEX: F

9 Paul Cecil Woodward (RN=2326)
B: 20 Mar 1918 @ Bridgeburg, Ont.,Canada
Single
D: Sep 1918 @ Flint, MI
SEX: M

CHILDREN

10 Kenneth. . Woodward Sr. (RN=2329)
B: 12 Apr 1920 @ Buffalo, NY
M: 19 Sep 1941 to Dorothy. . Wolf (RN=2330) @ Arcadia, FL (Widowed)
RM: . . to . . . (RN=2331) @ . .
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: M

11 Paul Malen Woodward (RN=2332)
B: 25 Aug 1926 @ Buffalo, NY
M: 24 Mar 1945 to Margaret Iltha Miller (RN=2333) @ Memphis, TN
Living @ . . 2/93
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Dates from Mabel Woodward & 1900 Census. Birth: 1900 Census Parents: Ernest Woodward's obituary.
(W)-1: Text.
(1)-1: Had issue.
(2)-1: Died young.
(4)-1: Had issue.
(5)-1: Had issue.
(6)-1: Died young.
(7)-1: Died young.
(8)-1: Had issue.
(9)-1: Died young.

Text for Mabel Martha Ward (RN=105)

Naturalized American Citizen: 7 Jan 1943, Buffalo,NY. Most of info & dates for Mabel & Leman Woodward, Sr., family from sheet Mabel Ward Woodward sent Frank & Florence Ward 11 Jan 1943; some from 1956 & 1957 letters to Barbara Woodward Wheeler; some from Mabel Woodward Stevenson 2 Jan 1993 letter to Edna Erickson. Much from "The Woodward Family 1501-1947".
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George. . Waite (RN=1872)
B: 23 Jul 1883 @ Pt.Talbot,Ont.,Canada
M: 26 Apr 1905 @ Buffalo,NY
D: 05 Aug 1943 @ Flint, MI
SEX: M
Father: Joseph. . Waite (RN=2350)
Mother: Emily Jane McDermond (RN=2351)

Wife: Rose Belle Ward (RN=106)
B: 23 May 1886 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: 17 Jul 1975 @ Flint, Genesee Co.,MI
SEX: F
Father: Charles. . Ward (RN=95)
Mother: Frances(Fannie) Elizabeth Cowley (RN=96)

CHILDREN

1 Edna May Waite (RN=2358)
B: 29 Mar 1906 @ . .. .
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2359) @ . . (Divorced)
RM: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2360) @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

2 Grace Pearl Waite (RN=2361)
B: 20 Nov 1907 @ . .. .
M: 22 Apr 1928 to David W. . Russell (RN=2362) @ Flint, MI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Anna Catherine Waite (RN=2363)
B: 31 Jan 1912 @ Flint, MI
M: 13 Nov 1930 to Charles Conrad Sauvage (RN=2364) @ Flint, MI (Widowed)
Living @ Tucson, AZ
SEX: F

4 George(Richard?) Waite Jr.(?) (RN=2365)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . to Stella. . . . (RN=2366) @ . .
Living @ Canton, OH
SEX: M

5 Ward McDermond Waite (RN=2367)
B: .....1915 @ Flint, MI
M: 26 Sep..... to Constance Sophronia Lewis (RN=2368) @ Flint, MI
D: .....1982 @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Born Pt.Talbot(St.Thomas), Ontario, Canada. Died @ 60 years. Buried Sunset Hills Cemetery, Flushing Road, Flint, MI.(Tel: 1-313-732-0260)
(H)-2: Text.
(W)-1: Died @ 89 yrs. Buried Sunset Hills Cemetery, Flushing Road, Flint, MI.
(1)-1: Died of heart problems.
(2)-1: Died of heart problems.
(4)-1: Died at age 50 of heart problems.
(5)-1: Died of heart problems.

Text for George Richard Waite (RN=1872)

18 Mar 1993 - WAITE'S buried in Sunset Hills Cemetery, Flint, MI in addition to George & Rose Waite:
LaVerne Alton Waite b. 26 June 1901, MI; d. 9 Sept 1962, age 61.
Marilynne A. Waite b. 28 Aug 1923, Flint, MI; d. 16 Mar 1986, age 63.
Viola V. Waite b. 29 Jan 1908, Arkansas; d. 7 Aug 1976, age 68.
John O. Waite b. 6 Aug 1948, Flint, MI; d. 19 July 1951, age 3.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)
B: Mar 1847 @ Alsace-Lorraine,Germany
M: 20 Jul 1882 @ Dodge City, KS
D: 31 Dec 1905 @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)
B: 07 Jan 1862 @ State Line,Warren Co.IN
D: 1939 @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: F
Father: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
Mother: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

CHILDREN

1 Anna J. . Bach (RN=2005)
B: 15 Sep 1889 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to Walter. . Ross (RN=2126) @ . .
D: Sep 1967 @ Independence,MO
SEX: F

2 Mattie Ellen Bach (RN=2006)
B: 17 Oct 1891 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to John 'Jack'. . Werthman Sr. (RN=2127) @ . . (W
idowed)
RM: . . to Obe. . Hall (RN=2990) @ . .
D: Jun 1971 @ . .TX
SEX: F

3 Stella M. . Bach (RN=2007)
B: Dec 1892 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to (Richard ?). . Hamby (RN=2128) @ . . (Widowed)
RM: . . to . .. . Davis (RN=2129) @ . .
D: . . @ . .CA
SEX: F

4 Albert F. . Bach (RN=2008)
B: Oct 1894 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2165) @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

5 Henry C. . Bach Sr. (RN=2009)
B: Jan 1896 @ Kansas City,MO
M: . . to . .. . . . (RN=2171) @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

6 Robert H.(Hamilton ?) Bach (RN=2010)
B: Nov 1897 @ Kansas City,MO
Single
D: died young @ Kansas City,MO
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Family information from 1900 Missouri Census.
(H)-2: Text.
(W)-1: Francois Faure wrote 'Antoinette Aydee Faure' in Elizabeth Jane Huston Meek's Bible list of his children but she was always called Aydee.
(W)-2: Text.
(2)-1: Obe Hall & Mattie both died after bad car accident, June 1971.

Text for Charles Augustus Bach (RN=1878)

Anna Werthman Jenkins says it's true Charles Bach was born in Alsace-Lorraine. Family tradition said he came to U.S.A. because he didn't want to have to observe the Angelus (Catholic Prayer) 3 times a day.

Text for (Antoinette) Aydee Faure (RN=110)

Sometime after Charley died, Aydee lived in Independence,MO with one of her daughters, Anna Ross, and family. Aydee took care of Ross children while Anna worked. After Aydee had a stroke she went to live in Kansas City,MO with another daughter, Mattie Werthman, and was with that family until she died in spring (April or May) 1939.

Aydee was a Christian Scientist in later years, don't know about earlier years.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert Hamilton Faure (RN=111)
B: 25 Mar 1864 @ State Line,Warren Co.IN
M: 14 Dec 1892 @ La Plata,NM
D: 14 Sep 1895 @ near Farmington,NM
SEX: M
Father: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
Mother: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

Wife: Ora Angeline Townsend (RN=1879)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Andrew J. Milner (RN=1880)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 12 Oct 1887 @ Covington,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Matilda Faure (RN=112)
B: 08 Oct 1867 @ Alvin,Vermillion Co.,IL
D: 23 Aug 1942 @ Hardy,Sharp Co.,AR
SEX: F
Father: Arneau Jacinthe Francois Faure (RN=107)
Mother: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John O. Moore (RN=2011)
B: c 1837 @ . .MI
M: c 1859 @ probably IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 2: Melissa. . Meek (RN=1837)

Wife: Hester. . . . (RN=2012)
B: c 1839 @ . .. .
D: before 1870 @ probably IL
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

CHILDREN

1 Lilley. . Moore (RN=2017)
B: c 1860 @ . .IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Martha (Mattie). . Moore (RN=2018)
B: c 1862 @ . .IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

3 Mary. . Moore (RN=2019)
B: c 1864 @ . .IN
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

4 Frederick. . Moore (RN=2020)
B: c 1868 @ . .IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Family information from Sep 1870 and 17 June 1880 Illinois Census.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John O. Moore (RN=2011)
B: c 1837 @ . .MI
M: c 1870 @ probably IL
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 1: Hester. . . . (RN=2012)

Wife: Melissa. . Meek (RN=1837)
B: c 1852 @ . .IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Joseph S. Meek (RN=109)
Mother: Elizabeth Jane Huston (RN=108)

CHILDREN

1 Ella. . Moore (RN=2013)
B: c 1871 @ . .IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F

CHILDREN

2 Elmor. . Moore (RN=2014)
B: c 1876 @ . .IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

3 George. . Moore (RN=2015)
B: c 1878 @ . .IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

4 Ora. . Moore (RN=2016)
B: Feb 1880 @ Vermilion Co.,IL
M: _____ to _____ @ _____ _____
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M

NOTES:
(H)-1: Family information from Sep 1870 and 17 June 1880 Illinois Census.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John Trotter (RN=1875)
B: _____ @ _____
M: before 1848 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Ellen Ward (RN=232)
B: 25 Jan 1826 @ NY,USA
D: 24 Jan 1901 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F
Father: Charles Ward (RN=230)
Mother: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text.
(W)-2: Had issue.

Text for Mary Ellen Ward (RN=232)

Mary Ellen Ward married to John Trotter, tinsmith. Toronto's Necropolis Cemetery lists the following burials in Section i, Lot 91:

Mary Ellen Trotter, d. Jan 24, 1901
John Trotter, d. Sept 10, 1882
Fanny Trotter 9 days, d. Nov. 25, 1860
Elizabeth Trotter 3 months, d. March 18, 1861
William Ward 13 years, d. Feb 6, 1862 (Son of Benjamin Ward, Mary's bro.)
James Ward 8 years, d. Aug 18, 1862 (may be son of Benjamin Ward)
George Ward 5 years, d. Aug 27, 1862 (may be son of Benjamin Ward)
Wm. Trotter 7 years, d. Jan 6, 1864
George Trotter 2 mths, d. August 16, 1864
Mary E. Trotter 22 years, d. Oct 28, 1873
(2 stillborn children - d. Sept 28, 1878; d. Oct 26, 1881; children of Mrs. J. Trotter. ---Can't be Mary Ward Trotter; must be wife of Mary Ward and John Trotter's son John.)
Have picture of John and Mary's monument:
In memory of John Trotter, born in county Armagh, Nov 10, 1819. Came to Canada in 1838. Died Sept 10, 1882. Erected by his loving wife, Mary E. Trotter ---------Mary Trotter, Wife of John Trotter, Born Jany 25, 1826, Died Jany 24, 1901. God is good.
1871 Canadian Census, Film C-634,St.David's Ward,Toronto, Page 89, 319/325:
Trotter, John, age 51, tinsmith, b. Ireland, Baptist
Mary, age 45, b. U.States, Baptist
John, age 22, jeweller, b. Ontario, Baptist
Anna, age 21, b. Ontario, Baptist
Mary, age 19, b. Ontario, Baptist
Lucinda, age 15, b. Ontario, Baptist
Florence, age 8, b. Ontario, Baptist
Evangeline, age 5, b. Ontario, Baptist
The Evening Telegram, Friday January 25, 1901, Roll #37,Met.Toronto Library:
(Couldn't photocopy, too light print)
Trotter - Thursday morning at her late residence, 65 Clinton Street, formerly 202 Berkeley Street, Mary E., widow of the late John Trotter, aged 76 years. Funeral Saturday 2 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this invitation.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George Washington Ward (RN=234)
B: c 1829 @ USA
M: _____ @ _____
D: 17 Oct 1896 @ Toronto,Ontario,Canada
SEX: M
Father: Charles Ward (RN=230)
Mother: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)

Wife: Mary . . (RN=1876)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

Text for George Washington Ward (RN=234)

Living at 103 Church St. at time of death. Buried Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, Plot E, Section 60. Lot #9 owned by Miss Annie Ward. Also buried in lot: Mary, died 1916 and Mary C. (probably widow of George) died 1897.
Residence at 103 Church St. changed owners in 1898 Toronto Directory.
1861 Canadian Census, #C1103, pg.494, St. Davids Ward, Toronto:
Geo Ward, Jeweller, b. United States, Baptist,age next b-day 32.
Mary Ward, b. Lower Canada, Baptist, age next b-day 29.
Almira Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 8.
John Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 7.
Geo Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 4.
Anna M. Ward, b. Toronto, Baptist, age 2.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Belling (RN=1877)
B: _____ @ _____
M: c 1858 @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Lucinda G. Ward (RN=235)
B: c 1837 @ NY,USA
D: 05 Mar 1880 @ Hamilton,Ontario,Canada
SEX: F
Father: Charles Ward (RN=230)
Mother: Ann M. Weisman (RN=231)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text.

Text for Lucinda G. Ward (RN=235)

Lucinda G. Ward married to James Belling, mfg. jeweller. Lived at 21 Florence St., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Know this is child of Charles and Ann M. Weisman Ward because James Belling was listed as son-in-law in Ann M. Ward's record in the Blachford and Wray Record of Burials, Jan 1, 1857-December 31,1870.
James Belling, husband of Lucinda, died 11 Apr 1889, age 56 [born abt 1833] and is buried with Lucinda and two of their sons in Hamilton Cemetery, Sect.C9,Lot#7:
James Belling, age 18, died 26 Jan 1883 and Bertie M. Belling, age 3, died 15 May 1883. Also 2 males: William Goodfellow, died 7 Mar 1880, and Vernon Clarence Goodfellow, died 24 Feb 1982, relation to Belling family unknown to us.(Note: A Mrs. Goodfellow and her daughter lived next door to Charles and Fannie Ward in Toronto about 1885-1890. Rose spoke about them in her

"Memories". May be more than a coincidence.)

The Spectator, Saturday March 6, 1880, Evening Edition (Hamilton,Ontario)
DIED
Yesterday, after a short illness, Lucinda G. Ward, the beloved wife of Jas. Belling, manufg jeweller in the 43rd year of her age. Funeral from her late residence, 21 Florence Street, on Sunday at 3 p.m. Friends and acquaintances will please attend.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Thomas Burton (RN=2118)
B: . . @ . .
M: c 1865 @ Buel Twp,Samilac Co.,MI
D: . . @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Garratt Cowley (RN=240)
B: 06 Apr 1840 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
D: 24 Oct 1878 @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George D. . Flack (RN=2119)
B: c 1838 @ . . .
M: c 1864 @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: . . @ . .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Sarah Maria Cowley (RN=241)
B: 07 Oct 1844 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
D: 17 Jan 1924 @ CA,US
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Silas. . Hayes (RN=2120)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 25 Oct 1868 @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Martha (Patsy). . Cowley (RN=242)
B: 11 Sep 1846 @ Peckham, Surrey Co.,Eng
D: 29 Apr 1919 @ Red Bluff,CA,US
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Maurice. . Cowley (RN=243)
B: 29 Dec 1848 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
M: 29 Feb 1880 @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: 01 Dec 1934 @ Sanilac Co.,MI,US
SEX: M
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

Wife: Sarah A. . Cash (RN=2121)
B: 1857 @ . .. .
D: 1943 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James. . Purvis (RN=2122)
B: 08 Jul 1857 @ . .. .
M: 12 Aug 1878 @ Detroit,MI
D: 1944 @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Susan. . Cowley (RN=245)
B: 10 Feb 1854 @ Sydenham, Kent Co.,Eng
D: 04 Jun 1943 @ Elk Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James Henry Ball (RN=2123)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 17 Feb 1878 @ Buel Twp.,Sanilac Co.,MI
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rosella Agnes Cowley (RN=247)
B: 02 Aug 1859 @ London,Ontario,Canada
D: 27 Dec 1939 @ Dayton,Montgomery Co,OH
SEX: F
Father: George. . Cowley (RN=238)
Mother: Susanna/Susan. . Malen (RN=239)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Samuel Brant (RN=2050)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 30 Jan 1842 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary(Polly) Ellen Huston (RN=258)
B: c 1825 @ OH
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
Mother: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George W. Miller (RN=2051)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 25 Nov 1844 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Matilda Ann Huston (RN=259)
B: 13 Dec 1828 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: 14 Feb 1899 @ Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F
Father: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
Mother: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
Other Marriages 2: Lewis Songer (RN=2052)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Buried Bethel Cemetery, near Alvin, IL.
(W)-2: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Lewis Songer (RN=2052)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 14 Mar 1855 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Matilda Ann Huston (RN=259)
B: 13 Dec 1828 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: 14 Feb 1899 @ Alvin,Vermilion Co.,IL
SEX: F
Father: Hamilton. . Huston (RN=256)
Mother: Jane. . McMillan (RN=257)
Other Marriages 1: George W. Miller (RN=2051)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Buried Bethel Cemetery, near Alvin, IL.
(W)-2: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John K. Mayhall (RN=2046)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 04 Aug 1839 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Nancy Ellen Huston (RN=2042)
B: 27 Sep 1821 @ Clark Co.,OH
D: 11 May 1841 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
Mother: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Hetfield Martin (RN=2047)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 05 May 1840 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Lavina Jane Huston (RN=2043)
B: 1824 @ OH
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
Mother: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Sampson. . Huston (RN=2044)
B: 1827 @ OH
M: 11 May 1848 @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
Mother: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)

Wife: Margaret McCullough (RN=2048)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William H. . Huston (?) (RN=2045)
B: (26 Oct 1829 ?) @ (IN ?)
M: (14 Nov 1850 ?) @ Tippecanoe Co.,IN
D: (2 Nov 1905 ?) @ (Lafayette,IN ?)
SEX: M
Father: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
Mother: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)

Wife: (Elizabeth McDill ?) (RN=2049)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(H)-1: Text.
(W)-1: Had issue.

Text for (William H. Huston ?) (RN=2045) and
Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260)

Poor Children's Indenture Book, Tippecanoe County, Indiana 27 1848:

This Indenture witnesseth that Robert Huston of the County of Fountain and State of Indiana hath put and placed and by these Presence doth put and bind out his sons William Huston and Robert F. Huston as apprentices they the said William Huston and Robert F. Huston giving their consent to the same to Hannah Emerson to learn the art and mistery of Farming which she the said Hannah Emerson now useth. The said William Huston and Robert F. Huston to dwell with and serve the said Hannah Emerson after the manner of an apprentice from the date hereof, William Huston until the twenty sixth of October in the year of our Lord one Thousand eight hundred and fifty and Robert F. Huston from the date hereof until the ninth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty two at which time the said apprentices if they shall be living will be twenty one years of age during all which time the said apprentices shall well and faithfully serve their said Mistress, keep her secrets and everywhere and all times readily obey her lawful commands. They shall do no damage to their said Mistress nor willfully suffer any to be done by others, and if any to their knowledge be intended they shall give their said Mistress reasonable notice theirof. They shall not waste the goods of their said Mistress nor lend them unlawfully to any. They shall not play at cards, dice or any other unlawfull game. They shall not haunt or frequent taverns, tipling houses or places of gaming. They shall not contract Matrimony during the said term. They shall not absent themselves from the service of their said Mistress but shall in all things, and at all times, carry and behave themselves as good and

faithful apprentices ought during the whole time aforesaid. And that said Hannah Emerson on her part doth hereby covenant, promise and agree to have them taught and instructed to read and write and cypher as far as the rule of simple interest if the said apprentices be capable to learn and also to teach and instruct or cause it to be done the said apprentices in the art and mystery of Farming in the best way and manner she can and will and faithfully to find and provide for these apprentices good and sufficient meet and drink and cloathing and lodging and the other necessaries fit and convenient for such apprentices during the term aforesaid and at the expiration thereof shall give unto the said apprentices each a good horse, saddle and bridle worth ninety dollars and a good suit of wearing apparrel worth thirty dollars each. In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeable set their hands and seal the twenty seventh of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

Robert Huston
William Huston
Robert F. Huston
Hannah Emerson

Signed sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Robert Heath

We have not proved that Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260) is the same person as Robert F. Huston who was apprenticed.

We have not found in Fountain Co.,IN records that Robert Huston (RN=2034) had a son, William H. Huston (RN=2045).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Maurice. . Ballard (RN=2989)
B: _____ @ _____
M: 28 May 1849 @ St. Dunstan in the East, London, London, England.
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary Ann Cowley (RN=1999)
B: C 10 Aug 1817 @ Surrey Co.,England
D: c 1883 @ (Sydenham,Kent Co.Eng?)
SEX: F
Father: John. . Cowley (RN=1997)
Mother: Sarah. . (Arnold ?) (RN=1998)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: John. . Keene (RN=2291)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Eliza. . Malen (RN=2290)
B: 12 Jul 1816 @ Chertsey,Surrey Co.,Eng
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F
Father: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
Mother: Martha. . . . (RN=2125)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Christening date/place from Surrey Co. records (LDS).
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: James. . Pawsey (RN=2293)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Catherine. . Malen (RN=2292)
B: . c 1821 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F
Father: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
Mother: Martha. . . . (RN=2125)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Catherine wrote Oct 1892 letter to Geo Cowley, naming sisters and giving death dates for James Pawsey and Samuel Wright.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: George. . Floyd (RN=2295)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Martha. . Malen (RN=2294)
B: . c 1823 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F
Father: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
Mother: Martha. . . . (RN=2125)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Samuel. . Wright (RN=2297)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Frances('Fanny'). . Malen (RN=2296)
B: . c 1826 @ Barkingside,EssexCo.Eng
D: Alive Oct 1892 @ England
SEX: F
Father: William. . Malen (RN=2124)
Mother: Martha. . . . (RN=2125)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Sampson McMillan (RN=2023)
B: .....1796 @ . .KY
M: . . @ . .OH
D: .....1876 @ Taylor Co.,IA
SEX: M
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

Wife: Susannah. . . . (RN=2032)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: 09 Nov 1848 @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Susannah and Sampson had 1 or more children.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: David. . Prutsman (RN=2033)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Maximiliander McMillan (RN=2024)
B: c 1798 @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
B: c 1795 @ . .. .
M: 27 Jan 1820 @ Clark Co.,OH
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 2: Elizabeth Mayhall (RN=2991)

Wife: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)
B: c 1800 @ . .KY
D: before 28 Mar 1836 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

CHILDREN

1 Nancy Ellen Huston (RN=2042)
B: 27 Sep 1821 @ Clark Co.,OH
M: 04 Aug 1839 to John K. Mayhall (RN=2046) @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: 11 May 1841 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F

2 Lavina Jane Huston (RN=2043)
B: 1824 @ OH
M: 05 May 1840 to Hetfield Martin (RN=2047) @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F

3 Sampson. . Huston (RN=2044)
B: 1827 @ OH
M: 11 May 1848 to Margaret McCullough (RN=2048) @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: M

4 William H. . Huston (?) (RN=2045)
B: (26 Oct 1829 ?) @ (IN ?)
M: (14 Nov 1850 ?) to (Elizabeth McDill ?) (RN=2049) @ Tippecanoe Co.,IN
D: (2 Nov 1905 ?) @ (Lafayette,IN ?)
SEX: M

NOTES:
(1)-1: Had issue.
(2)-1: Had issue.
(4)-1: Text.

Text for (William H. Huston ?) (RN=2045) and
Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260)

Poor Children's Indenture Book, Tippecanoe County, Indiana 27 1848:

This Indenture witnesseth that Robert Huston of the County of Fountain and State of Indiana hath put and placed and by these Presence doth put and bind out his sons William Huston and Robert F. Huston as apprentices they the said William Huston and Robert F. Huston giving their consent to the same to Hannah Emerson to learn the art and mistery of Farming which she the said Hannah Emerson now useth. The said William Huston and Robert F. Huston to dwell with and serve the said Hannah Emerson after the manner of an apprentice from the date hereof, William Huston until the twenty sixth of October in the year of our Lord one Thousand eight hundred and fifty and Robert F. Huston from the date hereof until the ninth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty two at which time the said apprentices if they shall be living will be twenty one years of age during all which time the said apprentices shall well and faithfully serve their said Mistress, keep her secrets and everywhere and all times readily obey her lawful commands. They shall do no damage to their said Mistress nor willfully suffer any to be done by others, and if any to their knowledge be intended they shall give their said Mistress reasonable notice theirof. They shall not waste the goods of their said Mistress nor lend them unlawfully to any. They shall not play at cards, dice or any other unlawfull game. They shall not haunt or frequent taverns, tipling houses or places of gaming. They shall not contract Matrimony during the said term. They shall not absent themselves from the service of their said Mistress but shall in all things, and at all times, carry and behave themselves as good and faithful apprentices ought during the whole time aforesaid. And that said Hannah Emerson on her part doth hereby covenant, promise and agree to have them taught and instructed to read and write and cypher as far as the rule of simple interest if the said apprentices be capable to learn and also to teach and instruct or cause it to be done the said apprentices in the art and mystery of Farming in the best way and manner she can and will and faithfully to find and provide for these apprentices good and sufficient meet and drink and cloathing and lodging and the other necessaries fit and convenient for such apprentices during the term aforesaid and at the expiration thereof shall give unto the said apprentices each a good horse, saddle and bridle worth ninety dollars and a good suit of wearing apparrel worth thirty dollars each. In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto interchangeable set their hands and seal the twenty seventh of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty seven.

Robert Huston
William Huston
Robert F. Huston
Hannah Emerson

Signed sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Robert Heath

We have not proved that Robert (F. ?) Huston (RN=260) is the same person as Robert F. Huston who was apprenticed.

We have not found in Fountain Co.,IN records that Robert Huston (RN=2034) had a son, William H. Huston (RN=2045).

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Robert. . Huston (RN=2034)
B: c 1795 @ . .. .
M: 05 May 1839 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____
Other Marriages 1: Matilda. . McMillan (RN=2025)

Wife: Elizabeth Mayhall (RN=2991)
B: _____ @ _____
D: _____ @ _____
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Tilghman. . Rogers (RN=2035)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 21 Dec 1826 @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Mary. . McMillan (RN=2026)
B: c 1805 @ . .OH
D: . . @ Montgomery Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Samuel. . Inlow (RN=2036)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 10 Jun 1825 @ Clark Co.,OH
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Rachel. . McMillan (RN=2027)
B: c 1807 @ . .OH
D: before 1835 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.
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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Theophilus. . Stone (RN=2037)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: . . @ . .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Elizabeth. . McMillan (RN=2028)
B: 18 Apr 1811 @ . .OH
D: 25 Jan 1834 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Jesse. . Vancleave (RN=2038)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 20 Dec 1832 @ Montgomery Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Anna. . McMillan (RN=2029)
B: c 1812 @ . .OH
D: before 23 Mar 1836 @ Montgomery Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Elijah. . McMillan (RN=2030)
B: .....1813 @ . .OH
M: 08 Dec 1835 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)
Other Marriages 2: Eleanor J. . Evans (RN=2040)

Wife: Mary Elizabeth Kilgore (RN=2039)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Had issue.

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: Elijah. . McMillan (RN=2030)
B: .....1813 @ . .OH
M: 10 Sep 1850 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)
Other Marriages 1: Mary Elizabeth Kilgore (RN=2039)

Wife: Eleanor J. . Evans (RN=2040)
B: . . @ . .. .
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: F
Father: _____
Mother: _____

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:

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Family Group Sheet

Husband: William S. . Breinig (RN=2041)
B: . . @ . .. .
M: 08 Dec 1835 @ Fountain Co.,IN
D: . . @ . .. .
SEX: M
Father: _____
Mother: _____

Wife: Ellen. . McMillan (RN=2031)
B: 16 Mar 1815 @ Clark Co.,OH
D: 28 Jan 1881 @ Fountain Co.,IN
SEX: F
Father: Daniel. . McMillan (RN=2003)
Mother: Eleanor. . Ferguson (RN=2004)

NUMBER OF CHILDREN: Unknown

NOTES:
(W)-1: Text.
(W)-2: Had issue.

Text for Ellen McMillan (RN=2031)

Ellen McMillan was "youngest of 12 children" according to a county history article when she was old. That should mean there are 2 more children in this family we haven't found.

Possibilities:

1. Almedia McMillen who married Ross Romine, 12 May 1828, Clark Co.,OH (LDS Extracted Marriage Records, Clark Co.,Ohio).
2. James McMillan who married Hannah Romaine, 29 Dec 1831, Parke Co.,IN (LDS-member submitted).

Below is an alphabetical list of all the ancestors and relatives in the Family Group Sheets of this volume that have a record number i.e. (RN=xxx). Each married female should be listed at least twice, once under her maiden name and also under her married name. If married more than once she may be listed under that name also, however, always with the same record number. If the last surname, maiden name or married name(s) of the individual is not known, then he or she will be listed at the beginning of the list. The page number(s) where these ancestors or relatives may be found are listed after their names. Sometimes two or more times on the same page.

NOTE: A small c before the birth date = circa or about that date.
A capital C before the date = Christened or Baptized date.
Caution: The Christened or Baptized date may not be the birth date.

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2412	Howard, Martha Ellen	195, 238	09 Oct 1959
2404	Howard, Rebecca Lee	192, 238	17 Aug 1955
2394	Howard, Sheila Virginia Sauvage	191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 238, 269	02 Oct 1932
2414	Howard, Stephanie Gay	196, 238	21 Jun 1961
2395	Howard, William Andrew	191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 238, 269	11 Jul 1918
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257	Huston, Jane. McMillan	144, 147, 156, 161, 294, 295	c 1803

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230	Ward, Charles	140, 142, 149, 289, 290, 291	c 1799
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97	Ward, Charles Jr.	142	c Aug 1861
1539	Ward, Cora Stanton	203, 246	. .
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